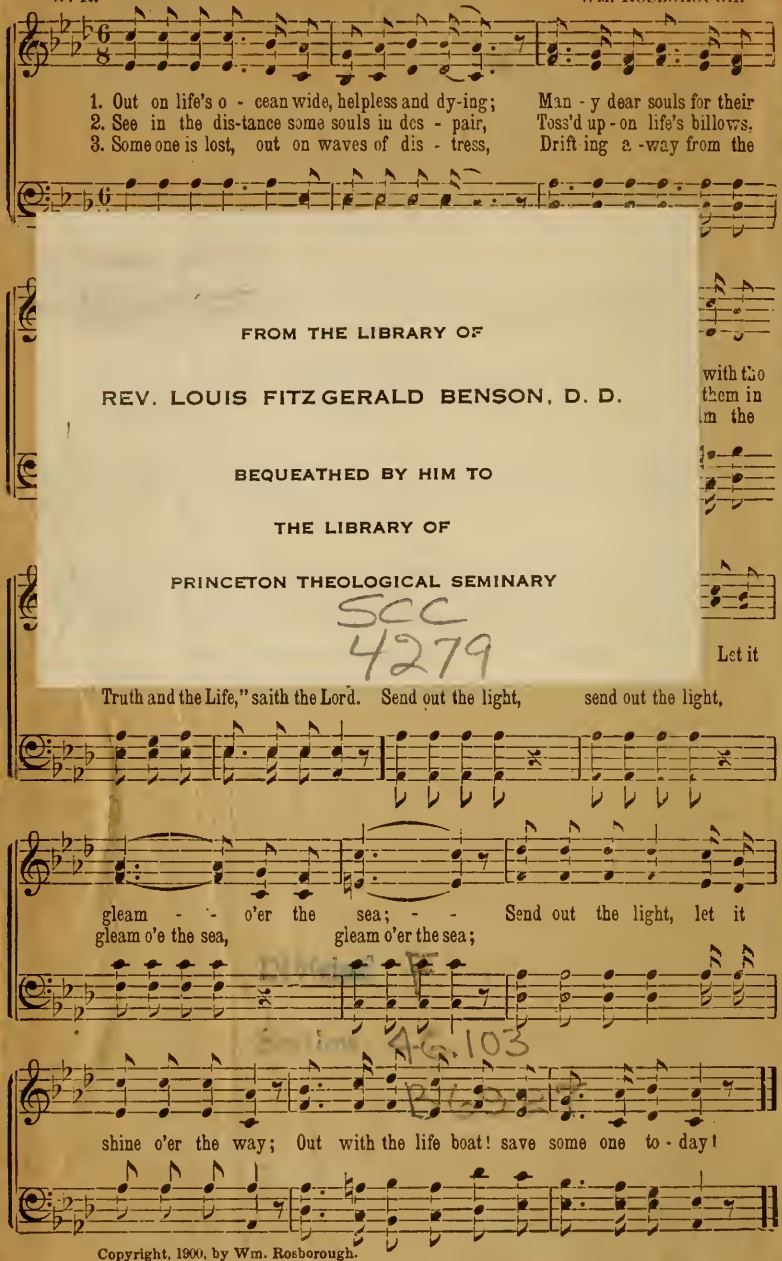
NATIONAL BAPTIST

HYMNAL

W. R. Wm. Rosborough.


1. Out on life's o - cean wide, helpless and dy-ing; Man - y dear souls for their
2. See in the dis-tance some souls in des - pair, Toss'd up - on life's billows.
3. Some one is lost, out on waves of dis - tress, Drift ing a - way from the
with the
them in
in the
Let it
Truth and the Life," saith the Lord. Send out the light, send out the light,
gleam - - o'er the sea; - - Send out the light, let it
gleam o'e the sea, gleam o'er the sea;
shine o'er the way; Out with the life boat! save some one to - day!

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He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God: many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord.

—Psalm XL. 3.

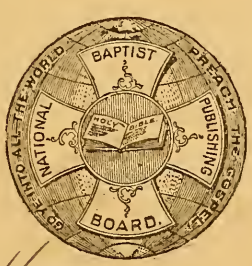
And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away. —Isaiah XXXV. 10.

THE

NATIONAL BAPTIST HYMNAL,

ARRANGED FOR USE IN

CHURCHES, SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES.



R. H. BOYD, D. D., LL. D., Editor.
WILLIAM ROSBOROUGH, Musical Editor.

FIFTH EDITION.
(REVISED.)

NASHVILLE, TENN.:
NATIONAL BAPTIST PUBLISHING BOARD.
1904.

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

The National Baptist Publishing Board began the publication of a hymn and tune book in 1897, when publisher's rights were secured on its first song books, "Gospel Voices" and "Choice Songs." In 1898 the publication was extended by the addition of another hymn book called, "National Tidings of Joy." The same rights were secured for the publication of "Celestial Showers," song book No. 1, and two years later, "Harp of Zion," or "B. Y. P. U. Hymnal." Again, "Celestial Showers," song book No. 2, and "Pearls of Paradise" were added to these publications in 1901. All of these books, except "Celestial Showers" were examined by a committee appointed by the National Baptist Publishing Board before they were adopted for the use of our Sunday Schools and Young People's Societies. But there was still a continual inquiry for a book adapted especially for church use.

At a meeting of the National Baptist Convention in September, 1900, a paper was read by Dr. Harvey Johnson, of Baltimore, Md., on "Distinctive Literature for the Colored Baptists of the Country; for Sunday Schools, Societies and Churches." In this paper, he referred to the great need of a hymnal peculiarly adapted for use in Negro Baptist churches. After a careful and full discussion of the subject, a resolution was unanimously adopted, ordering the National Baptist Publishing Board to publish a hymn and tune book, containing familiar hymns and tunes such as would be useful in our churches, both in cities and rural districts.

Rev. R. H. Boyd, D. D., LL. D., was elected editor in chief and was asked to proceed with the work at the earliest possible day. Therefore, at a regular meeting of the National Baptist Publishing Board, in December, 1900, the matter was brought up and fully discussed. The Board felt its inability, financially, to undertake such a task, and the matter was postponed until January, 1901, at which time it was again discussed, and the publication of the book was ordered.

Prof. William Rosborough, of Texarkana, Texas, author of "Celestial Showers," Nos. 1 and 2, was appointed musical editor, and a committee on publication was chosen, namely: Rev. W. H. Brooks, D. D., Washington, D. C.; Rev. T. J. Searcy, Memphis, Tenn; Rev. J. H. Presley, D. D., Providence, R. I.; Rev. W. H. Phillips, D. D. Philadelphia, Penn.; Rev. Harvey Johnson, D. D., Baltimore, Md.; Rev. J. Q. A. Wilhite, D. D., Birmingham, Ala.; Rev. R. H. Bowling, D. D., Norfolk, Va.; Rev. I. P. Brockington, Darlington, S. C.; Rev. C. S. Wilkins, D. D., Augusta, Ga.; Rev. H. C. Cotton, D. D., Belle Alliance, La.; Rev. E. M. Cohron, D. D., St. Joseph, Mo.; Rev. G. W. Raiford, D. D., Pensacola, Fla.; Rev. W. D. Prowd, D. D., Cincinnati, O.; Rev. George W. Lee, D. D., Washington, D. C.; Rev. W. L. Grant, D. D., Topeka, Kans.; Rev. W. T. Dixon, D. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Rev. A. J. Stokes, D. D., Montgomery, Ala.

The editors then opened correspondence with different publishers of church hymnals, asking to be favored as much as possible with duplicate plates of songs not copyrighted for which the Board agreed

to pay. By this method it was hoped that some courtesy would be shown and thus obviate the enormcus expense of producing the music plates necessary to complete the book. These publishers refused to show the Board any courtesies.

In March, 1901, the matter was again brought before the joint meeting of the Home Mission Board and Publication Board. It was there decided to fully undertake the work regardless of cost, and the editor in chief and musical editor at once addressed letters to one hundred leading pastors, asking them to make choice of three or more of the popular old songs used in their congregations and forward them to the Secretary of the Publishing Board. A great number of them responded, but a few failed to give any reply. A second letter was addressed to the same brethren, asking those who had not sent in their songs to do so, and at the same time mark their songs, first, second and third choice.

It will be seen that the editors and committee on publication in selecting the songs contained in this volume were not guided alone by their own choice, but they were greatly helped by these pastors. The editor in chief and musical editor, with the advice of the committee on publication, have gone over the songs carefully, both words and music, making such revisions as were necessary to build up the faith and doctrines of the Baptist churches composing the National Baptist Convention. This work has been in progress for more than two years.

The musical, literary and mechanical work has been slow and tedious. The Board has been hard pressed for means to meet the necessary outlay for such a gigantic work, yet it has been completed. And now the Board extends its thanks to the pastors who helped by selecting and sending in the songs; to the committee on publication, which has been ready and willing at any time, as a labor of love, to co-operate with the Board in giving their help and advice; especially do we thank Prof. William Rosborough, who has personally scanned every line of poetry and adapted every tune found in this volume, and Secretary Boyd, who has had the supervision of the entire work.

The Board now sends forth the National Baptist Hymnal, with the prayer and hope that it may meet the long felt want in Baptist churches, and that the singing of these melodies, and the aspirations and life contained in them, will ever rejoice the hearts of the weary, lift up the fallen and edify the saints of the great Baptist host composing the National Baptist Convention, whom we are sure will give the book their hearty endorsement and approval, and assist in sending it to every home throughout the length and breadth of the civilized world.

NATIONAL BAPTIST PUBLISHING BOARD.

Nashville, Tenn., April, 1903.

PREFACE.

In the preparation of the NATIONAL BAPTIST HYMNAL, the aim has been to aid the song service of the Lord's House; enliven the devotion, and thereby make his praise more glorious.

The hymns have been arranged so that the reader can find them without any extra effort, with most of the tunes in the middle of the page; the hymns being placed on either side of the tunes, make this volume serve well for a word and music edition. The hymns selected for this book, cover every phase of religious worship and service in Baptist churches. It is believed the singing of them will bring joy and gladness to all of God's people.

The tunes are familiar to all Christians; the Editors avoided introducing new ones, so that the long lived melodies that have tuned the hearts of the Lord's people can be breathed anew.

These hymns and tunes were selected with a view of making the entire church service attractive and delightful. The NATIONAL BAPTIST HYMNAL is sent forth with an earnest prayer that it will prove a blessing to every church and home in which it may find place.

R. H. Boyd, D. D., LL. D., Editor.
Wm. Rosborough, Musical Editor.

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The National Baptist Hymnal.

WORSHIP.

1 L. M.

Ye nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice;
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2

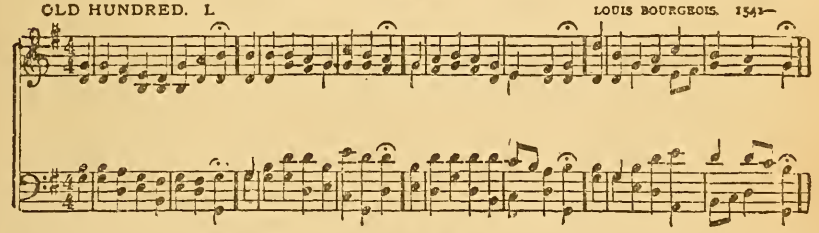
The Lord is God; 'tis he alone
Doth life and breath and being give;
We are his work, and not our own;
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3

Enter his gates with songs of joy;
With praises to his courts repair,
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honors there.

4

The Lord is good; the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

OLD HUNDRED. L LOUIS BOURGEOIS. 1542—

2 L. M.

From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

WATTS.

3 L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

KEN.

4 L. M.

All praise to God the Father be;
All praise, Eternal Son, to thee,
Whom with the Spirit we adore
For ever and for evermore.

5 C. M.

My God! the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

2

In darkest shades if He appear,
My dawning is begun:
He is my soul's sweet morning star
And He my rising sun.

3

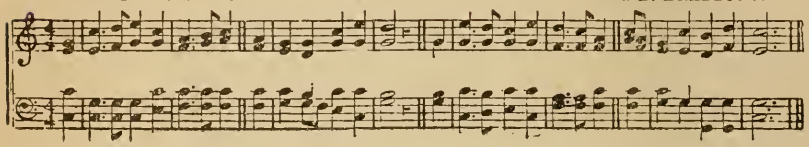
The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows His heart is mine,
And whispers, I am His.

4

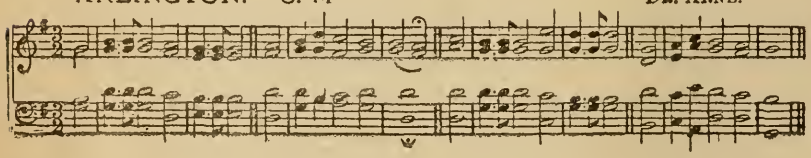
My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way,
To meet my gracious Lord!

WATTS.

BROWN. C. M. WM. B. BRADBURY.



ARLINGTON. C. M DR. ARNE.



6 C. M.

Oh, for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels Thy blood
So freely shed for me!

2

A heart resigned, submissive, meek;
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone!

3

Oh, for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean!
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.

4

A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good;
An image, Lord! of Thine.

WESLEY.

7 L. M.

The countless multitude on high,
Who tune their songs to Jesus' name
All merit of their own deny,
And Jesus' worth alone proclaim.

2

Firm on the ground of sovereign grace
They stand before Jehovah's throne;
The only song in that blest place
Is, "Thou art worthy, thou alone."

3

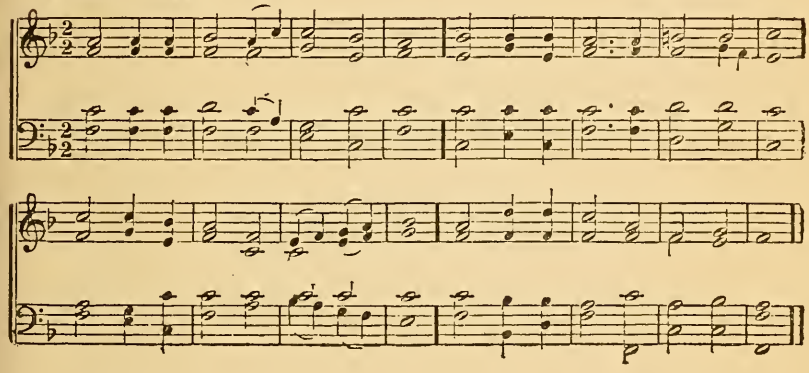
With spotless robes of purest white,
And branches of triumphal palm,
They shout, with transports of delight,
The ceaseless, universal psalm—

4.

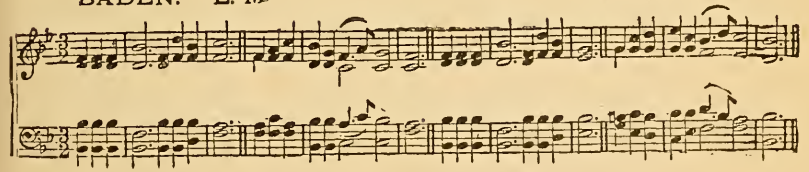
"Salvation's glory all be paid
To him who sits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb, whose blood was shed,
Thou, thou art worthy, thou alone."

PERCY CHAPEL COL.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M. H. K. OLIVER. 1800—



BADEN. L. M. DR. T. HASTINGS.



8 L. M.

Oh, hallowed is the land and bless'd,
Where Christ the Ruler is confess'd!
Oh, happy hearts and happy homes,
To whom the great Redeemer comes!

2

Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates,
Behold the King of glory waits!
The King of kings is drawing near;
The Saviour of the world is here.

3

Fling wide the portals of your heart:
Make it a temple set apart
From earthly use for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer and love and joy.

4

Redeemer, come! I open wide
My soul to thee; here Lord abide!
Thankful and glad my song I raise,
And give to thee a life of praise.

WIESZEL.

9 L. M.

Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy:
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

2

We are his people, we his care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

3

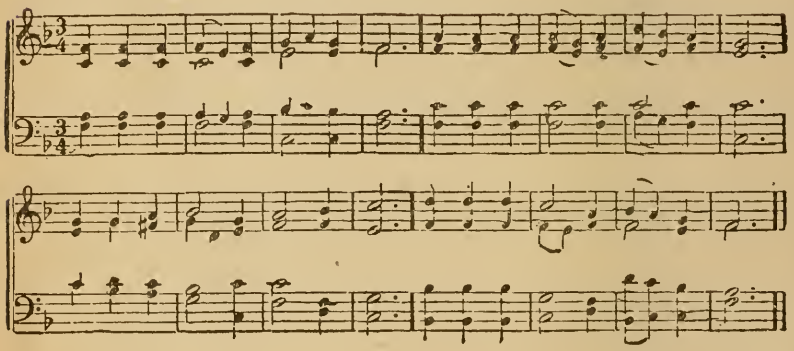
We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4

Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love:
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

WATTS.

HURSLEY. L. M.



10 L. M.

Praise, Lord, for thee in Zion waits;
Prayer shall besiege thy temple gates;
All flesh shall to thy throne repair,
And find through Christ salvation there.

2

How blest thy saints! how safely led!
How surely kept! how richly fed!
Saviour of all in earth and sea,
How happy they who rest in thee!

3

The year is with thy goodness crowned;
Thy clouds drop wealth the world around;
Through thee the deserts laugh and sing,
And nature smiles and owns her King.

4

Lord, on our souls thy Spirit pour;
The moral waste within restore;
Oh, let thy love our spring-tide be,
And make us all bear fruit to thee.

LYTE.

11 8s, 7s.

Praise the Lord, ye heavens, adore him;
Praise him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light.

2

Praise the Lord; for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws, which never shall be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

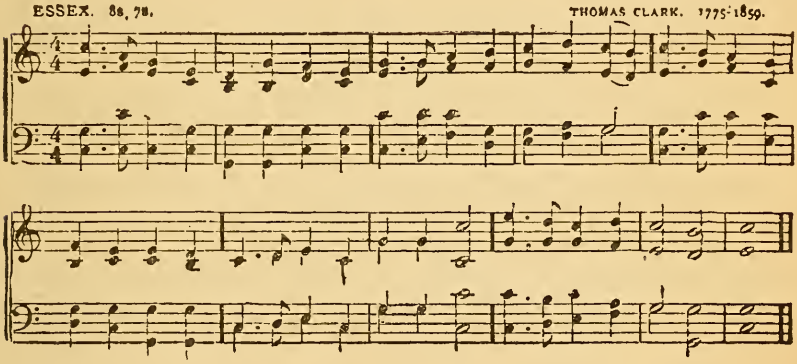
3

Praise the Lord; for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4

Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation;
Laud and magnify his name.

KEMPTHORNE.



12 8s, 7s.

Praise to thee, thou great Creator;
Praise be thine from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.

2

Father, source of all compassion,
Free, unbounded grace is thine;
Hail the God of our salvation;
Praise him for his love divine.

3

For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

4

Joyfully on earth adore him;
Till in heaven our song we raise;
There, enraptured, fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

FAWCETT.

13 L. M.

Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

2

O God, my heart is fixed; 'tis bent
Its thankful tribute to present;
And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.

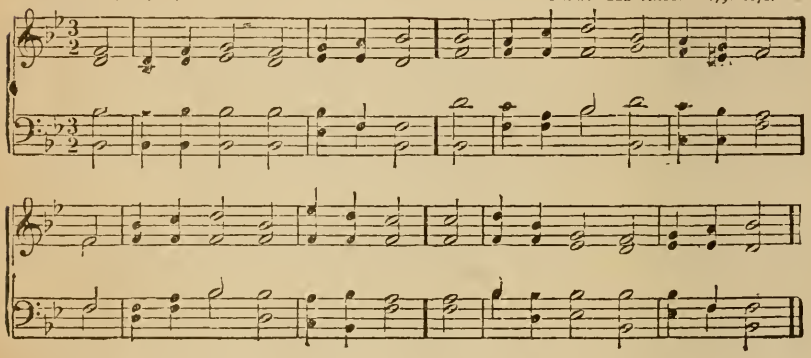
3

Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round;
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends:
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

4

Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

HEBRON. L. M. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792-1872.



14 L. M.

Far from my thoughts, vain world, begone;
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2

O warm my heart with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire;
Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill my soul with heavenly love.

3

Blest Saviour, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Ne'er did the angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

4

Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine;
Thy glorious name shall be adored,
And every tongue confess the Lord.

WATTS.

15 L. M.

O Holy Father, Holy Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Thy grace devoutly we implore,
Thy name be praised for evermore.

16 C.M.

Praise God, ye gladdening smiles of morn;
Praise him, O silent night;
Tell forth his glory, all the earth;
Praise him, ye stars of light.

2

Praise him, ye stormy winds that rise
Obedient to his word;
Mountains and hills and fruitful trees,
Join ye and praise the Lord.

3

Praise him, ye heavenly hosts, for ye
With purer lips can sing;
Glory and honor, praise and power,
To him, the eternal King.

4

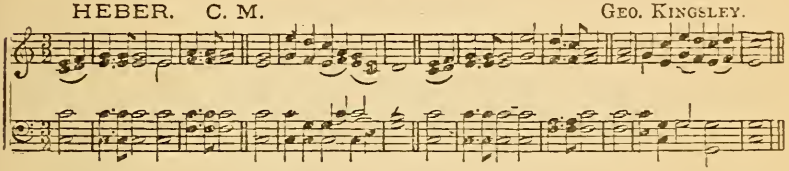
Praise him, ye saints, who here rejoice
To do his heavenly will;
The incense of whose prayers ascends
Upon his altar still.

5

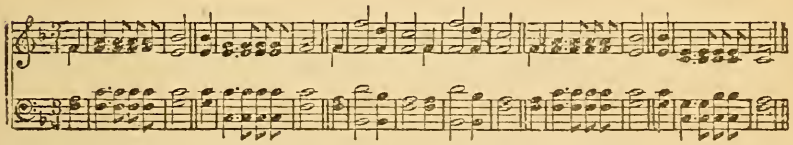
Praise him, all works of his that own
His Spirit's blest control.
O Lord my God, how great art thou!
Bless thou the Lord, my soul!

SHIPTON.

HEBER. C. M. GEO. KINGSLEY.



PURVES. S. M. GEO. KINGSLEY



17 S.M.

Let sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death;
But in the worship of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.

2

My thoughts address his throne,
When morning brings the light;
I seek his blessing every noon,
And pay my vows at night.

3

Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God,
While sinners perish in surprise
Beneath thy holy rod.

4

But I, with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord;
I'll cast my burden on his arm,
And rest upon his word.

5

His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love;
The ground on which their safety stands
No earthly power can move.

WATTS.

18 7s.

Praise the Lord, his glories show,
Saints within his courts below,
Angels round his courts above,
All that see and share his love!

2

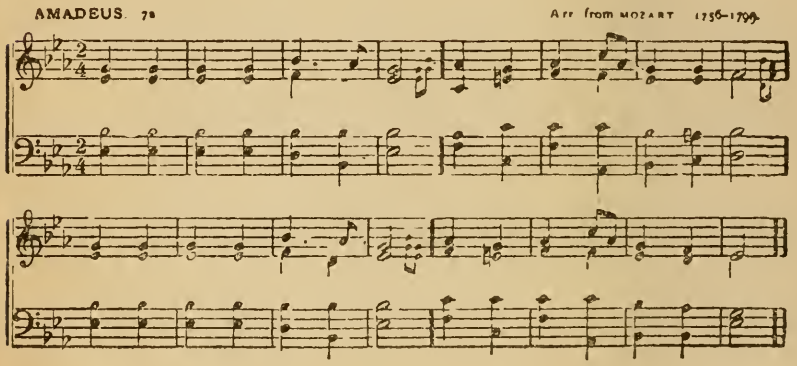
Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,
Tell his wonders, sing his worth;
Age to age, and shore to shore,
Praise him, praise him, evermore!

3

Praise the Lord, his mercies trace;
Praise his providence and grace,
All that he for man hath done,
All he sends us through his Son.

4

Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
In the service bear your parts:
All that breathe, your Lord adore:
Praise him, praise him, evermore.



19 7s.

Let us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2

He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light,
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3

All things living he doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4

Let us, then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

JOHN MILTON.

20 C. M.

Our Father, God, who art in heaven,
All hallowed be thy name;
Thy kingdom come; thy will be done
In heaven and earth the same.

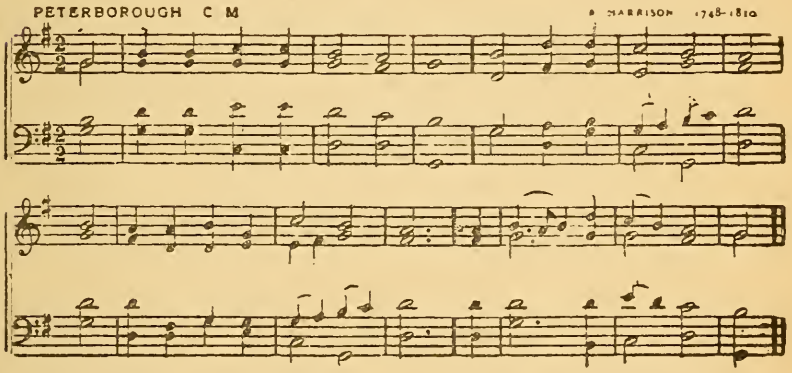
2

Give us this day our daily bread;
And as we those forgive
Who sin against us, so may we
Forgiving grace receive.

3

Into temptation lead us not;
From evil set us free;
And thine the kingdom, thine the power,
And glory, ever be.

JUDSON.



21 C. M.

What shall I render to my God,
For all his mercies shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2

Among the saints who fill thy house,
My offering shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

3

How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever blessed God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

4

How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

WATTS.

22 1 C. M.

Holy and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King;
Thrice holy Lord! the angels cry;
Thrice holy! let us sing.

2

The deepest reverence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul! to God;
Lift with thy hands a holy heart,
To his sublime abode.

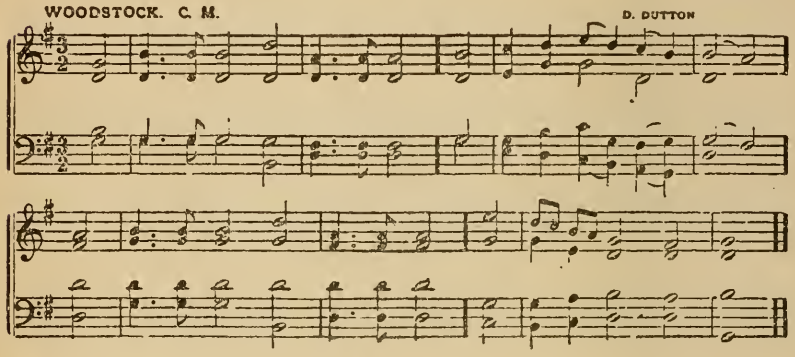
3

With sacred awe pronounce his name
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A broken heart shall please him more
Than noblest forms of speech.

4

Thou holy God! preserve our souls
From all pollution free:
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

NEEDHAM.



23 C. M.

While thee I seek, protecting power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

2

Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

3

In each event of life how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by thee.

4

In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5

When gladness wings my favored hour
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6

My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast hearts hall know no fear;
That heart shall rest on thee.

WILLIAMS.

24 L. M.

My God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.

2

The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

3

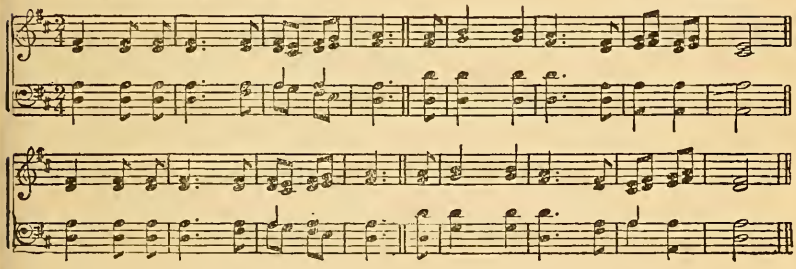
Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and triumph of their tongue.

4

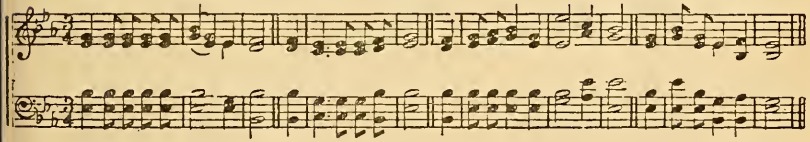
But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds:
Vast and unsearchable thy ways!
Vast and immortal be thy praise

WATTS.

MALVERN. L. M. DR. L. MASON.



ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M. GEO. KINGSLEY.



25 1 C. M.

Sing to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

2

With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honor sing;
The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.

3

Come, and with humble souls adore;
Come, kneel before his face;
Oh, may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace.

4

Now is the time, he bends his ear,
And waits for your request:
Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear
"Ye shall not see my rest."

26 C. M.

Come, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.

2

Come, let us bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord:
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double flaming sword.

3

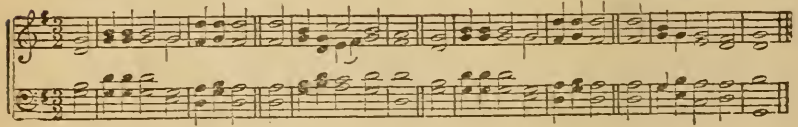
The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th'almighty throne.

4

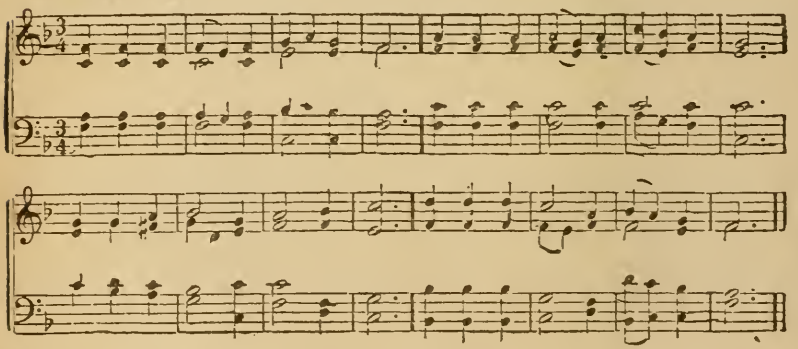
To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high;
And glory to the eternal King,
Who lays his anger by.

WATTS.

MARLOW. C. M. DR. L. MASON.



HURSLEY. L. M.



27 L. M.

Loud hallelujahs to the Lord,
From distant worlds, where creatures dwell;
Let heaven begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell.

2

Wide as his vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known;
Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne.

3

Jehovah!–'tis a glorious word;
Oh, may it dwell on every tongue;
But saints who best have known the Lord,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.

4

Speak of the wonders of that love
Which Gabriel plays on every chord;
From all below, and all above,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord.

WATTS.

28 10s, 11s.

O worship the King, all glorious above,
And gratefully sing his wonderful love,
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

2

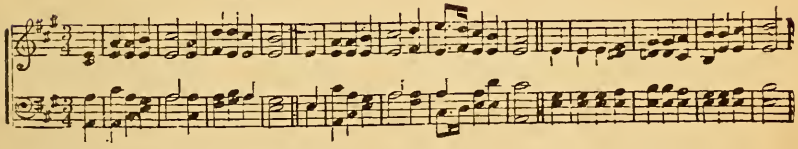
Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

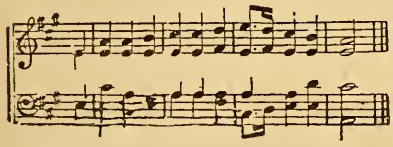
3

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail:
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer and Friend!

GRANT.

LYONS. 10s & 11s HAYDN.





29 10s, 11s.

Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name:
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

2

Then let us adore, and give him his right,
All glory and power and wisdom and might,
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

WESLEY.

30 L.M.

Oh, hallowed is the land and blessed,
Where Christ, the Ruler, is confessed!
Oh, happy hearts and happy homes,
To whom the great Redeemer comes!

2

Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates,
Behold, the King of glory waits!
The King of kings is drawing near;
The Saviour of the world is here.

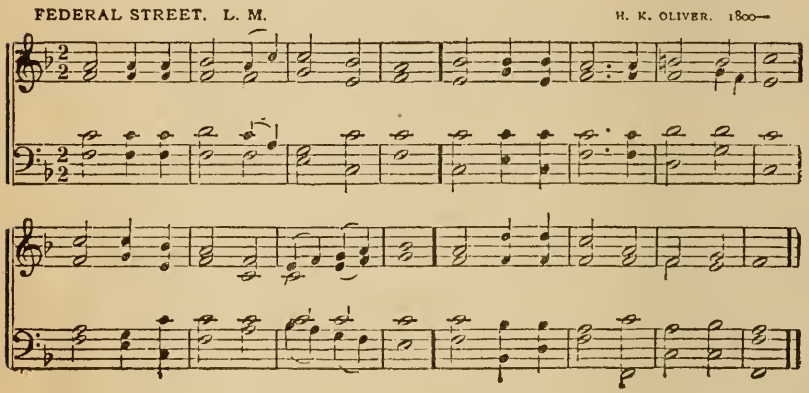
3

Fling wide the portals of your heart:
Make it a temple set apart
From earthly use for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer and love and joy.

4

Redeemer, come! I open wide
My breast to thee; here, Lord, abide!
Thankful and glad my song I raise,
And give to thee a life of praise.

WIESZEL.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M. H. K. OLIVER. 1800—

31 L.M.

With one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise:

2

Convinced that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

3

Oh enter, then, his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless.

4

For he's the Lord, supremely good;
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

TATE.

32 S.M.

Stand up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God;
With heart and soul and voice.

2

Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud, and magnify?

3

Oh, for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

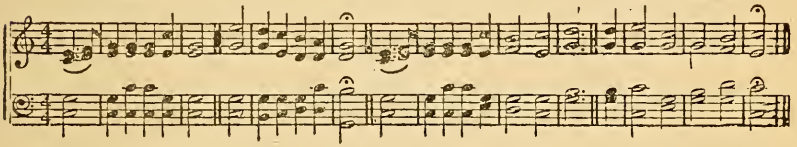
4

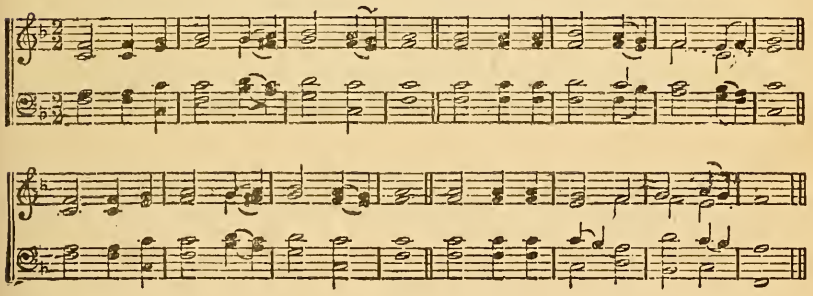
God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

5

Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless his glorious name;
Henceforth, for evermore!

MONTGOMERY.

LABAN. S. M. DR. L. MASON.

HAMBURG. L. M. GREGORIAN.



33 L.M.

O blessed God, to thee I raise
My voice in thankful hymns of praise;
And when my voice shall silent be,
My silence shall be praise to thee.

2

For voice and silence both impart
The filial homage of my heart;
And both alike are understood
By thee, thou Parent of all good,

3

Whose grace is all unsearchable,
Whose care for me no tongue can tell,
Who loves my loudest praise to hear,
And loves to bless my voiceless prayer,

34 C. M.

Once more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him that rules the skies.

2

Night unto night, his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heavens on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.

3

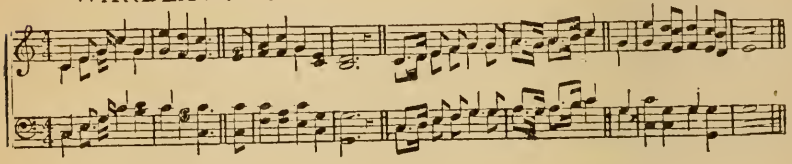
'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

4

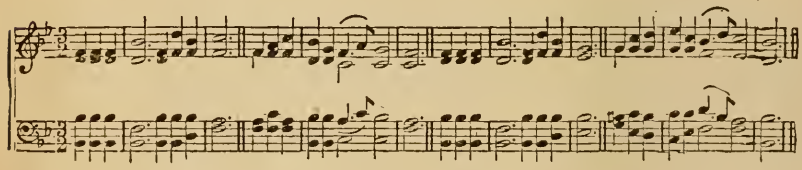
Great God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

WATTS.

WARDLAW. C. M. W. B. BRADBURY.



BADEN. L. M DR. T. HASTINGS.



35 L. M.

Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2

Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who, all night long, unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

3

Glory to thee who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept!
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake!

4

Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

5

Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite,

36 L. M. 61.

When, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes mine eyes,
O sun of righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine!
Oh! chase the clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day.

2

And when to heaven's all-glorious King
My morning sacrifice I bring,
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy in my Saviour's name;
Then, Jesus, cleanse me with thy blood,
And be my Advocate with God.

3

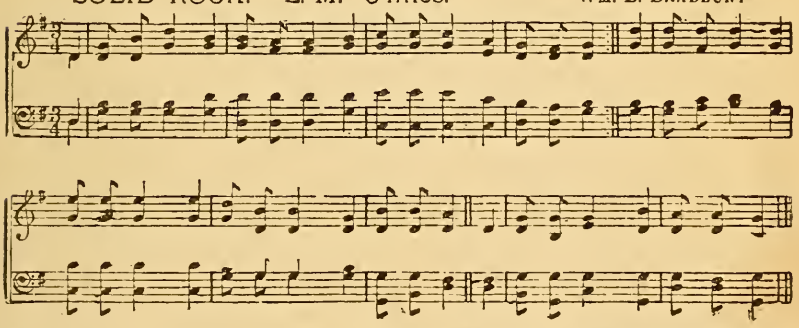
When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest.
And, as each morning's sun shall rise,
Oh, lead me onward to the skies!

4

And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
Jesus, thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see thy face and sing thy praise.

SHRUBSOLE.

SOLID ROCK. L. M. 6 lines. WM. B. BRADBURY



37 L. M., 61.

Lord Jesus, bless us ere we go:
Thy words into our minds instill;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.

REF.—Through life's long day
and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus! be our light.

2

The day is done, its hours have run,
And thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.

3

Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.

4

Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like thee.

FABER.

38 L. M.

New every morning, is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life and power and thought.

2

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

3

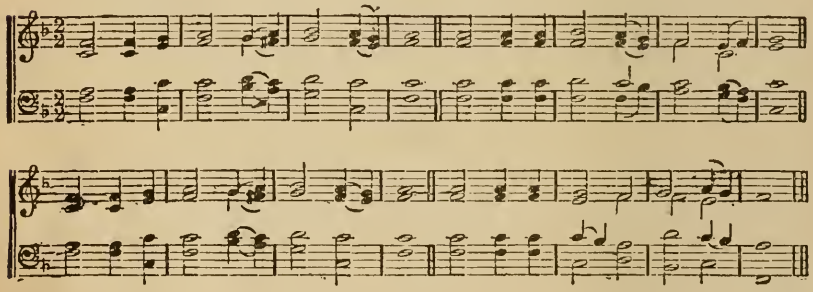
Old friends, old scenes will lovlier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

4

Only, O Lord, in thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above,
And keep us this, and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

KEBLE.

HAMBURG. L. M. GREGORIAN.



39 L. M.

O Jesus, Lord of heavenly grace,
Thou Brightness of thy Father's face,
Thou Fountain of eternal light,
Whose beams disperse the shades of night!

2

Come, holy son of heavenly love,
Send down thy radiance from above;
And to our inmost hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

3

Oh, hallowed thus be every day!
Let meekness be our morning ray,
And faithful love our noon-day light,
And hope our sunset, calm and bright.

4

Oh, Christ, with each returning morn,
Thine image to our hearts is borne;
Oh, may we ever clearly see
Our Saviour and our God in thee!

CHANDLER.

40 C. M.

Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye;

2

Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3

Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4

But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

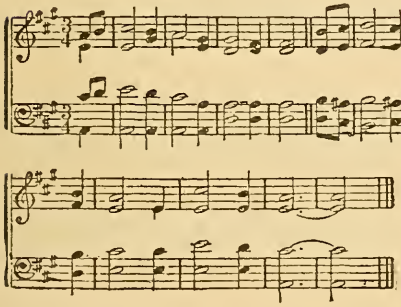
5

Oh, may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness,
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

WATTS.

MANOAH C. M

GREATOREX.



3

I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4

I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven,
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5

Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

BROWN.

41 C. M.

I love to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2

I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.

42 C. M.

Now that the sun is beaming bright,
Once more to God we pray,
That he, the uncreated Light,
May guide our souls this day.

2

No sinful word, no deed of wrong,
Nor thoughts that idly rove,
But simple truth be on our tongue,
And in our hearts be love.

3

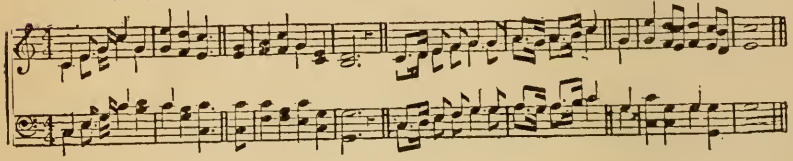
And while the hours in order flow,
O Christ, securely fence
Our gates beleaguer'd by the foe,
The gate of every sense.

4

And grant that to thine honor, Lord,
Our daily toil may tend;
That we begin it at thy word,
And in thy favor end.

AMBROSE.

WARDLAW. C. M. W. B. BRADBURY.



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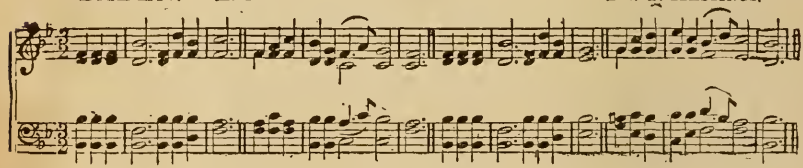


43 L. M.

Sun of my soul, thou Saviour, dear,
It is not night if thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servants' eyes.

2

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

3

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till, in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

KEBLE.

44

L. M.

Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own Almighty wings.

2

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3

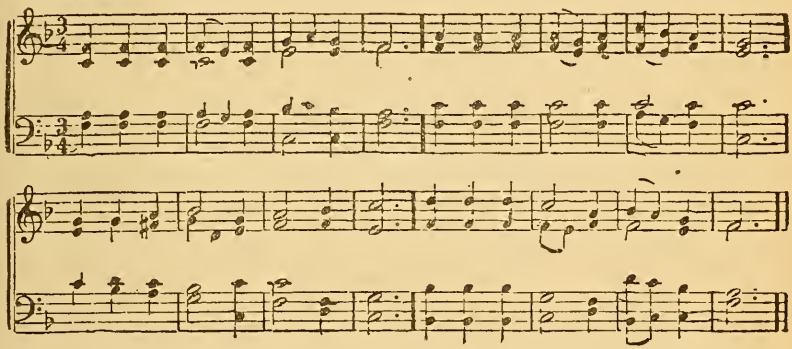
Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment day.

4

Be thou my Guardian while I sleep;
Thy watchful station near me keep;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from th' approach of ill.

KEN.

HURSLEY. L. M.



45

L. M.

Thus far the Lord has led me on;
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2

Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past;
He gives me strength for days to come.

3

I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4

Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to break my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

DUTTON.

46 L. M.

My God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distill like early dew.

2

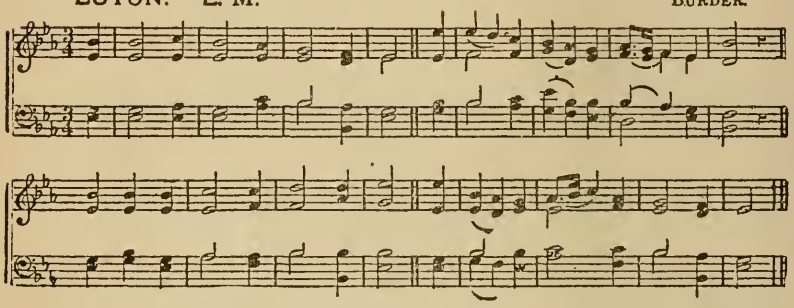
Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3

I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

WATTS.

LUTON. L. M. BURDER.



47 L. M.

The heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2

The rolling sun, the changing light,
And night and day thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3

Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on every land.

4

Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the earth thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations bless'd,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5

Great Sun of righteousness, arise!
Bless the dark world with heavn'ly light:
The gospel makes the simple wise;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgements right.

WATTS.

48

L. M.

God of the morning, at thy voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.

2

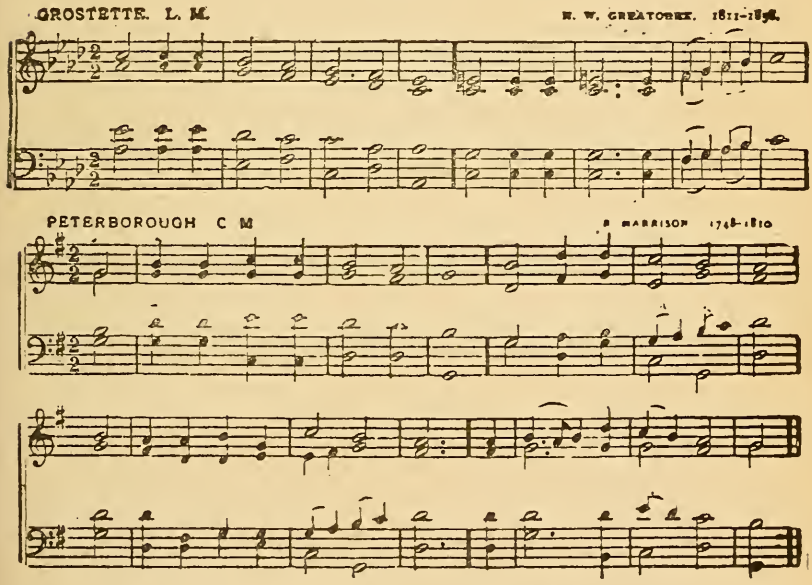
Oh, like the sun may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind and active will
March on and keep my heavenly way.

3

Give me thy counsels for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes besides
Are faint and cold compared with this.

4

Direct, control me through this day,
And lead me into paths aright;
Make all I think, or do, or say,
In thy great glory to unite.

WATTS.

49

C. M.

Now, from the altar of our hearts.
Let holy incense rise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

2

Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift and free than they.

3

New time, new favor, and new joys
Do a new song require:
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire.

MASON.

50 S. M.

The day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
Oh, may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

2

We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possessed

3

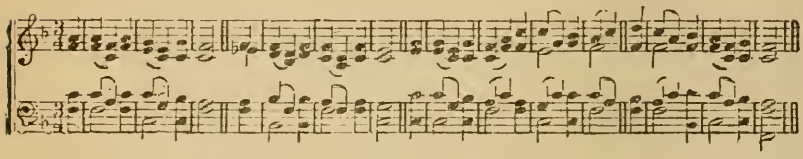
Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4

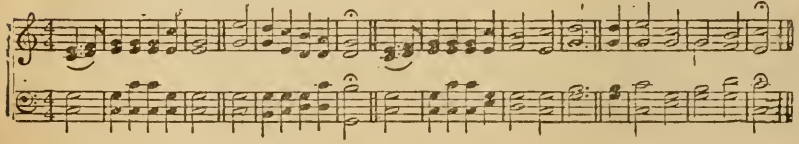
And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
Oh, may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

LELAND.

DENNIS. S. M.



LABAN. S. M. DR. L. MASON.



51 S. M.

Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise!
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2

The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here may we sit and see him here,
And love and praise and pray.

3

One day, amid the place
Where my dear Lord hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Within the tents of sin.

4

My willing soul would stay
In such a world as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

WATTS.

52 7s.

Softly now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with thee.

2

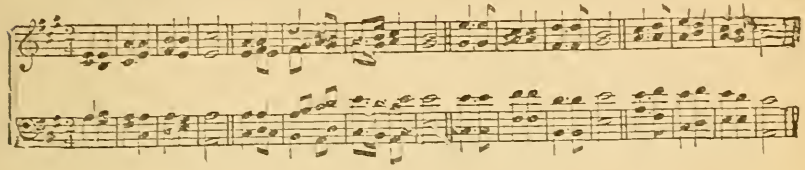
Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault and secret sin.

3

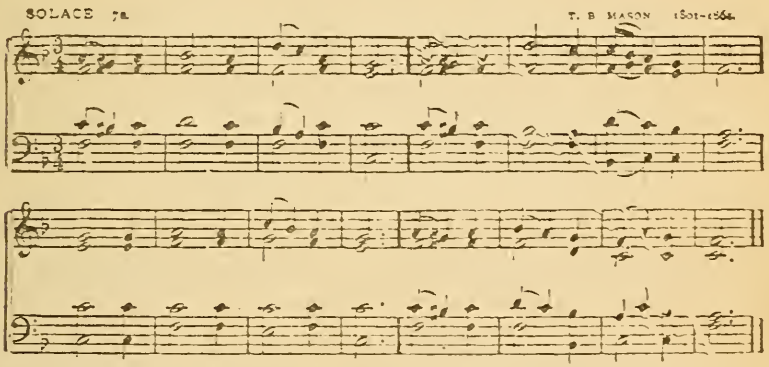
Soon for me the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

DOANE.

MILGROVE. 7s.



SOLACE 7s. T. B. MASON 1801-1884.



53 7s.

Softly fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christians course is run.

2

Yonder stars that gild the sky
Shine but with a borrowed light:
We, unless Thy light be nigh,
Wander wrapt in gloomy night.

3

Sun of Righteousness! dispel
All our darkness, doubts and fears;
May Thy light within us dwell,
Till eternal day appears.

4

Warm our hearts in prayer and praise,
Lift our every thought above;
Hear the grateful songs we raise,
Fill us with Thy perfect love.

RAY PALMER.

54 C. M.

O Father, though the anxious fear
May cloud to-morrow's way,
Nor fear nor doubt shall enter here;
All shall be thine to-day.

2

We will not bring divided hearts
To worship at thy shrine;
But each unholy thought departs,
And leaves the temple thine.

3

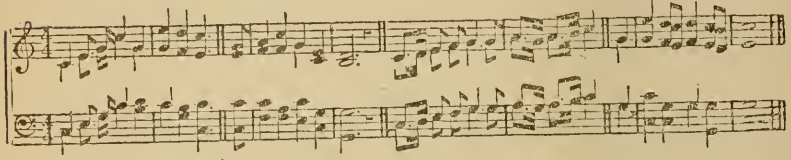
Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares
Of earth and folly born;
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
from this celestial morn.

4

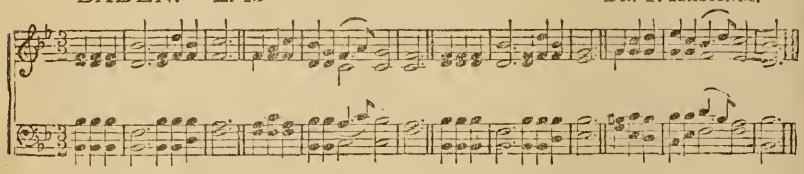
To-morrow will be time enough
To feel your harsh control;
Ye shall not desecrate, this day,
The Sabbath of the soul.

BARBAULD.

WARDLAW. C. M. W. B. BRADBURY.



BADEN. L. M DR. T. HASTINGS.



55 L.M.

Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope and strong desire.

2

No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
Which dwell upon immortal tongues

3

No rude alarms of angry foes;
No cares, to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4

O long-expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of pain and sin;
With joy we'll tread th' appointed road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God

DODDRIDGE.

56 7s, 6l.

Safely through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day,
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2

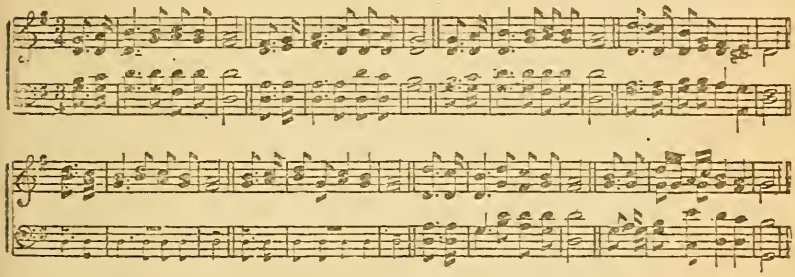
While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face,—
Take away our sin and shame.
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

3

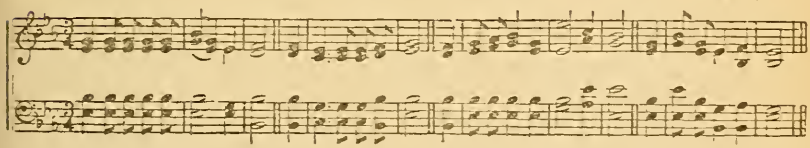
Here we come thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

NEWTON.

SABBATH. 7s. DR. L. MASON.



ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M. GEO. KINGSLEY.



57 C. M.

With joy we hail the sacred day
Which God has called his own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at his throne.

2

Spirit of grace, oh, deign to dwell
Within thy church below!
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

3

Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite,
To spread with grateful zeal around
Her clear and shining light.

4

Great God, we hail the sacred day
Which thou hast called thine own:
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at thy throne.

AUBER.

58 H. M.

Awake, ye saints, awake,
And hail the sacred day;
In loftiest songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay;
Come bless the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

2

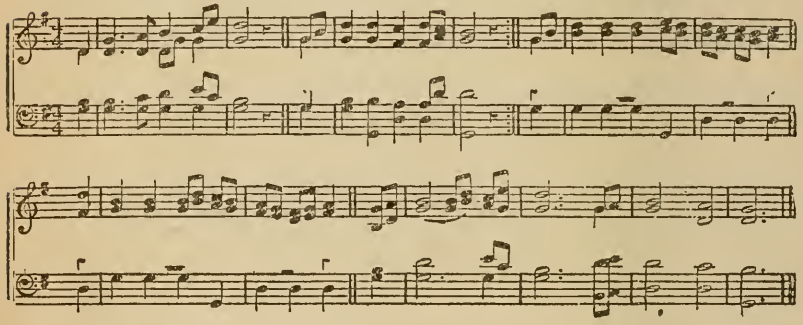
On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose,
And burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes
And now he pleads our cause above;
And reaps the fruit of all his love.

3

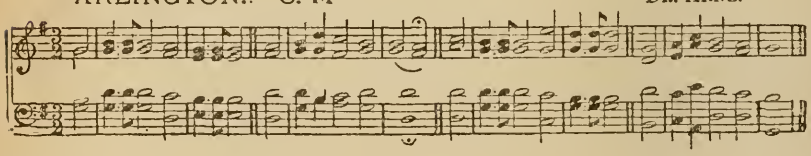
All hail, triumphant Lord,
Heaven with hosannas rings!
And earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings.
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.

SCOTT and COTTERILL.

LISCHER. H. M. DR. L. MASON



ARLINGTON.. C. M DR. ARNE.



59 C. M.

Again the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours refulgent day.

2

Oh, what a night was that which wrapt
A guilty world in gloom!
Oh, what a Sun, which broke this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

3

This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung:
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

4

Ten thousand thousand lips shall join:
To hail this happy morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
On nations yet unborn.

BARBOULD.

60 C.M.

This is the day the Lord hath made;
He calls the hours his own:
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2

To-day he rose, and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3

Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son:
Help us, O Lord! descend, and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

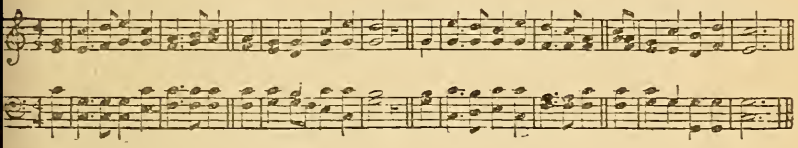
4

Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes, in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5

Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

WATTS.

BROWN. C. M. WM. B. BRADBURY.

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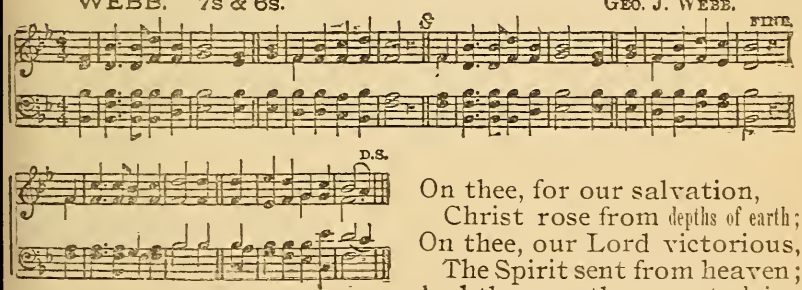


61 7s, 6s.

O day of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, and bright!
On thee, the high and lowly,
Through ages joined in tune,
Sing, Holy, holy, holy,
To the great God Triune.

2

On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3

To-day on weary nations,
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls;
Where gospel-light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

WORDSWORTH.

62 C. M.

When the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek,
How sweet to hail the evening's close,
That ends the weary week!

2

How sweet to hail the early dawn,
That opens on the sight,
When first that soul-reviving morn
Sheds forth new rays of light!

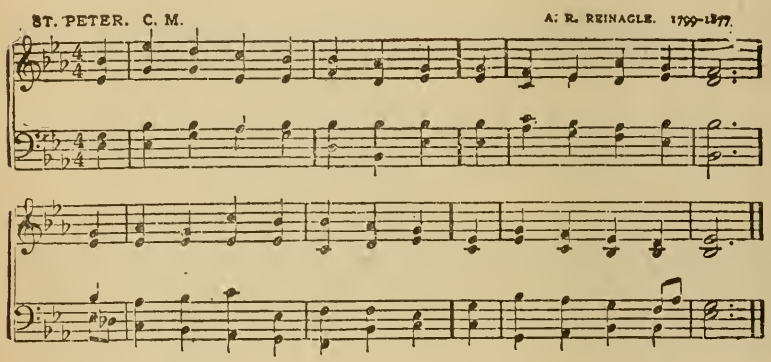
3

Sweet day! thine hours too soon will cease,
Yet while they gently roll,
Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of peace,
A Sabbath o'er my soul.

4

When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er,
The Sabbath dawn which needs no sun,
That day which fades no more.

EDMESTON.



63 C.M.

How sweet, upon this sacred day,
The best of all the seven,
To cast our earthly thoughts away,
And think of God and heaven!

2

How sweet to be allowed to pray
Our sins may be forgiven!
With filial confidence to say,
"Father, who art in heaven!"

3

How sweet the words of peace to hear
From him to whom 'tis given
To wake the penitential tear,
And lead the way to heaven!

4

And if, to make our sins depart,
In vain the will has striven,
He who regards the inmost heart
Will send his grace from heaven.

5

Then hail, thou sacred, blessed day,
The best of all the seven,
When hearts unite their vows to pay
Of gratitude to heaven!

FOLLEN.

64 L. M.

Another six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day that God hath blest.

2

Oh, that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies,
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.

3

A heavenly calm pervades the breast,
The earnest of that glorious rest
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains

4

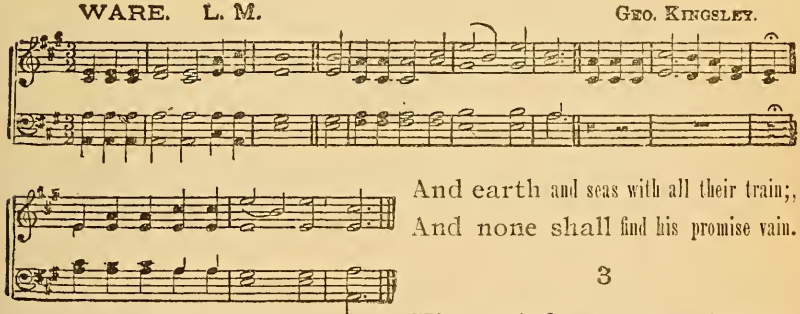
With joy, great God, thy works we view,
In various scenes, both old and new;
With praise, we think on mercies past;
With hope, we future pleasures taste.

5

In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away;
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

STENNET.

WARE. L. M. GEO. KINGSLEY.



65 L. M.

Praise ye the Lord: my heart shall join
In work so pleasant, so divine;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last.

2

Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky
And earth and seas with all their train;
And none shall find his promise vain.

3

His truth forever stands secure;
He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor,
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow, and the fatherless.

4

He loves the saints; he knows them well;
But turns the wicked down to hell;
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

WATTS.

66 S. M.

This is the day of light;
Let there be light to-day;
O Dayspring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

2

This is the day of rest;
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed thou thy freshening dew.

3

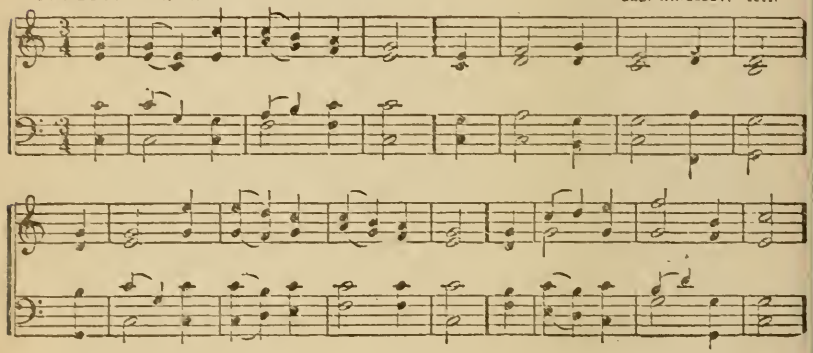
This is the day of peace;
With peace our spirits fill;
Bid thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

4

This is the day of prayer;
Let earth to heaven draw near;
Lift up our hearts to seek thee there,
Come down to meet us here.

ELLERTON.

FERGUSON. S. M. GEO. KINGSLEY, 1811.



67 S. M.

How charming is the place
Where my Redeemer, God,
Unveils the beauty of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

2

Not the fair palaces,
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

3

Here on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit
And smile on all around.

4

Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

STENNETT.

68 7s.

Ere another Sabbath's close,
Ere again we seek repose,
Lord, our song ascends to thee;
At thy feet we bow the knee.

2

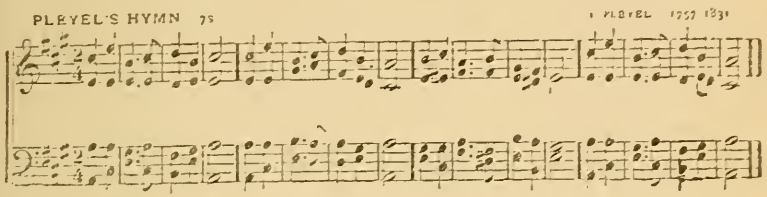
For the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to thee alone be given,
Lord of earth, and King of heaven.

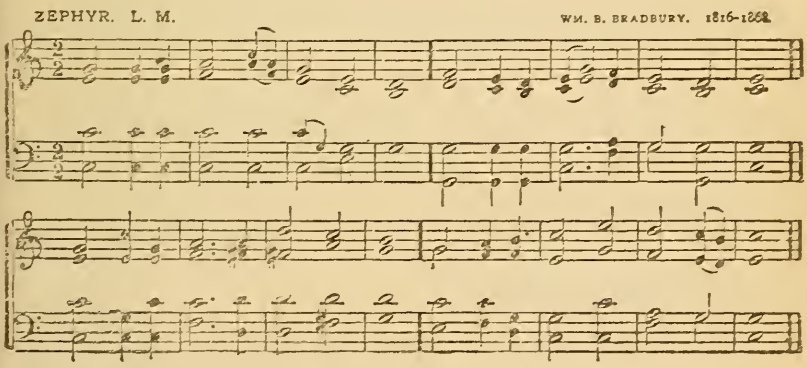
3

Cold our services have been;
Mingled every prayer with sin:
But thou canst and wilt forgive;
By thy grace alone we live.

4

Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above;
While their steps thy pilgrims bend
To the rest which knows no end.





69 L. M.

My opening eyes with rapture see
The dawn of thy returning day;
My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee,
While thus my early vows I pay.

2

I yield my heart to thee alone,
Nor would receive another guest;
Eternal King, erect thy throne,
And reign sole monarch in my breast.

3

Oh, bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal thought away;
Nor let me feel one vain desire,
One sinful thought, through all the day.

4

Then, to thy courts when I repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing.
The wonders of thy love declare,
And join the strains which angels sing.

HUTTON.

70 7s.

Lord, we come before thee now;
At thy feet we humbly bow;
Oh, do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2

Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace;
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3

In thine own appointed way
Now we seek thee; here we stay;
Lord, from hence we would not go
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4

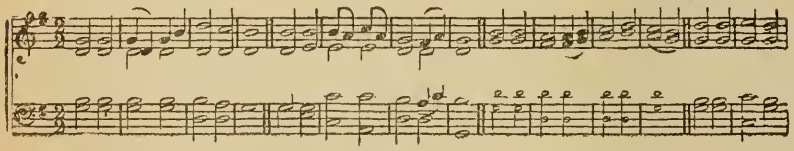
Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down, lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

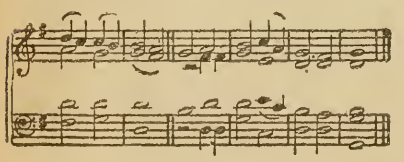
5

Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick; the captive free:
Let us all rejoice in thee.

HAMMOND.

HENDON 7s DR. MALAN.





71 7s.

Lord of hosts, how bright, how fair,
E'en on earth thy temples are!
Here thy waiting people see
Much of heaven and much of thee.

2

From thy gracious presence flows
Bliss that softens all our woes;
While thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our heart with pure desire.

3

Here we supplicate thy throne
Here thou mak'st thy glories known;
Here we learn thy righteous ways,
Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.

4

Thus, with sacred songs of joy
We our happy lives employ;
Love, and long to love thee more,
Till from earth to heaven we soar.

TURNER.

72

C. M.

Early, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without thy cheering grace.

2

Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

3

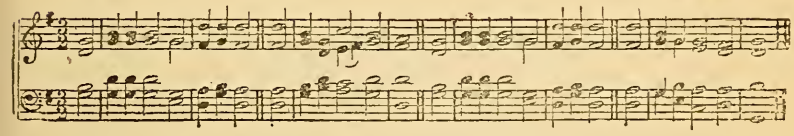
Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

4

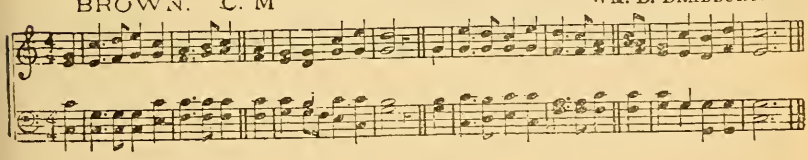
Thus, till my last, expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

WATTS.

MARLOW. C. M. DR. L. MASON.



BROWN. C. M WM. B. BRADBURY.



73

C. M.

Great Shepherd of thy people, hear,
Thy presence now display;
We bow within thy house of prayer;
Oh! give us hearts to pray.

2

The clouds which veil thee from our sight,
In pity, Lord, remove;
Dispose our minds to hear aright
The message of thy love.

3

The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind, bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

4

Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hopes to raise;
And pour thy blessing from on high
To aid our feeble praise.

NEWTON.

74 L.M.

Jesus, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2

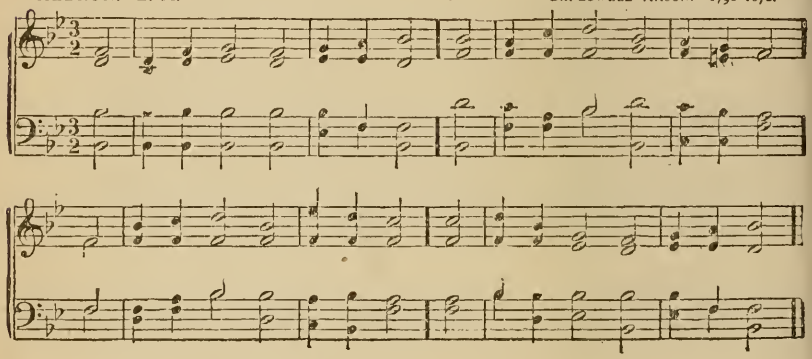
For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

3

Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

COWPER.

HEBRON. L. M. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792-1872.



75 L. M.

When, as returns this solemn day,
Man comes to meet his Maker, God,
What rites, what honors shall he pay?
How spread his sovereign name abroad?

2

From marble domes and gilded spires
Shall curling clouds of incense rise,
And gems and gold and garlands deck
The costly pomp of sacrifice?

3

Vain, sinful man! creation's Lord
Thy golden offerings well may spare;
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find
Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.

4

Oh, grant us, in this solemn hour,
From earth and sin's allurements free,
To feel thy love, to own thy power,
And raise each raptured thought to thee;

BARBAULD.

76 7s.

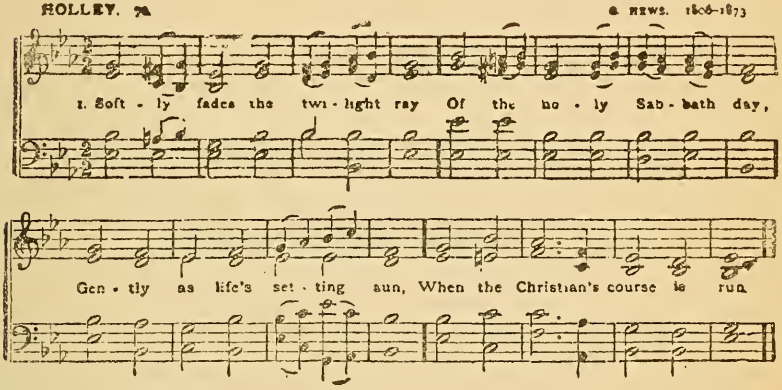
Saviour, bless thy word to all;
Quick and powerful let it prove;
Oh, may sinners hear thy call;
Let thy people grow in love.

2

Thine own gracious message bless;
Follow it with power divine.
Give the gospel great success
Thine the work, the glory thine.

3

Saviour, bid the world rejoice;
Send, oh send thy truth abroad;
Let the nations hear thy voice,
Hear it, and return to God.

KELLY.

HOLLEY. 7s. & REWS. 1806-1873
1. Soft - ly fades the twi - light ray Of the ho - ly Sab - bath day,
Gen - tly as life's set - ting sun, When the Christian's course is run

77 7s.

To thy temple I repair;
Lord, I love to worship there,
When within the veil I meet
Christ before the mercy-seat.

2

While thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord my Righteousness.

3

While the prayers of saints ascend
God of love, to mine attend;
Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

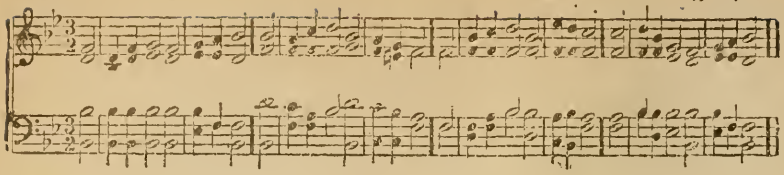
4

While I hearken to thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till thy gospel brings to me
Life and immortality.

MONTGOMERY

HEBRON. L. M

DR. LOWELL MASON 1792-1872.



78 L. M.

Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord;
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

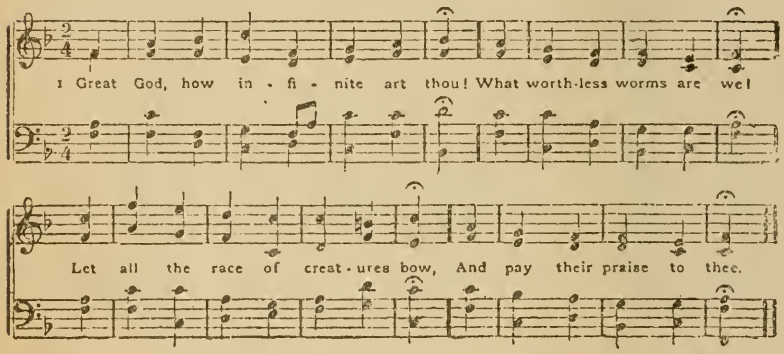
2

Though we are guilty thou art good:
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood:
Give every burdened soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace

HART

DUNDEE C M

G. FRANC. 1520-1570.


1 Great God, how in - fi - nite art thou! What worth-less worms are we!
Let all the race of creat - ures bow, And pay their praise to thee.

79 C. M.

The Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2

One privilege my heart desires
Oh! grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God!

3

There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still;
Shall hear thy messages of love;
And there inquire thy will.

4

When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

5

Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around;
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

WATTS.

80 L.M.

How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2

My flesh would rest in thine abode;
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God, my King, why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee?

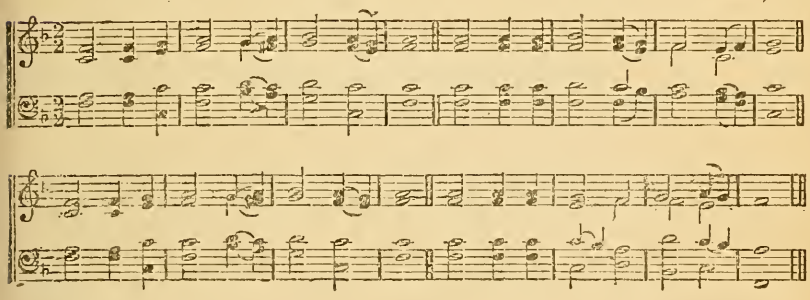
3

Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength; and, through the road,
They lean upon their helper, God.

4

Cheerful they walk, with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

WATTS.

HAMBURG. L. M. GREGORIAN.

81 L. M.

Blest hour, when mortal man retires,
To hold communion with his God,
To send to heaven his warm desires,
And listen to the sacred word.

2

Blest hour, when earthly cares resign
Their empire o'er his anxious breast,
While, all around, the calm divine
Proclaims the holy day of rest.

3

Blest hour, when God himself draws nigh
Well pleased his people's voice to hear.
To hush the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.

4

Blest hour—for, where the Lord resorts,
Foretastes of future bliss are given,
And mortals find his earthly courts
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

ANNA BARBAULD

82 C.M.

Frequent the day of God returns
To shed its quickening beam;
And yet, how slow devotions burn;
How languid are its flames!

2

Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
And Sabbaths never end.

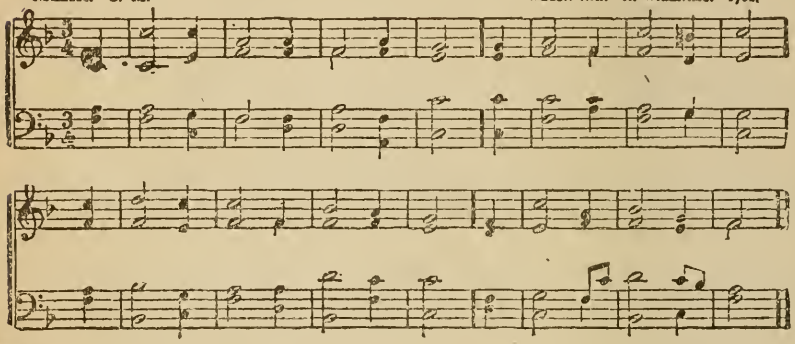
3

Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine.

4

They shall we join, and never tire,
To sing immortal lays;
And, with the bright seraphic choir,
Sound forth Immanuel's praise.

MEAR. C. M. WELSH AIR. A. WILLIAMS. 1762.



83 C.M.

How did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
"In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day!"

2

I love her gates, I love the road;
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.

3

Up to her courts, with joy unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4

He hears our praises, our complaints,
And, while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5

Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest;
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blessed.

6

My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains:
Here my best friends, my kindred, dwell;
Here God, my Saviour, reigns.

WATTS.

84 C.M.

Come, thou desire of all thy saints,
Our humble strains attend,
While with our praises and complaints,
Low at thy feet we bend.

2

How should our songs, like those above
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!

3

Come, Lord, thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame;
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.

4

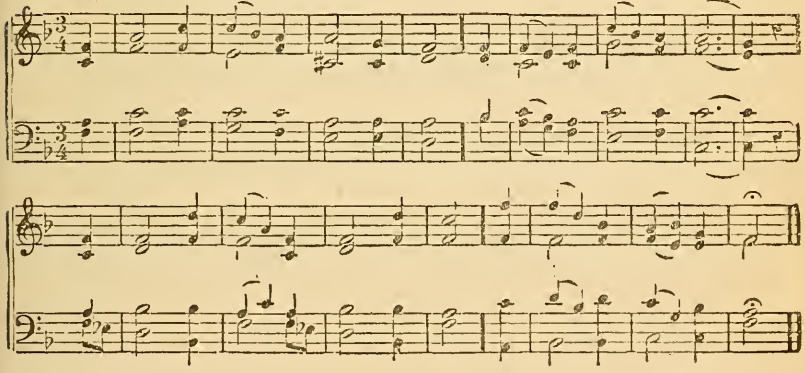
Now, Saviour, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwelling here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.

5

Then shall our hearts, enraptured, say,
"Come, great Redeemer, come,
And bring the bright, the glorious day,
That calls thy children home."

STEELE.

SALZBURGH. C. M. M. HAYDN 1737-1806.



85 C.M.

I love to see the Lord below;
His church displays his grace;
But upper worlds his glory know,
And view him face to face.

2

I love to meet him in his court,
And taste his heavenly love;
But still his visits seem too short,
Or I too soon remove.

3

O Lord, I love thy service now;
Thy church displays thy power;
But soon in heaven I hope to bow,
And praise thee evermore.

WATTS.

86 S.M.

Jesus, we look to thee;
Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us wilt be,
Assembled in thy name.

2

Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove;
Thy name is life, and health and peace,
And everlasting love.

3

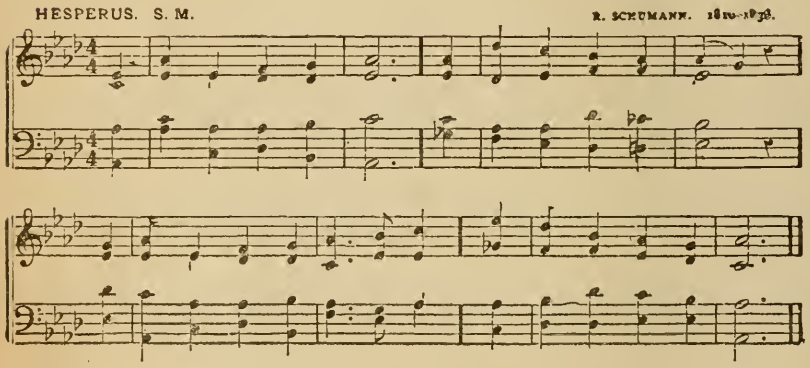
We meet the grace to take,
Which thou hast freely given;
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.

4

Oh, may thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
In hope of perfect love.

C. WESLEY.

HESPERUS. S. M. R. SCHUMANN. 1810–1856.



87 S. M.

How sweet to bless the Lord,
And in his praises join;
With saints his goodness to record,
And sing his power divine!

2

These seasons of delight
The dawn of glory seem,
Like rays of pure, celestial light,
Which on our spirits beam.

3

Thus may our joys increase,
Our love more ardent grow,
While rich supplies of Jesus' grace
Refresh our souls below.

4

But, oh, the bliss sublime,
When joy shall be complete,
In that unclouded, glorious clime,
Where all thy servants meet!

88 S. M.

Sweet is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious name to sing,
To praise and pray, to hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.

2

Sweet, at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell,
And, when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell.

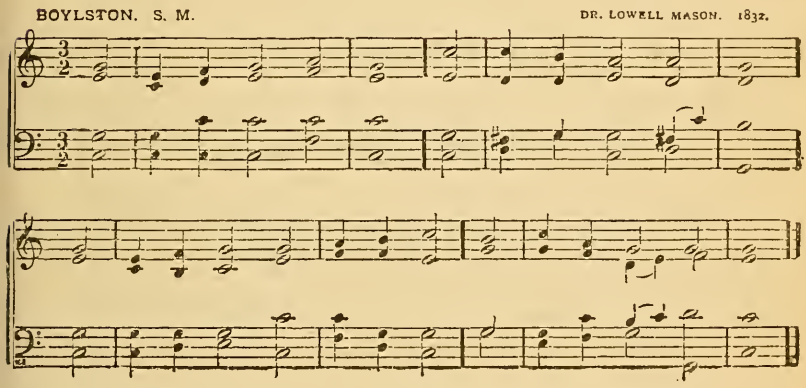
3

Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join, in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

4

To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our best employ
Eternally in heaven.

LYTE

BOYLSTON. S. M. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1832.

89 S.M.

A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky;

2

To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill:
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will!

3

Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give!

4

Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
By faith assur'd I will obey,
For I shall never die.

90 C. M.

When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.

2

Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3

When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

4

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy

5

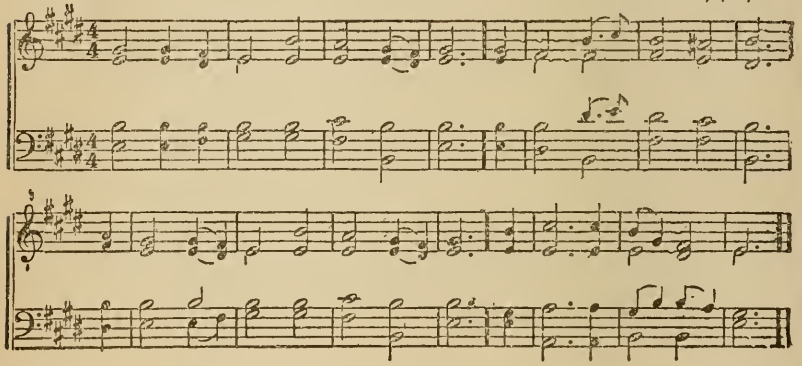
Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

6

Through all eternity, to thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But, oh, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

ADDISON.

HAVEN. C. M. DR. T. HASTINGS. 1784-1872.



91 C. M.

Keep silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod;
My soul stands trembling while she sings,
The honors of her God.

2

Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown
Hang on his firm decree;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

3

His providence unfolds a book,
In which his counsels shine;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfills some deep design.

4

In thy fair book of life and grace,
O may I find my name,
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

WATTS.

92 L. M.

Lord, thou hast searched and seen me through,
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh with all their powers.

2

My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

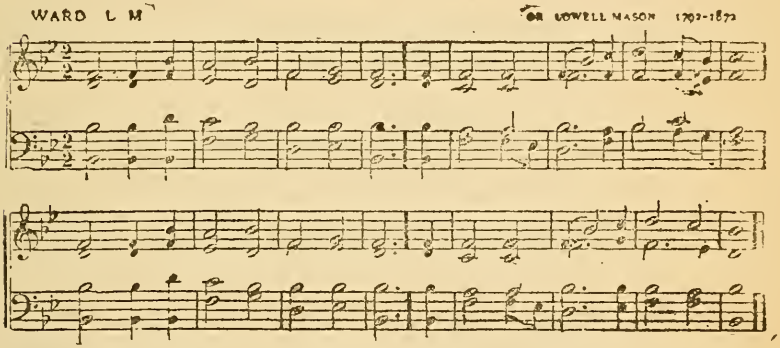
3

Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4

O, may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

WATTS



93 L. M.

Lord of all being; throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Center and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

2

Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3

Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn:
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch, thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine!

4

Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

HOLMES.

94 C. M.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

2

Beneath the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

3

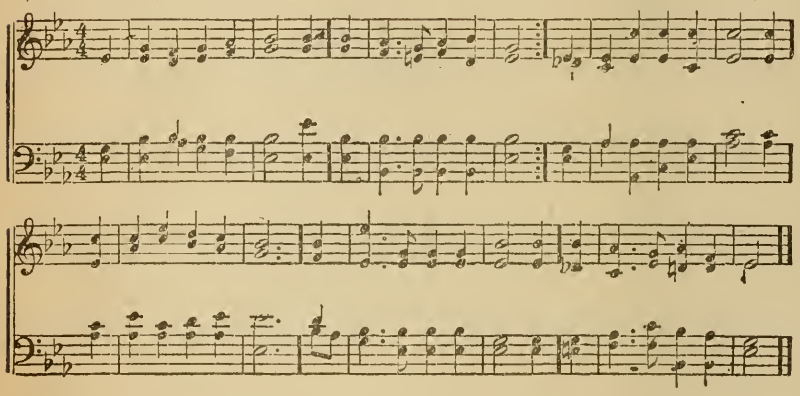
Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God;
To endless years the same.

4

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

WATTS.

SELBORNE. 7s. Art. from an Old Melody



95 C. M

In all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2

My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

3

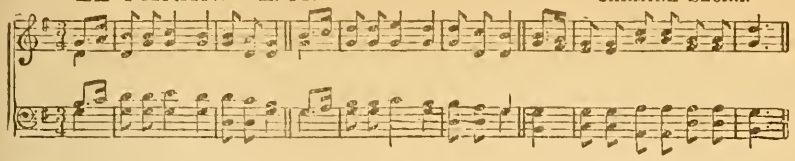
O, wondrous knowledge, deep and high
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Enclosed on every side.

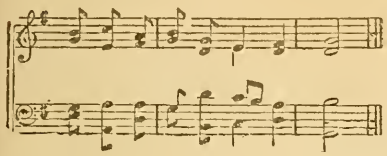
4

So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

WATTS.

EL PARAN. L. M. CARMINA SACRA.





96 L. M.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.

2

Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

3

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;—

4

While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5

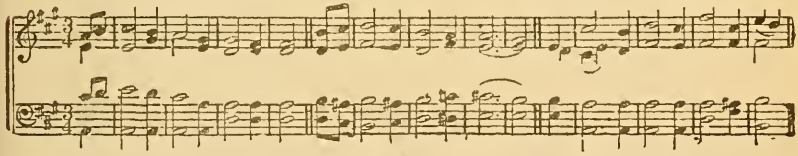
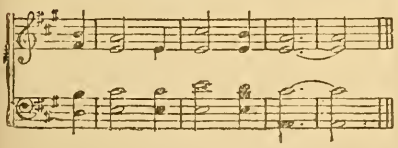
What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?

6

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is Divine."

ADDISON.

MANOAH C. M GREATOREX.



97 C. M.

Eternal wisdom, thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings;
With thy loved name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace rings.

2

How wide thy hand hath spread the sky!
How glorious to behold!
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starred with sparkling gold.

3

Infinite strength and equal skill
Shine through the world abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder, God.

WATTS.

98

L. M.

Kingdoms and thrones to God belong;
Crown him, ye nations, in your song:
His wondrous name and power rehearse;
His honors shall enrich your verse.

2

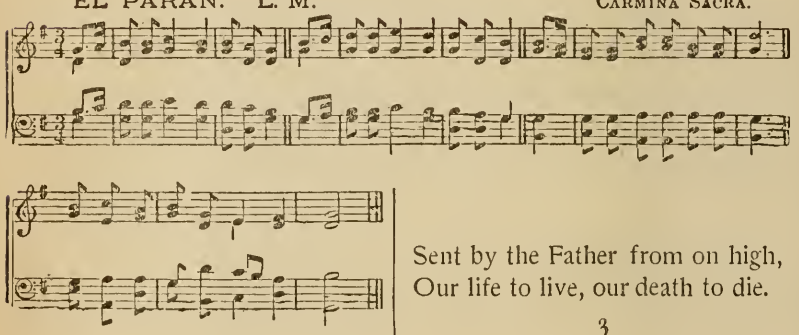
He rides and thunders through the sky
His name, Jehovah, sounds on high:
Praise him aloud, ye sons of grace:
Ye saints, rejoice before his face.

3

God is our shield, our joy, our rest;
God is our King; proclaim him blest:
When terrors rise, when nations faint,
He is the strength of every saint.

WATTS.

EL PARAN. L. M. CARMINA SACRA.



99

L. M.

O love of God, how strong and true!
Eternal, and yet ever new;
Uncomprehended and unbought,
Beyond all knowledge and all thought.

2

We read thee best in him who came
To bear for us the cross of shame;
Sent by the Father from on high,
Our life to live, our death to die.

3

We read thy power to bless and save,
E'en in the darkness of the grave;
Still more in resurrection light,
We read the fulness of thy might.

4

O love of God, our shield and stay,
Through all the perils of our way
Eternal love, in thee we rest,
For ever safe, for ever blest.

BOWR.

100 L. M.

Jehovah reigns; his throne is high;
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.

2

His terrors keep the world in awe;
His justice guards his holy law;
His love reveals a smiling face;
His truth and promise seals the grace.

3

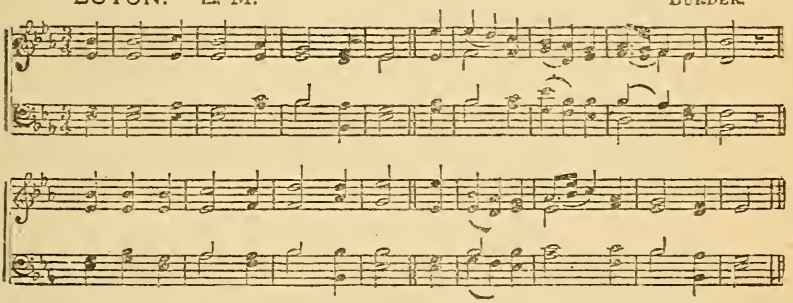
Through all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs;
His power is sovereign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of his will.

4

And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my father and my friend?
Then let my song with angels' join;
Heaven is secure, if God be mine.

WATTS.

LUTON. L. M. BURDER.



101 L. M.

The Lord is King; lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice!
From world to world the joy shall ring,
The Lord Omnipotent is King!

2

The Lord is King; child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just:
Holy and true are all his ways;
Let every creature speak his praise.

3

He reigns; ye saints, exalt your strains:
Your God is King, your Father reigns;
And he is at the Father's side,
The Man of love, the Crucified.

4

Come make your wants, your burdens known,
He will present them at the throne;
And angel bands are waiting there,
His messages of love to bear.

5

Oh, when his wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, his love forsake;
Then may his children cease to sing,
The Lord Omnipotent is King!

CONDER.

102

8s, 7s

God is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

2

Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3

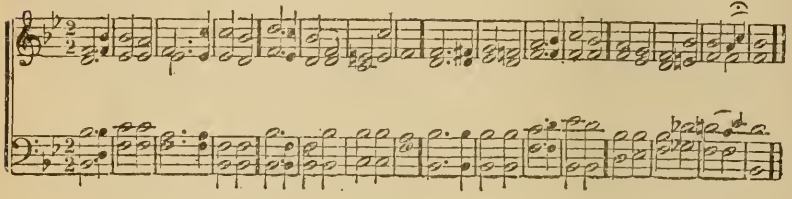
E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom his brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

4

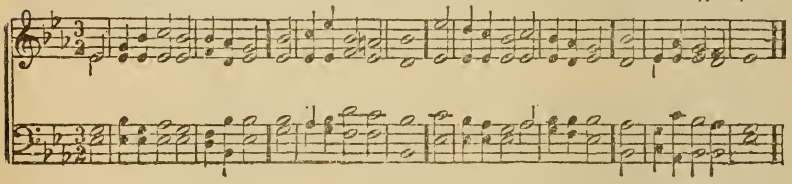
He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and mercy from above:
Everywhere his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

JOHN BOWRING.

ADORATION. 8s, 7s. W. H. DOANE.



DOWNS. C. M. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



103

C. M.

Since all the varying scenes of time
Gods' watchful eye surveys,
Oh, who so wise to choose our lot,
Or to appoint our ways!

2

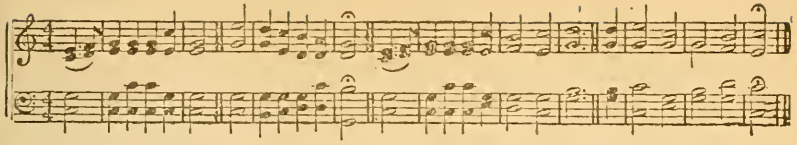
Good, when he gives, supremely good;
Nor less when he denies:
E'en crosses from his sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

3

Why should we doubt a father's love,
So constant and so kind?
To his unerring, gracious will
Be every wish resigned.

HERVEY.

LABAN. S. M. DR. L. MASON.



104 S. M.

Oh, bless the Lord, my soul;
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name
Whose favors are divine.

2

Oh, bless the Lord, my soul;
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3

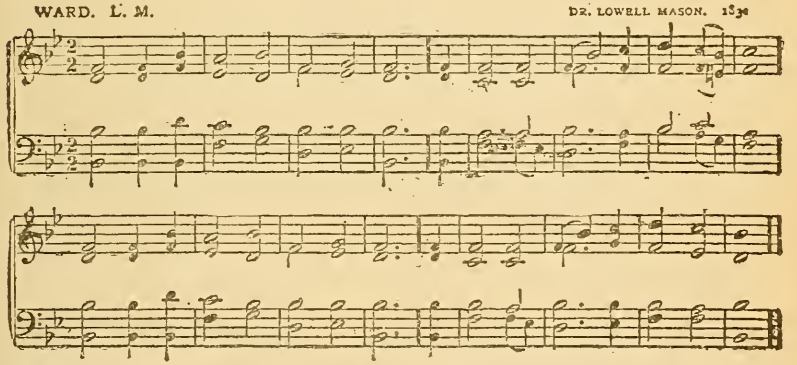
'Tis he forgives thy sins;
'Tis he relieves thy pain;
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And gives the strength again.

4

He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He, who redeemed my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.

WATTS.

WARD. L. M. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1830



105 L. M.

Bless, O my soul, the living God;
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad:
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2

Bless, O my soul, the God of grace:
His favors claim thy highest praise:
Let not the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot.

3

'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4

Let every land his power confess:
Let all the earth adore his grace;
My heart and tongue with rapture join
In work and worship so divine.

WATTS.

106 S. M.

The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

2

He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind.
Can send us swift to death.

3

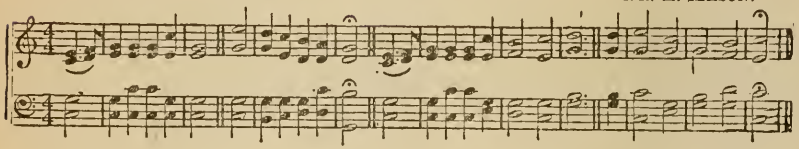
Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
When blasting winds sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

4

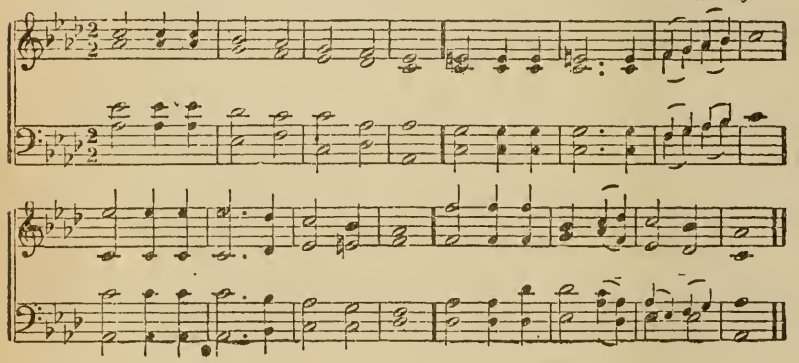
But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy word of promise sure.

WATTS.

LABAN. S. M. DR. L. MASON.



GROSTETTE. L. M. H. W. GREATOREX. 1811–1858.



107 L. M.

With all my powers of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song and join the praise.

2

To God I cried, when troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdued my foes;
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffused through all my soul.

3

Amid a thousand snares I stand;
Upheld and guarded by his hand;
His words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

4

I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord;
I'll sing the wonders of thy word;
Not all the works and names below
So much thy power and glory show.

WATTS.

108 S. M.

My soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2

God will not always chide;
And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes
And lighter than our guilt.

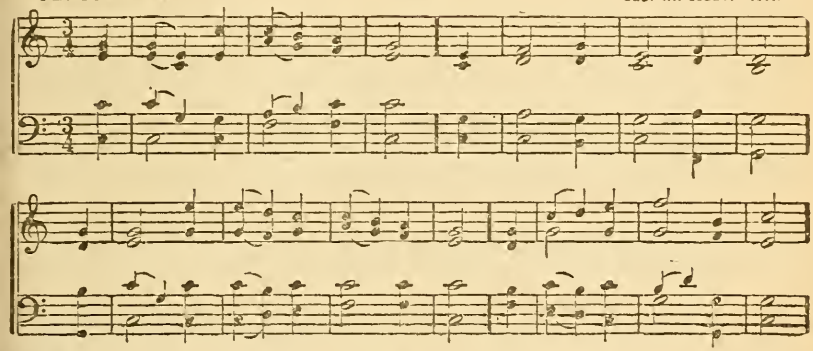
3

High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

4

His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

WATTS.

FERGUSON. S. M. GEO. KINGSLEY. 1811.

109 C. M.

Arise, my soul, my joyful powers,
And triumph in my God;
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.

2

He raised me from the deeps of sin,
The gates of gaping hell,
And fixed my standing more secure
Than 'twas before I fell.

3

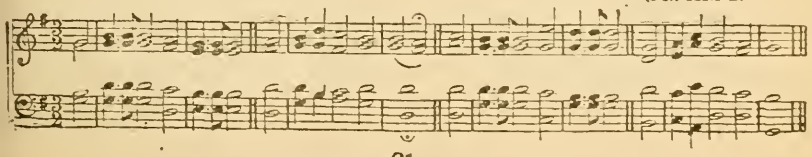
The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul he placed,
And on the Rock of Ages set
My slippery footsteps fast.

4

Arise, my soul; awake, my voice,
And tunes of pleasure sing;
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King.

WATTS

ARLINGTON. C. M Dr. ARNE.



110 L. M.

Lord, we adore thy vast designs,
Th' obscure abyss of providence,
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.

2

When thou dost clothe thine awful face
In angry frowns, without a smile,
We, through the clouds, believe thy grace,
Secure of thy compassion still.

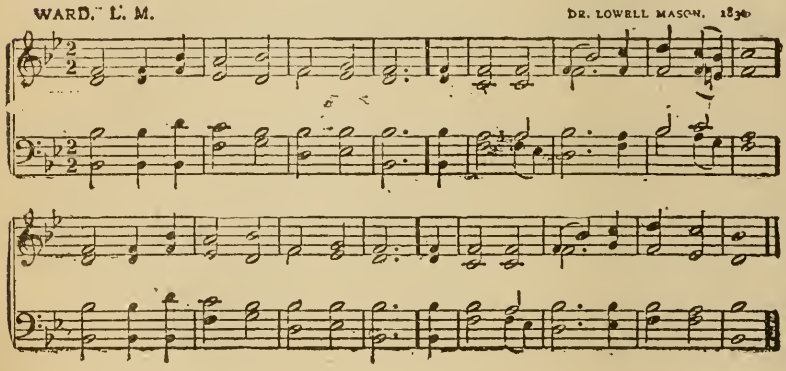
3

Through seas and storms of deep distress
We sail by faith and not by sight;
Faith guides us, in the wilderness,
Through all the terrors of the night.

4

Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
Resolves to scourge us here below,
Still let us lean upon our God;
Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

WATTS.



111 L. M.

Wait, O my soul, thy Maker's will;
Tumultuous passions, all be still;
Nor let a murmuring thought arise;
His ways are just, his counsels wise.

2

He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work, the cause conceals,
But, though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.

3

In heaven and earth and air and seas
He executes his firm decrees;
And by his saints it stands confessed,
That what he does is ever best.

4

Wait, then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat;
And, 'midst the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

LLOYD

112

8s. 7s, 4s.

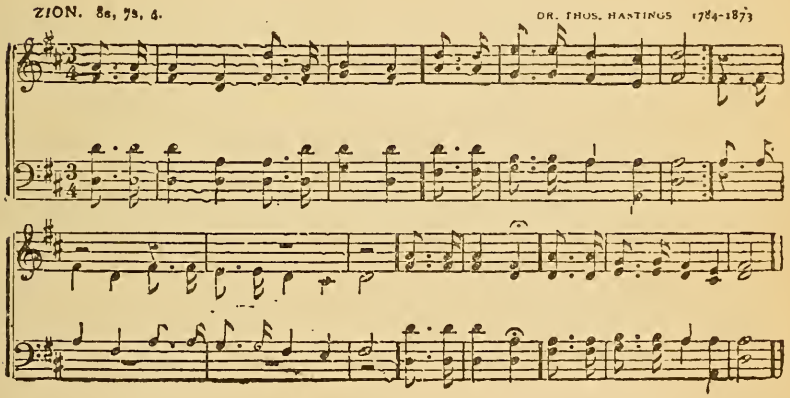
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2

Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS, 1773.

113

8s, 7s, 4s.

Come, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart thy grace inherit;
Raise the weak, the hungry feed:
From the gospel
Now supply thy people's need.

2

Oh, may all enjoy the blessing
Which thy word's designed to give;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive,
And for ever
To thy praise and glory live.

114 C. M.

O thou, my light, my life, my joy,
My glory, and my all;
Unsent by thee, no good can come,
Nor evil can befall.

2

Such are thy schemes of providence,
And methods of thy grace,
That I may safely trust in thee
Through all this wilderness.

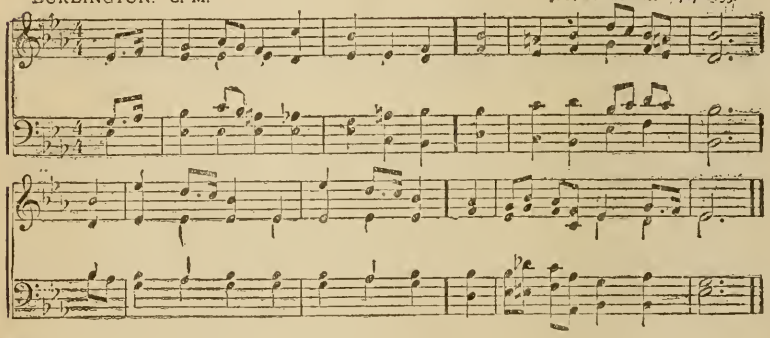
3

'Tis thine outstretch'd and powerful arm
Upholds me in the way;
And thy rich bounty well supplies
The wants of every day.

4

For such compassion, O my God,
Ten thousand thanks are due;
For such compassion I esteem
Ten thousand thanks too few.

BURLINGTON. C. M. J. F. BURROWES. 1787–1853.



115 C. M.

No change of time shall ever shock
My trust, O Lord, in thee;
For thou hast always been my rock,
A sure defence to me.

2

Thou our deliverer art, O God;
Our trust is in thy power;
Thou art our shield from foes abroad,
Our safeguard and our tower.

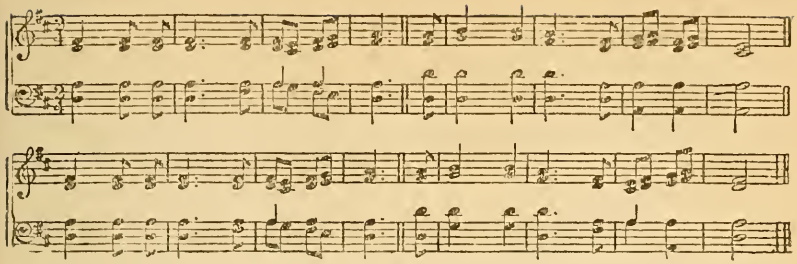
3

To thee we will address our prayer,
To whom all praise we owe
Oh, may we, by thy watchful care,
Be saved from every foe.

4

Then let Jehovah be adored,
On whom our hopes depend,
For who, except the mighty Lord,
His people can defend?

TATE & BRAD

MALVERN. L. M. DR. L. MASON.

116 L. M.

Lord, how mysterious are thy ways!
How blind are we! how mean our praise!
Thy steps, can mortal eyes explore:
'Tis ours to wonder and adore.

2

Thy deep decrees from our dim sight
Are hid in shades of awful night;
Amid the lines, with curious eye,
Not angel minds presume to pry.

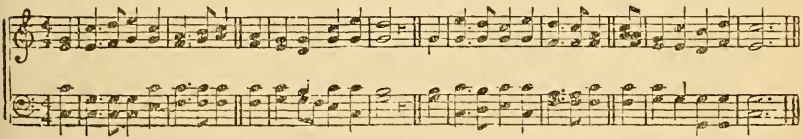
3

Great God, I would not ask to see
What in my coming life shall be,
Enough for me if love divine,
At length through every cloud shall shine.

4

Yet this my soul desires to know,
Be this my only wish below,
That Christ be mine; this great request
Grant, bounteous God, and I am blest!

ANNE STEELE

BROWN. C. M. WM. B. BRADBURY.

117 C. M.

Let every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all;
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak
And raise the poor that fall.

2

When sorrows bow the spirit down,
When virtue lies distressed,
Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourner rest.

3

Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel,
Thou hear'st thy children cry;
And their best wishes to fulfill,
Thy grace is ever nigh.

4

Thy mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere:
Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love
Is joined with holy fear.

5

My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
And spread thy fame abroad;
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honors of their God.

WATTS.

118 S. M.

To God, the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2

'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3

He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

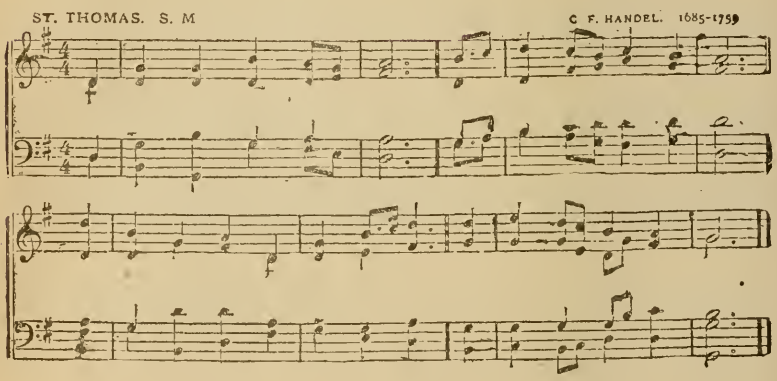
4

Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne;
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5

To our Redeemer, God,
Wisdom with power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

WATTS.



119 S. M.

Grace! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2

Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3

Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4

Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

DODDRIDGE.

120

L. M.

Eternal depth of love divine,
In Jesus, God with us, displayed,
How bright thy beaming glories shine!
How wide thy healing streams are spread!

2

With whom dost thou delight to dwell?
Sinners, a vile and thankless race:
O God! what tongue aright can tell
How vast thy love, how great thy grace?

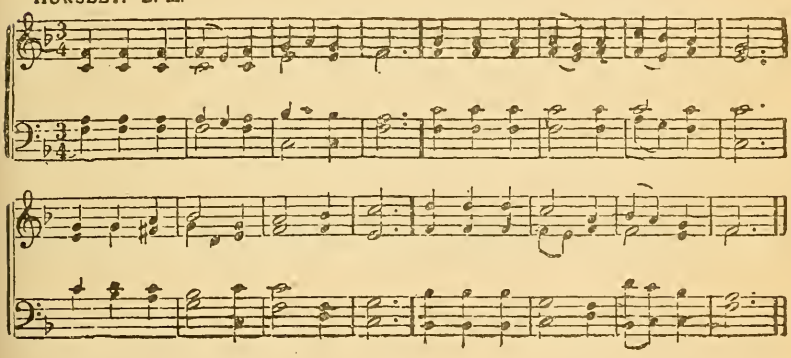
3

The dictates of thy sovereign will
With joy our grateful hearts receive
All thy delight in us fulfill:
Lo! all we are to thee we give.

4

To thy sure love, thy tender care,
Our flesh, soul, spirit, we resign:
O fix thy sacred presence there,
And seal th' abode for ever thine!

HURSLEY. L. M.



121

L. M.

Awake my tongue; thy tribute bring
To him who gave thee power to sing;
Praise him who has all praise above,
The source of wisdom and of love.

2

How vast his knowledge! how profound!
A depth where all our thoughts are drowned!
The stars he numbers, and their names
He gives to all those heavenly flames.

3

Through each bright world above, behold
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold;
Earth, air, and mighty seas combine
To speak his wisdom all divine.

4

But in redemption, oh, what grace!
Its wonders, oh, what thought can trace!
Here wisdom shines for ever bright;
Praise him, my soul, with sweet delight.

NEEDHAM.

122

S. M.

Raise your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune;
Wide let the earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

2

Sing how eternal love
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bade him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.

3

Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the scepter of his love,
And take the offered peace.

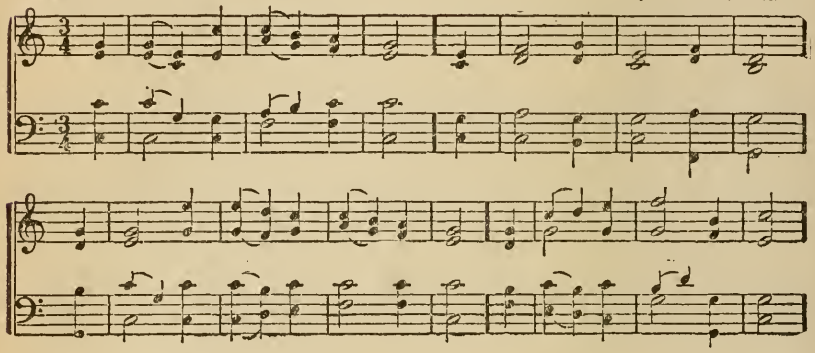
4

Lord, we obey thy call;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

WATTS.

FERGUSON. S. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY. 1811.



123

S. M.

My God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call:
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2

Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell:
'Tis paradise when thou art here—
If thou depart, 'tis hell.

3

The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And nowhere else but there.

4

To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss:
They sit around thy gracious throne
And dwell where Jesus is.

5

Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll!
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

6

To thee my spirits fly,
With infinite desire:
And yet how far from thee I lie,
O Jesus, raise me higher!

WATTS

124

H. M.

The promises I sing,
Which sovereign mercy spoke;
Nor will th' eternal King
His words of grace revoke:

They stand secure | Not Zion's hill
And steadfast still; | Abides so sure.

2

The mountains melt away,
When once the Judge appears,
And sun and moon decay,
That measure mortal years;

But still the same | The promise shines
In radiant lines | Through all the flame.

3

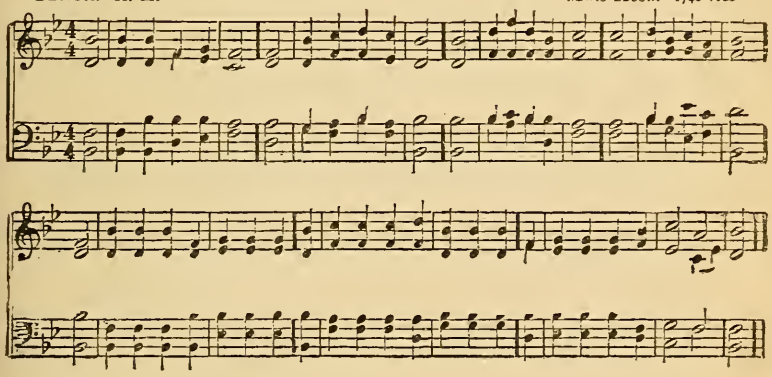
Their harmony shall sound
Through my attentive ears,
When thunders cleave the ground,
And dissipate the spheres:

'Midst all the shock | I stand serene,
Of that dread scene, | Thy word my rock.

DODDRIDGE.

LENOX. H. M.

LEWIS EDSON. 1748–1820



125

H. M.

Upward I lift mine eyes;
From God is all my aid;
The God who built the skies,
And earth and nature made;

God is the tower | To which I fly:
His grace is nigh | In every hour.

2

My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears:

Those wakeful eyes | That never sleep
Shall Israel keep | When dangers rise.

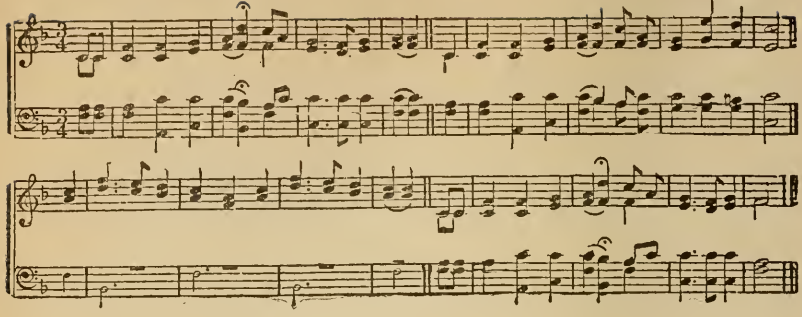
3

Hast thou not given thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust thee, Lord,
To keep my mortal breath;

I'll go and come, | Nor fear to die,
Till from on high | Thou call me home.

WATTS.

KINGSLEY. 11s. GEO. KINGSLEY.



126 11s.

The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppressed

2

Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.

3

In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head;
Oh, what shall I ask of thy providence more?

4

Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
Through the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love.

MONTGOMERY.

127

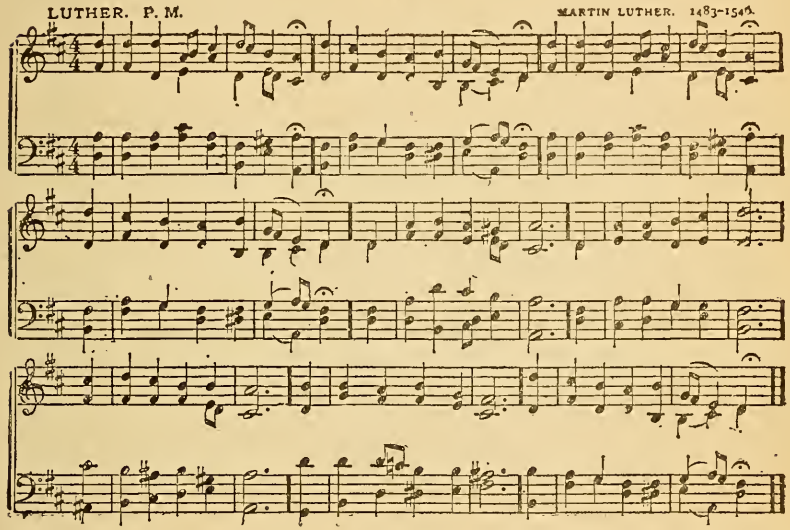
P. M.

Rejoice to-day with one accord,
Sing out with exultation;
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,
Whose arm hath brought salvation;
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of his name;
For he is God alone,
Who hath his mercy shown;
Let all his saints adore him.

2

When in distress to him we cried,
He heard our sad complaining;
Oh, trust in him, whate'er betide,
His love is all sustaining;
Triumphant songs of praise
To him our hearts shall raise;
Now every voice shall say,
"Oh, praise our God alway;"
Let all his saints adore him.

BAKER.



128

P. M.

A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing:
Our Helper he, amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great,
And armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

2

Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is he;
Lord Sabaoth is his name,
From age to age the same,
And he must win the battle.

3

And though this world, with devils filled
Should threaten to undo us;
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.
The prince of darkness grim,—
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure,—
One little word shall fell him!

LUTHER.

129 L. M.

Give thanks to God; he reigns above;
Kind are his thoughts, his name is love;
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

2

From age to age exalt his name;
God and his grace are still the same;
He fills the hungry soul with food,
And feeds the poor with every good.

3

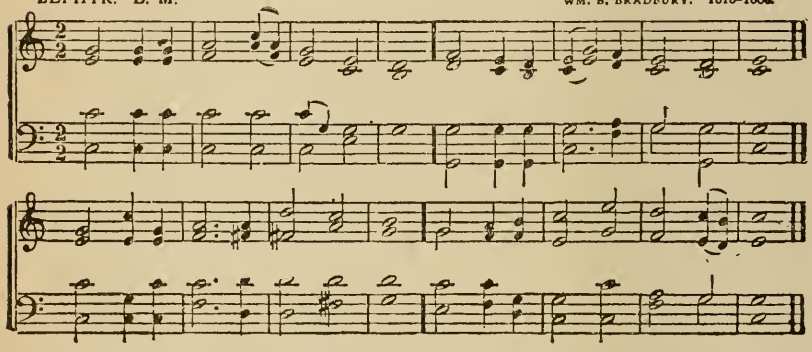
He feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footsteps, lest we stray,
He guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heavenly land.

4

Oh, let the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord;
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

WATTS.

ZEPHYR. L. M. WM. B. BRADBURY. 1816-1868.



130 L. M.

God is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade,
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2

Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3

Loud may the troubled ocean roar:
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.

4

There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God,
Life, love, and joy still gliding through
And watering our divine abode.

5

That sacred stream, thine holy word
Our grief allays, our fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

WATTS.

131

8s, 7s.

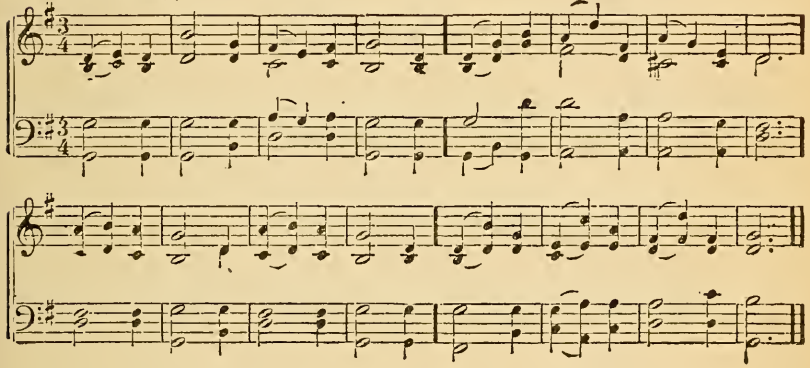
Hail, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free:
From our sins and fears release us;
Let us find our rest in thee.
Israel's strength and consolation;
Hope of all the saints thou art;
Long desired of every nation,
Joy of every waiting heart.

2

Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child,—and yet a King,—
Born to reign in us forever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone,
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise to us thy glorious throne.

WESLEY.

BOWRING. 8s, 7s.



132

8s, 7s.

Hark! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Sure, the angelic host rejoices;
Loudest hallelujahs rise.
Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy:
"Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!

2

"Peace on earth, good-will from heaven
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven;
Loud our golden harps shall sound,
Christ is born, the great Annointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing!
Glad receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

3

"Hasten, mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy:
Till in heaven you sing before him,
Glory be to God most high!"
Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth;
Spread the brightness of his glory
Till it covers all the earth.

133 C. M.

Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2

He comes, the prisoner to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3

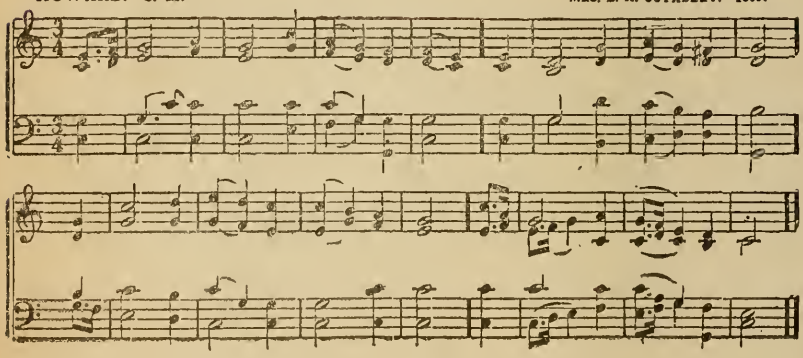
He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And, with the treasures of his grace,
Enrich the humble poor.

4

Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

DODDRIDGE.

HOWARD. C. M. MRS. E. H. CUTHBERT. 1809.



134 C. M.

Bright was the guiding star that led,
With mild, benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed
Where the Redeemer lay.

2

But lo! a brighter, clearer light
Now points to His abode;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our God.

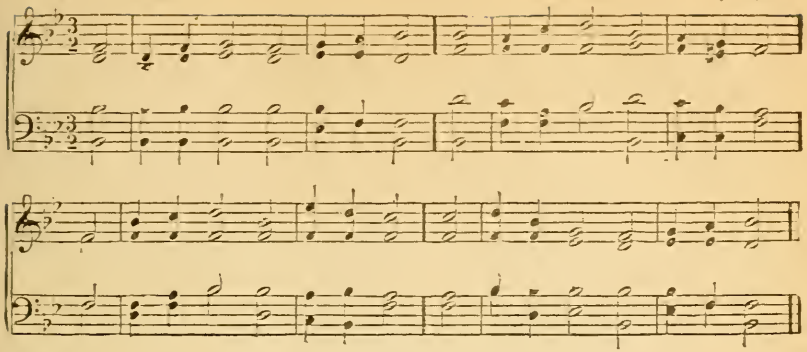
3

Oh, haste to follow where it leads;
The gracious call obey,
Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads,
The Christian's destined way.

4

Oh, gladly tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are given;
Who meekly follow Christ on earth
Shall reign with Him in heaven.

HARRIET AUBER.

HEBRON. L. M. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792-1872.

135 L. M.

All praise to thee, eternal Lord!
Clothed in a garb of flesh and blood;
Choosing a manger for thy throne,
While worlds on worlds are thine alone.

2

A little child, thou art our guest,
That weary ones in thee may rest;
Forlorn and lowly is thy birth,
That we way rise to heaven from earth.

3

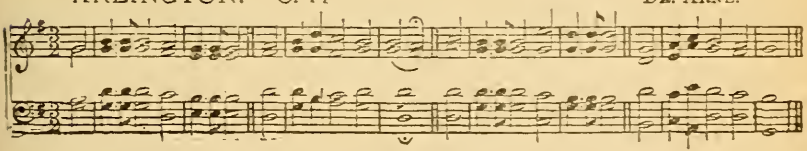
Thou comest in the darksome night,
To make us children of the light,—
To make us, in the realms divine,
Like thine own angels round thee shine.

4

All this for us thy love hath done;
By this to thee our love is won:
For this we tune our cheerful lays,
And shout our thanks in ceaseless praise.

LUTHER.

ARLINGTON. C. M. DR. ARNE.



136 C. M.

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2

"Fear not," said he.—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind."

3

"To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:"

4

"The heavenly Babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands
And in a manger laid."

TATE & BRADY.

137

7s.

Hark! the herald-angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!"

2

Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies;
With th' angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

3

Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Off-spring of the Virgin's womb;

4

Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail th' incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with men to dwell;
Jesus, our Immanuel!

5

Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of righteousness!
Risen with healing in his wings:
Light and life to all he brings.

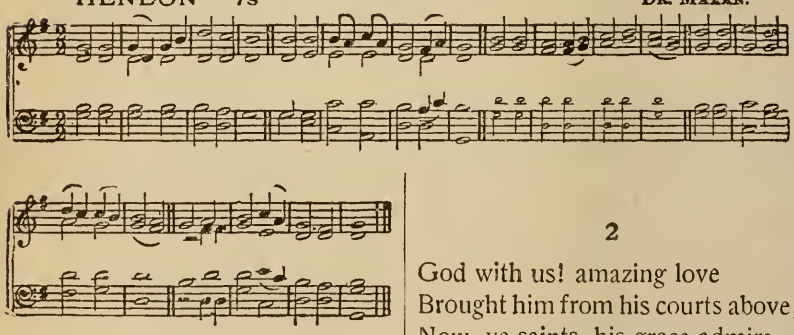
6

Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die:
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

Charles Wesley, 1739. Alt. by Martin Madan 1760.

HENDON 7s

DR. MALAN.



138

7s.

God with us! oh, glorious name!
Let it shine in endless fame;
God and man in Christ unite—
Oh, mysterious depth and height!

2

God with us! amazing love
Brought him from his courts above;
Now, ye saints, his grace admire,
Swell the song with holy fire.

3

God with us! oh, wondrous grace!
Let us see him face to face;
That we may Immanuel sing,
As we ought, our God and King.

139

L. M.

All glory, worship, thanks, and praise,
That thou art come in these, our days:
Thou heavenly Guest, expected long,
We hail thee with a joyful song.

2

For thee, since first the world was made,
Men's hearts have waited, watched and prayed;
Prophets and patriarchs, year by year,
Have longed to see thy light appear.

3

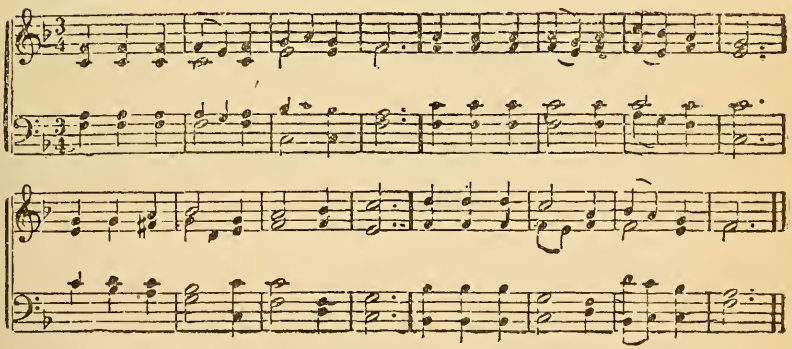
Thou art our Head: then, Lord, of thee
True, living members we will be;
And, in the strength thy grace shall give,
Will live as thou wouldst have us live.

4

As each short year goes quickly round,
Our hallelujahs shall resound;
And, when we reckon years no more,
May we in heaven thy name adore.

GERHARDT.

HURSLEY. L. M.



140

L. M.

Not to condemn the sons of men,
Did Christ, the Son of God, appear;
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword nor thunder there.

2

Such was the pity of our God,
He loved the race of man so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sin, and save our souls from hell.

3

Sinners, believe the Saviour's word;
Trust in his mighty name, and live;
A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.

WATTS.

141 L. M.

When, like a stranger on our sphere,
The lowly Jesus wandered here,
Where'er he went, affliction fled,
And sickness reared her fainting head.

2

The eye that rolled in irksome night,
Beheld his face—for God is light;
The opening ear, the loosened tongue,
His precept heard, his praises sung.

3

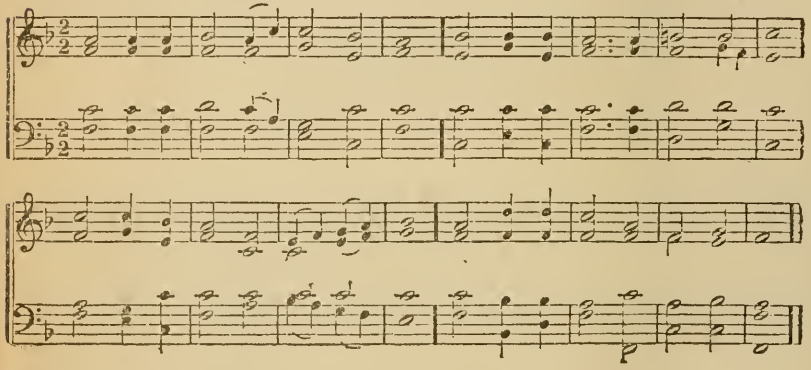
With bounding steps the halt and lame
To hail their great Deliverer came;
O'er the cold grave he bowed his head,
He spake the word, and raised the dead.

4

Through paths of loving kindness led,
Where Jesus triumphed we would tread;
To all, with willing hands dispense
The gifts of our benevolence.

MONTGOMERY.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M. H. K. OLIVER. 1800—



142 L. M.

How beauteous were the marks divine,
That in thy meekness used to shine;
That lit thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God!

2

Oh, who like thee, so calm, so bright,
So pure, so made to live in light—
Oh, who like thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe?

3

Oh, who like thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility?

4

Oh, in thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe:
And give me ever on the road
To trace thy footsteps, Son of God

COXE.

143

L. M.

Ride on, ride on in majesty!
Hark, all the tribes hosanna cry;
O Saviour meek, pursue thy road
With palms and scattered garments strewed.

2

Ride on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp, ride on to die:
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3

Ride on, ride on in majesty!
The winged squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see th' approaching sacrifice.

4

Ride on, ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh:
The Father on his sapphire throne
Expects his own anointed Son.

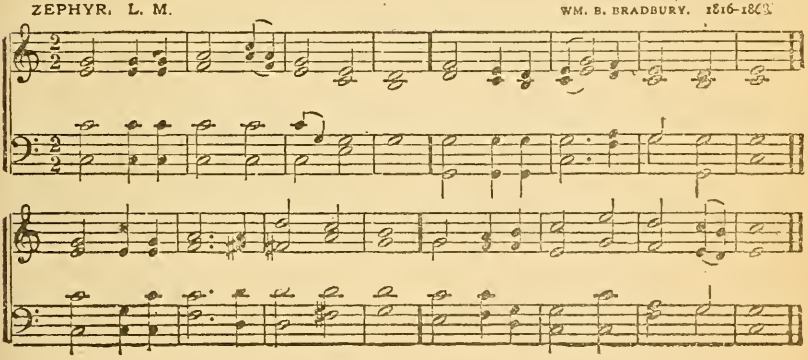
5

Ride on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp, ride on to die:
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, thy power and reign.

MILMAN, 1837.

ZEPHYR. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY. 1816-1868.



144

L. M.

Oh, wondrous type, oh, vision fair,
Of glory that the Church shall share,
Which Christ upon the mountain shows,
Where brighter than the sun He glows!

2

With shining face and bright array,
Christ deigns to manifest to-day
What glory shall be theirs above,
Who joy in God with perfect love.

3

And faithful hearts are raised on high
By this great vision's mystery;
For which in joyful strains we raise
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise.

4

O Father, with the Eternal Son,
And Holy Spirit, ever One,
Vouchsafe to bring us by Thy grace
To see Thy glory face to face.

NEALE.

145

C. M.

Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2

With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and,—oh, amazing love!—
He flew to our relief.

3

Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

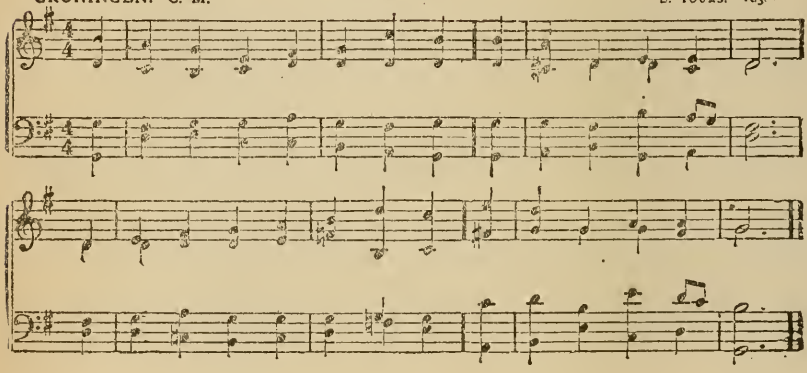
4

Oh, for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

5

Angels, assist our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

WATTS.

GRONINGEN. C. M. B. TOURS. 183?

146

C. M.

Thou art the Way,—to thee alone
From sin and death we flee:
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2

Thou art the truth,—thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst instruct the mind,
And purify the heart.

3

Thou art the Life,—the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life,
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

DOANE.

147 L. M.

"'Tis finished!"—so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head and died:
"'Tis finished!"—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2

"'Tis finished!"—this his dying groan
Shall sins of deepest hue atone,
And millions be redeemed from death
By Jesus' last, expiring breath.

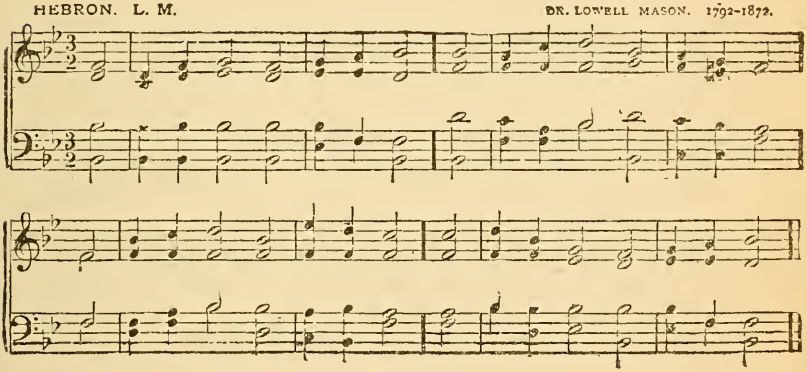
3

"'Tis finished!"—Heaven is reconciled
And all the powers of darkness spoiled;
Peace, love, and happiness again
Return, and dwell with sinful men.

4

"'Tis finished!"—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:
"'Tis finished!"—let the triumph rise,
And swell the chorus of the skies.

STENNETT.

HEBRON. L. M. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792-1872.

148 L. M.

Saviour, I think upon that hour,
When thou, the Shepherd of the flock,
The Prince of peace, the Lord of power,
Wert the priest's scorn, the soldier's mock.

2

And bleeding from the Roman rod,
And scoffed at by the heartless Jew,
I hear thee plead for them to God,—
"Father, they know not what they do."

3

And then I lift up my trembling eyes
To that bright seat, where, placed on high
The great, the atoning sacrifice,
For me, for all, is ever nigh.

4

Be thou my guard on peril's brink;
Be thou my guide through weal or woe;
And teach me of thy cup to drink;
And make me in thy path to go.

THOMSON.

149

L. M.

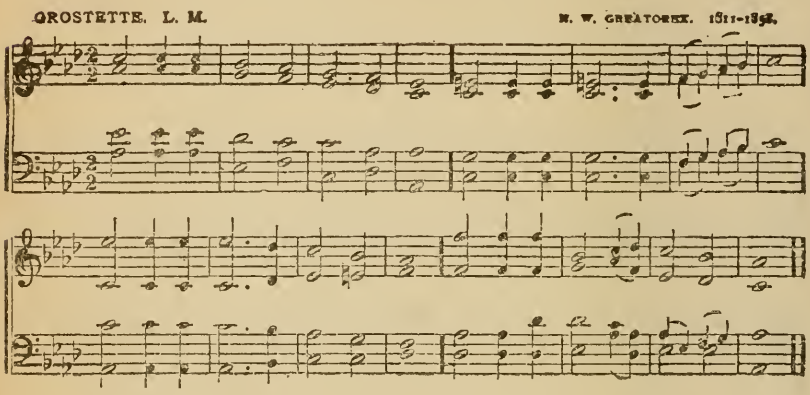
Inscribed upon the cross we see,
In glowing letters, "God is love;"
He bears our sins upon the tree;
He brings us mercy from above.

2

The cross! it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup;—

3

The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels theme in heaven above.

KELLY.

150

L. M.

He dies!—the Friend of sinners dies;
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2

Here's love and grief beyond degree:
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo! what sudden joys we see,—
Jesus, the dead, revives again!

3

The rising God forsakes the tomb;
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

4

Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell;
And led the tyrant Death in chains.

5

Say, "Live forever, glorious King;
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask, "O Death, where is thy sting?
And where thy victory, boasting Grave?"

WATTS.

151

7s, 6s.

"Forgive them, O my Father,
They know not what they do!"
The Saviour spake in anguish,
That nature groaned to view.

2

No pained reproaches gave he
To them that shed his blood,
But prayer and tenderest pity,
Large as the love of God.

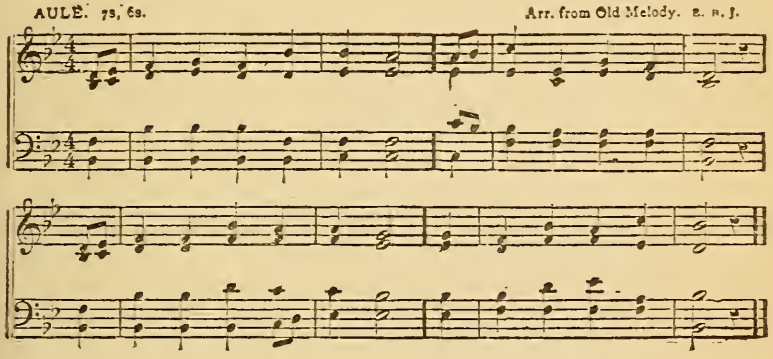
3

For me was that compassion,
For me that tender care;
I need his wide forgiveness
As much as any there.

4

O depth of sweet compassion!
O love divine and true!
Save thou the souls that slight thee,
They know not what they do!

ALEXANDER.



152

7s, 6s.

My sins, my sins, my Saviour,
How sad on thee they fall!
Seen through thy gentle patience,
I tenfold feel them all.

2

I know they are forgiven,
But still their pain to me
Is all the grief and anguish
They laid, my Lord, on thee.

3

My sins, my sins, my Saviour,—
Their guilt I never knew,
Till with thee in the desert
I near thy passion drew;

4

Till with thee in the garden
I heard thy pleading prayer,
And saw the sweat-drops bloody
That told thy sorrows there.

MOUSELL.

153 C. M.

Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2

Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3

Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.

4

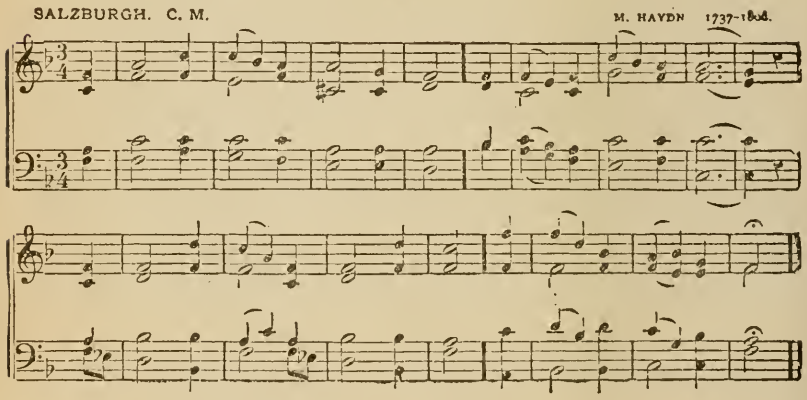
Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes in tears.

5

But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

WATTS.

SALZBURGH. C. M. M. HAYDN 1737-1806.



154 C. M.

And did the holy and the just,
The Sovereign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty man might rise?

2

Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high,—
Surprising mercy! love unknown,—
To suffer, bleed, and die.

3

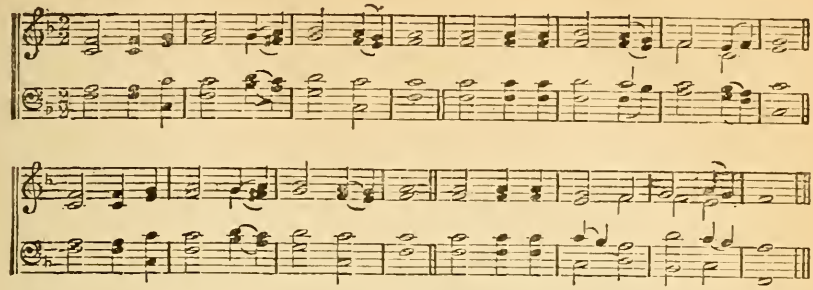
He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffered in his stead;
For sinful man,—oh, wondrous grace!—
For sinful man he bled.

4

O Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In thine atoning blood!
By this are sinners saved from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

ANNIE STEELE.

HAMBURG. L. M. GREGORIAN.



155 L. M.

Not to condemn the sons of men,
Did Christ, the son of God, appear;
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword nor thunder there.

2

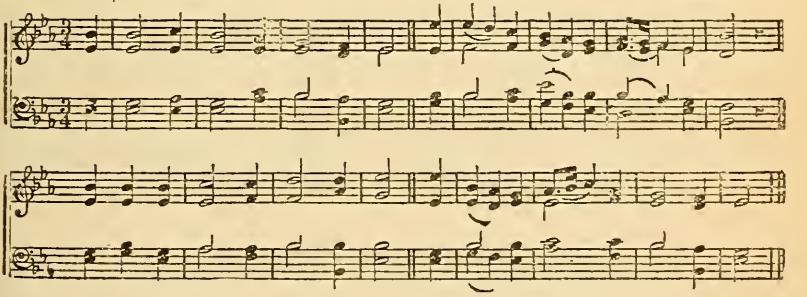
Such was the pity of our God,
He loved the race of man so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sin, and save our souls from hell.

3

Sinners, believe the Saviour's word;
Trust in his mighty name, and live;
A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.

WATTS.

LUTON. L. M. BUEDER.



156 L. M.

Deep in our hearts let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord;
Behold, the rising billows roll,
To overwhelm his holy soul.

2

Yet, gracious God, thy power and love,
Have made the curse a blessing prove;
Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son
Atoned for sin that we had done.

3

The pangs of our expiring Lord
The honors of thy law restored;
His sorrows made thy justice known
And paid for follies not his own.

4

Oh, for his sake our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live:
The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our hope be turned to shame.

WATTS.

157 C. M.

O Jesus! sweet the tears I shed,
While at thy cross I kneel,
Gaze at thy wounded, fainting head,
And all thy sorrows feel.

2

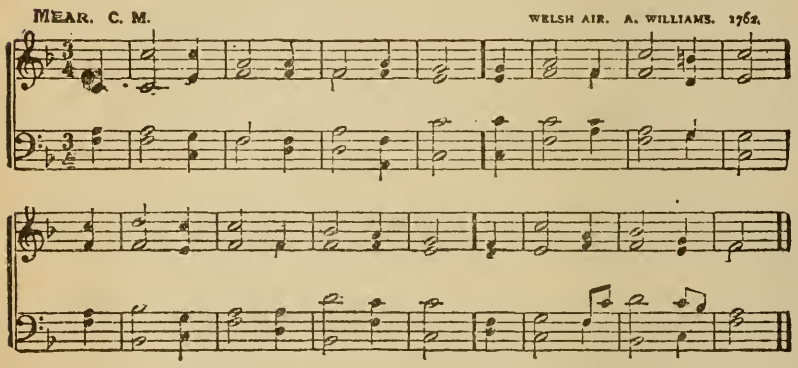
My heart dissolves to see thee bleed
This heart so hard before;
I hear thee for the guilty plead,
And grief o'erflows the more.

3

I know this cleansing blood of thine
Was shed, dear Lord, for me,—
For me, for all,—oh, grace divine!—
Who look by faith on thee.

4

O Christ of God! O spotless Lamb!
By love my soul is drawn;
Henceforth, for ever, thine I am;
Here life and peace are born.

PALMER.

158 C. M.

Behold the Saviour of mankind
Upon the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for thee!

2

"My God!" he cries, all nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend,
The gate of death in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3

"'Tis finished; now the ransom's paid!
Receive my soul!" he cries:
Behold, he bows his sacred head,
He bows his head and dies!

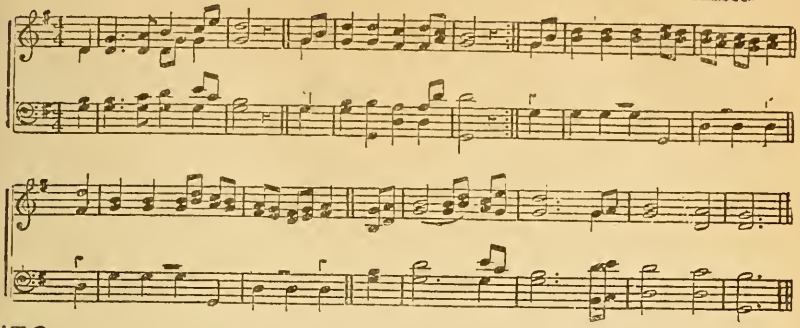
4

But soon he'll break death's tyrant chain,
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine?

S. WESLEY, SR.

LISCHER. H. M.

Dr. L. Mason.



159 H. M.

From thy dear, pierced side,
Unspotted Lamb of God,
Came forth a mingled stream
Of water and of blood:
My sinful soul | Till every stain,
There I would lay, | Is washed away.

2

'Tis from this sacred spring
A soverign virtue flows,
To heal my painful wounds,
And cure my deadly woes:
Here, then I'll bathe, | Till not a wound
And bathe again, | Or woe remain.

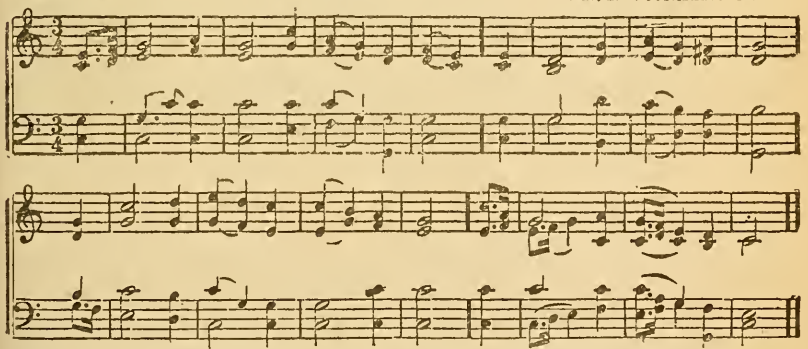
3

A fountain 'tis unsealed,
Divinely rich and free,
Open for all who come,
And open, too, for me:
To this pure fount | Come, sinners, come,
Will I repair; | There's mercy there.

BEDOME.

HOWARD. C. M.

MRS. E. H. CUTHBERT. 1869.



160 C. M.

Behold what pity touched the heart
Of God's eternal Son;
Descending from the heavenly court,
He left his Father's throne.

2

His living power and dying love
Redeemed unhappy men,
And raised the ruins of our race,
To life and God again.

3

To thee, O Lord, our noblest powers
We joyfully resign;
Blest Jesus, take us for thy own,
For we are doubly thine.

WATTS.

161 L. M.

'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone;
'Tis midnight; in the garden, now,
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

2

'Tis midnight; and, from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
E'en that disciple whom he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3

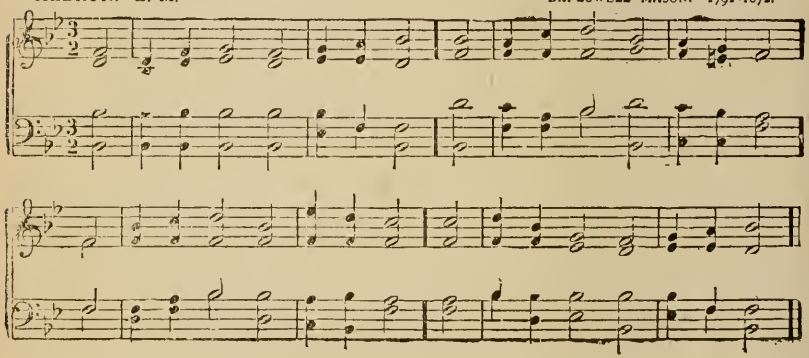
'Tis midnight; and for other's guilt
The Man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.

4

'Tis midnight; and from either plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

TAPPAN.

HEBRON. L. M. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792-1872.



162 L. M.

Stretched on the cross, the Saviour dies,
Hark! his expiring groans arise;
See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
Descends the sacred, crimson tide.

2

And didst thou bleed?—for sinners bleed?
And could the sun behold the deed?
No; he withdrew his cheering ray,
And darkness veiled the mourning ray.

3

Can I survey the scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and mercy flow,
And yet my heart so hard remain,
Unmoved by either love or pain?

4

Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart,
Till all its powers and passions move
In melting grief and ardent love.

ANNE STEELE.

163

C. M.

Dark was the night, and cold the ground
On which the Lord was laid;
His sweat like drops of blood ran down;
In agony he prayed:

2

"Father, remove this bitter cup
If such thy sacred will;
If not, content to drink it up,
Thy pleasure I fulfil."

3

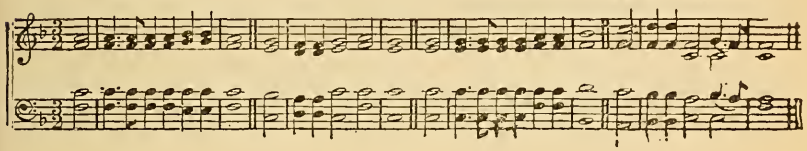
Go to the garden, sinner: see
Those precious drops that flow;
The heavy load he bore for thee;
For thee he lies so low.

4

Then learn of him the cross to bear;
Thy Father's will obey;
And when temptations press thee near,
Awake to watch and pray.

HAWIE.

BYEFIELD. C. M. DR. T. HASTINGS.



164

C. M.

"I see the crowd in Pilate's hall,
I mark their wrathful mien;
Their shouts of "Crucify" appall,
With blasphemy between.

2

And of that shouting multitude
I feel that I am one;
And in that din of voices rude
I recognize my own.

3

I see the scourges tear his back,
I see the piercing crown,
And of that crowd who smite and mock
I feel that I am one.

4

'Twas I that shed the sacred blood;
I nailed him to the tree;
I crucified the Christ of God,
I joined the mockery.

BONAR.

165 S. M.

Behold th' amazing sight,
The Saviour lifted high;
Behold the Son of God's delight
Expire in agony.

2

For whom, for whom, my heart,
Were all these sorrows borne?
Why did he feel that painful smart,
And meet that various scorn?

3

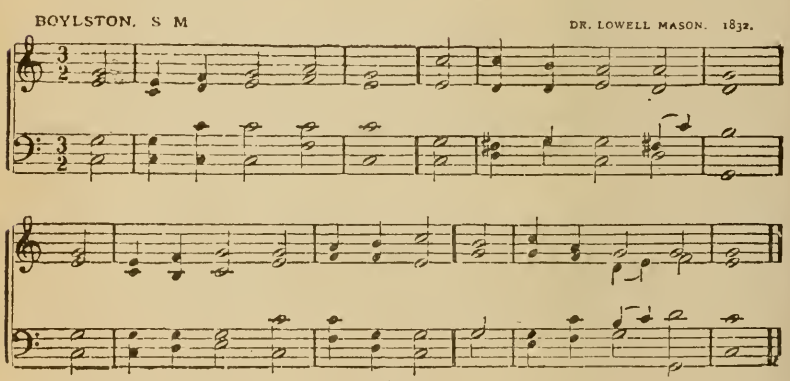
For us he hung and bled,
For us in torture died,
'Twas love that bowed his fainting head,
And oped his gushing side.

4

I see, and I adore
In sympathy of love;
I feel the strong, attractive power
To lift my soul above.

5

In thee our hearts unite,
Nor share thy griefs alone,
But from the cross pursue their flight,
To thy triumphant throne.

DODDRIDGE.

38

166 S. M.

Like sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God;
Each wandering in a different way,
But all the downward road.

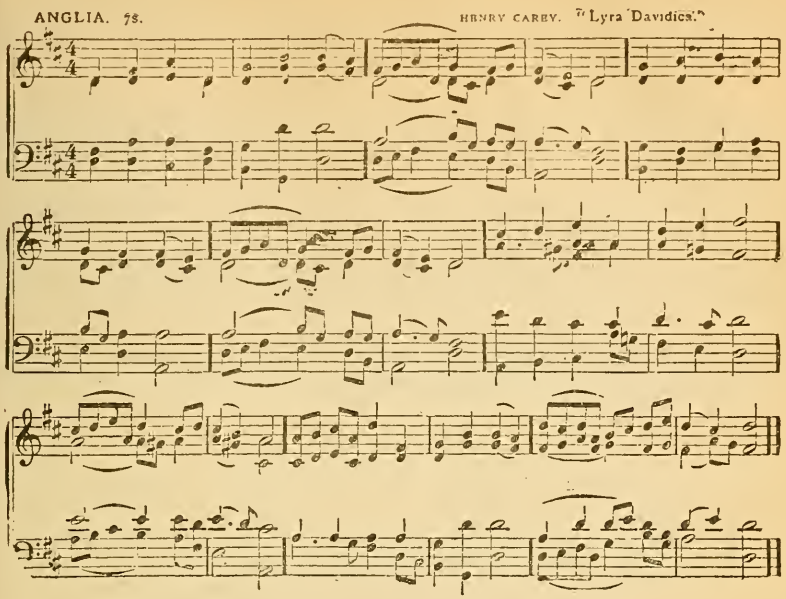
2

How dreadful was the hour
When God our wanderings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head!

3

How glorious was the grace,
When Christ sustained the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays,
A ransom for the flock.

WATTS.



167 7s.

Christ; the Lord, is risen to-day;
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens, and, earth reply.

2

Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo, our Sun's eclipse is o'er!
Lo, he sets in blood no more!

3

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath opened paradise.

4

Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted head:
Made like him, like him we rise:
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

CHARLES WESLEY.

168 7s.

Angels, roll the rock away;
Death, yield up thy mighty prey,
See! he rises from the tomb,
Rises with immortal bloom.

2

'Tis the Saviour; seraphs, raise
Your triumphant shouts of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy inspiring sound.

3

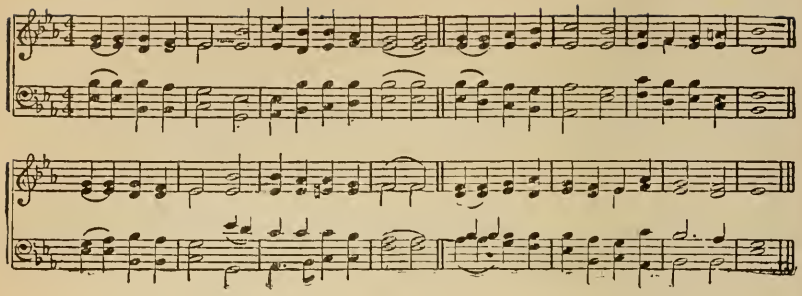
Lift, ye saints, lift up your eyes;
Now to glory see him rise;
Host of angels on the road
Hail and sing the incarnate God.

4

Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs,
Praise him with your golden lyres;
Praise him in your noblest songs;
Praise him from ten thousand tongues.

SCOTT.

EVENTIDE. 11s. ENGLISH.



169 11s.

" Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say:
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day.
Lo! the Dead is living, God for evermore!
Him, their true Creator, all his works adore.

2

Maker and Redeemer, Life and Health of all,
Thou, from heaven beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on:

3

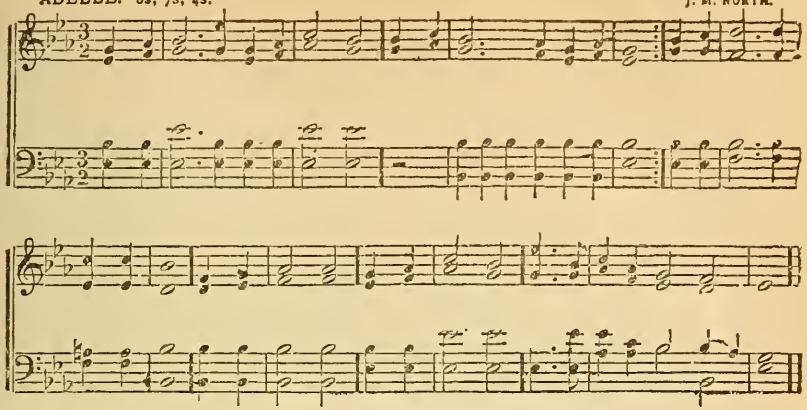
Thou, of life the Author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show:
Come then, true and faithful, now fulfill thy word;
'Tis thine own third morning; rise, O buried Lord!

4

Loose the souls long-prisoned, bound with Satan's chain;
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Show thy face in brightness, bid the nations see,
Bring again our daylight; day return with thee.

VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS. A. D. 530-609. Tr. by John Ellerton, 1826. —[Sung by Jerome of Prague at the stake.]

ADELLE. 8s, 7s, 4s. J. M. NORTH.



170

8s, 7s, 4s.

Hark! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky:
"It is finished!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2

"It is finished!" Oh, what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ, the Lord:
"It is finished!"
Saints, the dying words record.

3

Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name:
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

EVANS.

171

C. M.

Welcome, thou victor in the strife,
Almighty now to save!
To-day we triumph in thy life,
Around thine empty grave.

2

Our greatest foe is put to shame,
His short-lived triumph o'er;
Our God is with us, we exclaim,
We fear our foe no more.

3

The dwellings of the just resound
With songs of victory;
For in the midst thou, Lord, art found,
And bringest peace with thee.

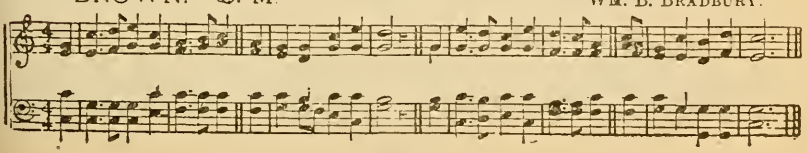
4

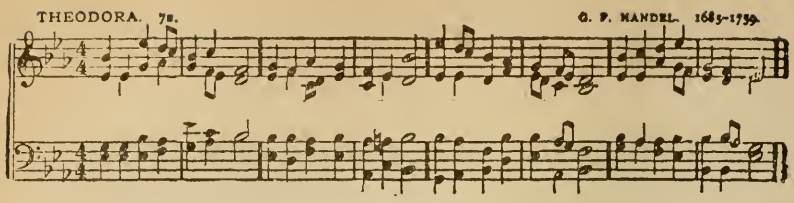
And let thy conquering banner wave
O'er hearts thou makest free,
And point the path that from the grave
Leads heavenward up to thee.

BENJAMIN SCHMOLKE. 1712.
Tr. by CATHERINE WINKWORTH. 1855.

BROWN. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.





172 7s.

Hail the day that sees him rise,
To his throne above the skies;
Christ, the Lamb for sinners given,
Enters now the highest heaven.

2

There for him high triumph waits;
Lift your heads, eternal gates;
He hath conquered death and sin,
Take the King of Glory in.

3

Lo, the heaven its Lord receives!
Yet he loves the earth he leaves;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.

4

Lord, though parted from our sight,
Far above the starry height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Seeking thee above the skies.

CHARLES WESLEY.

173 8s, 4s.

The rosy morn has robed the sky;
The Lord has risen with victory:
Let earth be glad, and raise the cry:
Alleluia.

2

The Prince of life with death has striven,
To cleanse the earth his blood has given;
Has rent the vail, and opened heaven:
Alleluia.

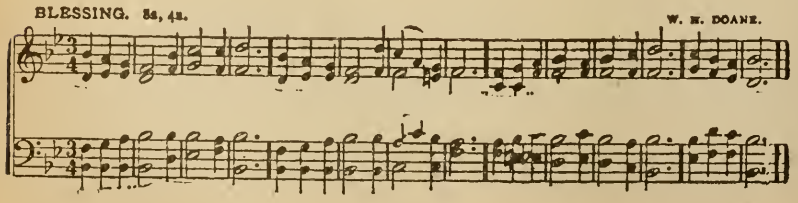
3

And he, dear Lord, that with thee dies,
And fleshy passions crucifies
In body, like to thine, shall rise:
Alleluia.

4

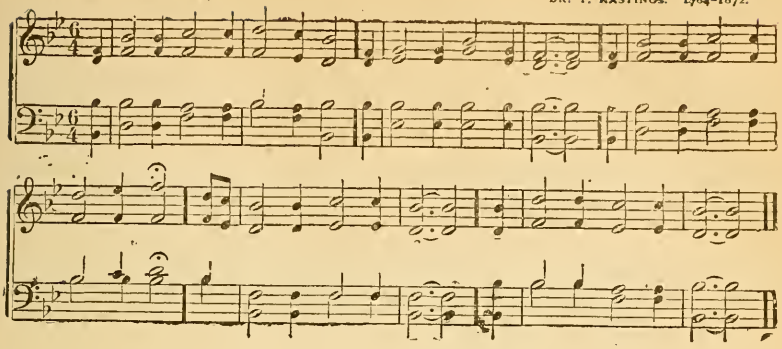
Oh, grant us, then, with thee to die,
To spurn earth's fleeting vanity,
And love the things above the skies:
Alleluia

COOK



ORTONVILLE. C. M.

DR. T. HASTINGS. 1784-1872.



174 C. M.

With joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above:
His heart is full of tenderness;
His bosom glows with love.

2

Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean
For he has felt the same.

3

He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh,
What every member bears.

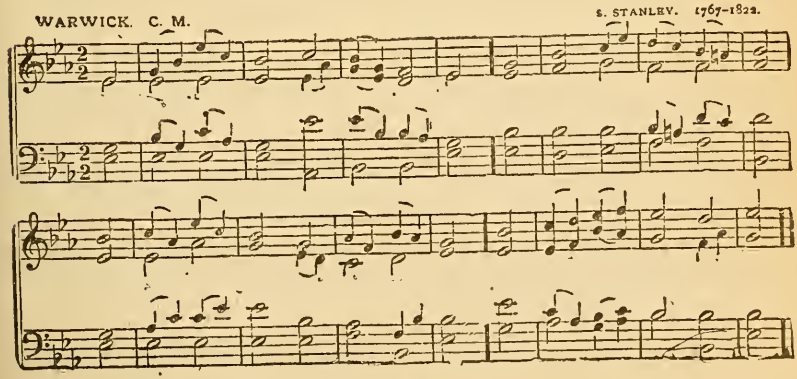
4

Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In each distressing hour.

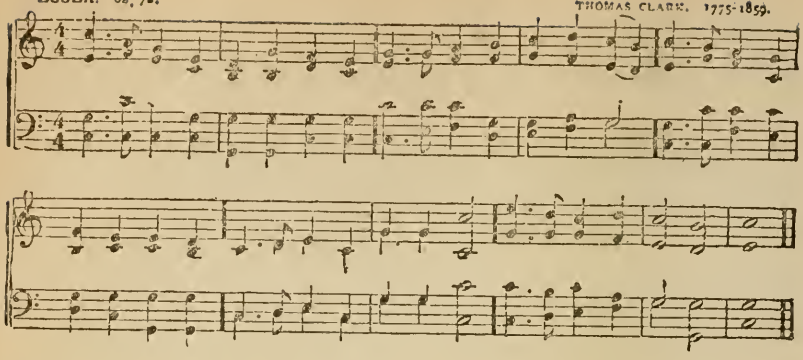
WATTS.

WARWICK. C. M.

S. STANLEY. 1767-1822.



ESSEX. 8s, 7s. THOMAS CLARK. 1775-1859.



175 8s. 7s.

Hark! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love;
See, he sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.

2

Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth:
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth:
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.

3

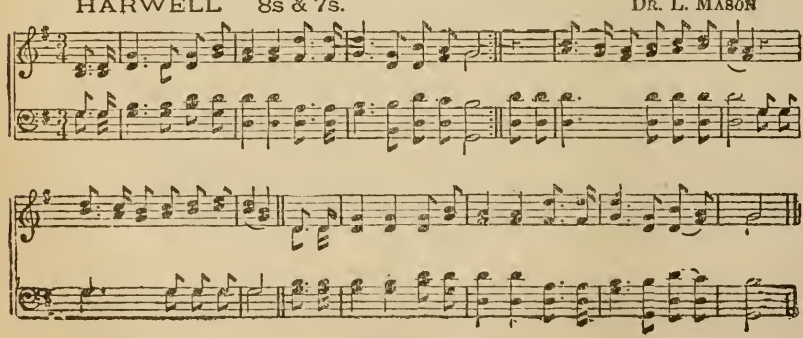
King of glory, reign forever;
Thine an everlasting crown:
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own;
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.

4

Saviour, hasten thine appearing;
Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away:
Then, with golden harps we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King."

KELLY.

HARWELL 8s & 7s. DR. L. MASON



176 C. M.

All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3

Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

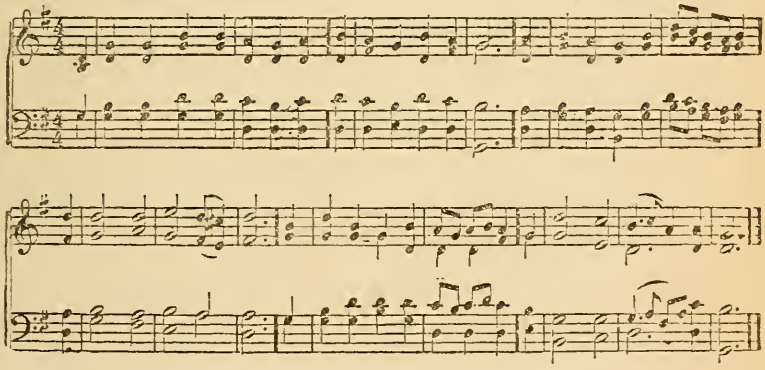
4

Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

5

Oh that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

PERRONET.

CORONATION C. M. OLIVER HOLDEN, 1765-1844.

177 C. M.

Now let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High Priest above,
And celebrate his constant care
And sympathizing love.

2

Though raised to heavens exalted throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the hosts of light,
With matchless honors crowned,

3

The names of all his saints he bears
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say
That he has lost his part.

DODDRIDGE.

178 C. M.

Jesus, the very thought of thee,
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far, thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

2

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3

O Hope of every contrite heart!
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

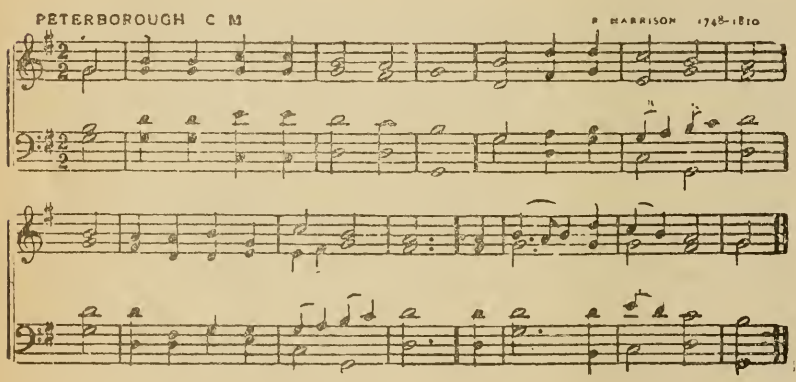
4

But what to those who find? Ah! this,
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

5

Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

Tr. EDWARD CASWELL.



179 C. M.

Jesus, in thy transporting name
What glories meet our eyes!
Thou art the seraphs' lofty theme,
The wonder of the skies.

2

Well might the heavens with wonder view
A love so strange as thine;
No thought of angels ever knew
Compassion so divine.

3

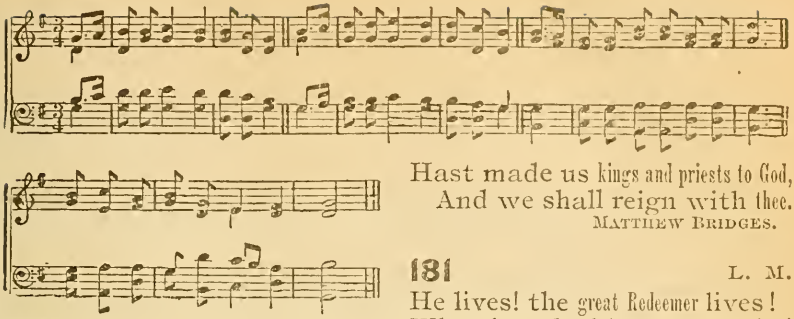
And didst thou, Savior, leave the sky,
To sink beneath our woes?
Didst thou descend to bleed and die
For thy rebellious foes?

4

Oh, may our willing hearts confess
Thy sweet, thy gentle sway;
Glad captives of thy matchless grace
Thy righteous rule obey.

ANNE STEELE.

EL PARAN. L. M. CARMINA SACRA.



180 C. M.

Behold the glories of the Lord,
Around the Father's throne,
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown.

2

Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3

Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy remain
For ever on thy head!

4

Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

MATTHEW BRIDGES.

181 L. M.

He lives! the great Redeemer lives!
What joy the blest assurance gives!
And now, before his Father, God,
He pleads the merits of his blood.

2

Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice, armed with frowns, appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

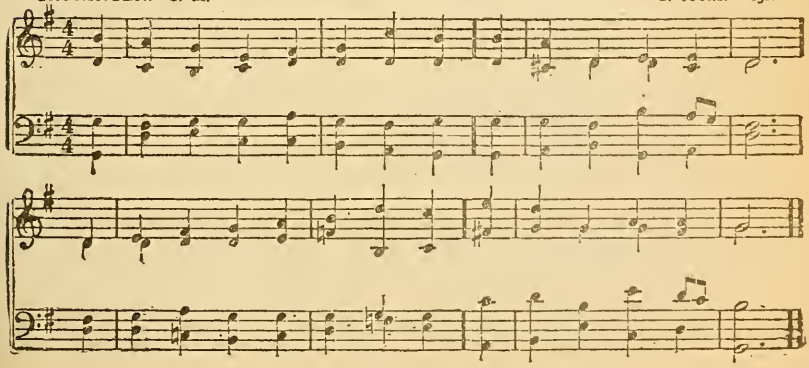
3

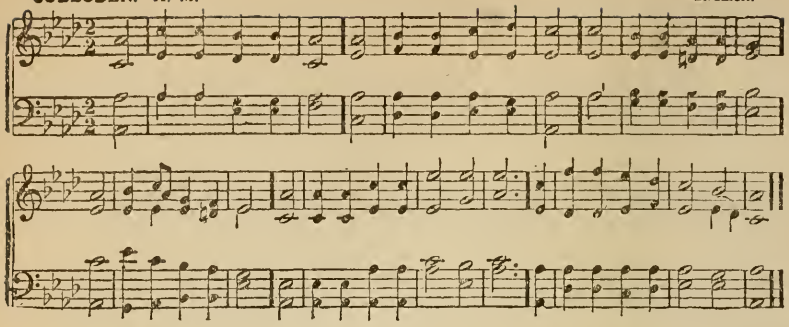
Away, ye dark, despairing thoughts;
Above our fears, above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise;
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

4

Great Advocate, almighty Friend,
On thee our humble hopes depend;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For thou dost plead, and must prevail.

ANNE STEELE.

GRONINGEN. C. M. B. TOURS. 1838.

CULLODEN. H. M. ENGLISH.



182 H. M.

Join all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
Or angels ever bore:
All are too mean | To speak his worth,
Too mean to set | The Saviour forth.

2

Great prophet of our God,
Our tongues shall bless thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came,
The joyful news | Of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, | And peace with heaven.

3

Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has shed his blood and died;
Our guilty conscience needs
No sacrifice beside:
His precious blood | Did once atone,
And now it pleads | Before the throne.

183 C. M.

I've found the pearl of greatest price;
My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must, for Christ is mine,
He shall my song employ.

2

Christ is my Prophet, Priest and King:
My Prophet full of light;
My great High Priest before the throne
My King of heavenly might.

3

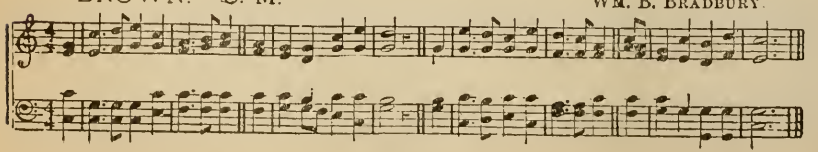
Christ is my Peace: he died for me,
For me he gave his blood;
And, as my wandering sacrifice,
Offered himself to God.

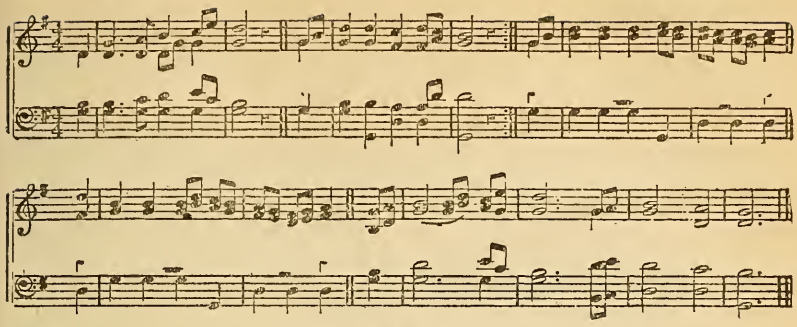
4

Christ Jesus is my all in all,
My comfort and my love;
My life below, and he shall be
My joy and crown above.

MASON.

BROWN. C. M. WM. B. BRADBURY.



LISCHER. H. M. DR. L. MASON.

184 H. M.

Rejoice, the Lord is King!
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

2

Jesus, the Savior, reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice:
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3

His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

4

He sits at God's right hand
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

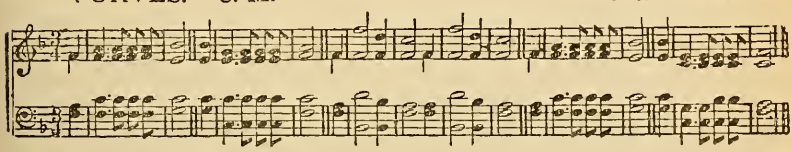
5

He all his foes shall quell,
And all our sins destroy;
Let every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

6

Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home;
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound,—Rejoice!

PURVES. S. M. GEO. KINGSLEY



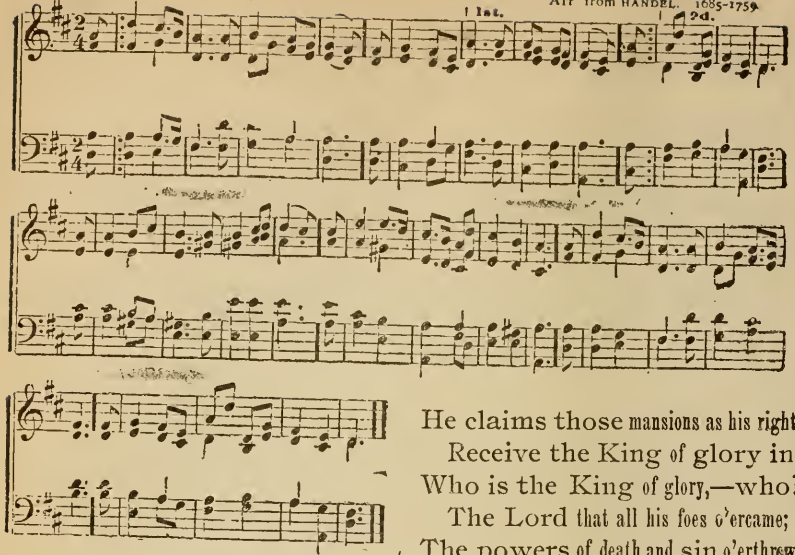
185 S. M.

Awake, my soul, and sing
Of him who died for thee;
And hail him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

2

Crown him, the Lord of peace
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease
Absorbed in prayer and peace

FIRMAMENT. L. M. D. Arr from HANDEL. 1685-1759.



186 L. M. D.

Our Lord is risen from the dead,
And gone to realms of joy on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.
There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors give way.

2

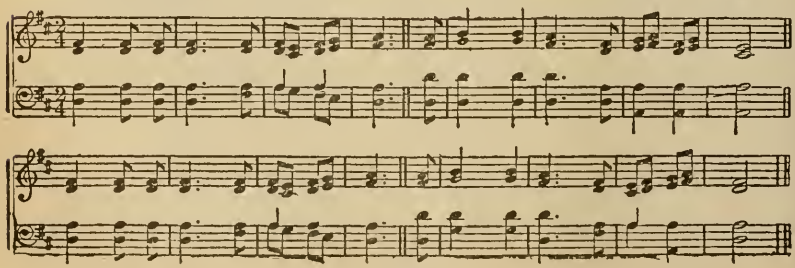
Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene;
He claims those mansions as his right;
Receive the King of glory in.
Who is the King of glory,—who?
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame;
The powers of death and sin o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

3

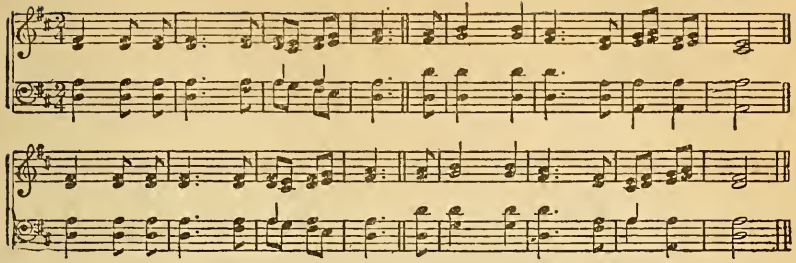
Lo, his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way.
Who is the King of glory,—who?
The Lord of glorious power possest,
The King of saints and angels, too,
God over all, forever blest.

WESLEY.

MALVERN. L. M. DR. L. MASON.



MALVERN. L. M. DR. L. MASON.



187 L. M.

When marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone, the Saviour speaks—
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

2

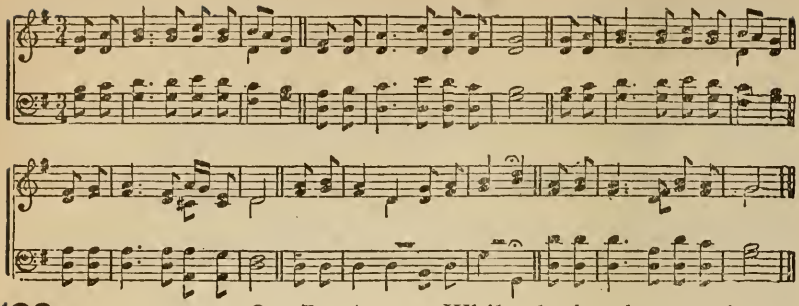
Once on the raging seas I rode;
The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

3

It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And, through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever, and for evermore,—
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem!

WHITE.

FINNEY. 8s, 7s, & 4. W. B. BRADBURY.



188 8s, 7s, 4s

Look, ye saints; the sight is glorious,
See the Man of sorrow now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to him shall bow:
Crown him, crown him;
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2

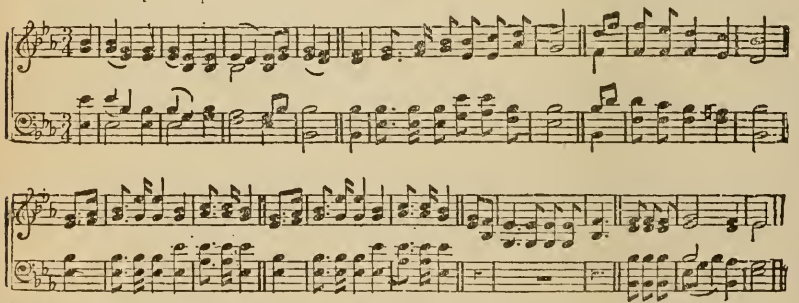
Crown the Saviour, angels, crown him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone him,
While the heavenly concave rings:
Crown him, crown him;
Crown the Savinur King of kings.

3

Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name:
Crown him, crown him;
Spread abroad the Victor's name.

KELLY.

ARIEL. C. P. M. DR. L. MASON.



189 C. P. M.

O blessed Jesus, Lamb of God,
Who hast redeemed us with his blood,
From sin and death and shame;
With joy and praise thy people see
The crown of glory worn by thee,
And worthy thee proclaim.

2

Exalted by the Father's love,
All thrones and powers and names above,
In earth below or heaven:
Wisdom and riches, power divine,
Blessing and honor, Lord, are thine,
All things to thee are given.

3

Head of the church, thou sittest there,
The bride shall all thy glory share:
Thy fullness, Lord, is ours;
Our life thou art, thy grace sustains,
Thy strength in us the victory gains
O'er sin and Satan's powers.

DECK.

190 C. M.

We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For him no depths can down.

2

The healing of the seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

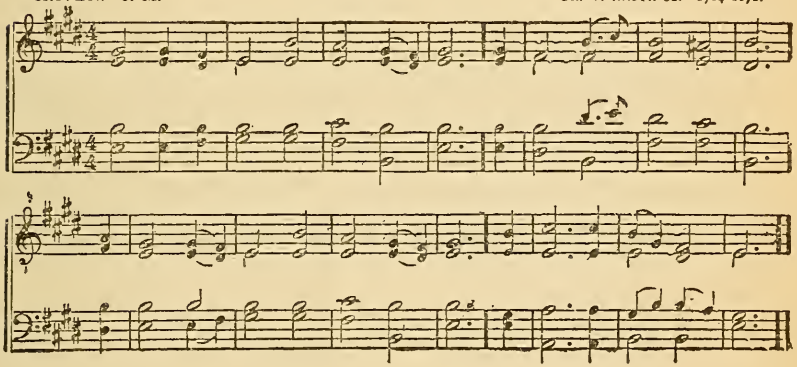
3

Through him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whisper of our dead
Are burdened with his name.

4

O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine!

HAVEN. C. M. DR. T. HASTINGS. 1784–1872.



191 C. M.

Oh, for a shout of sacred joy
To God, the sovereign King!
Let every land their tongues employ
And hymns of triumph sing.

2

Jesus, our God, ascends on high;
His heavenly guards around
Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpets' joyful sound.

3

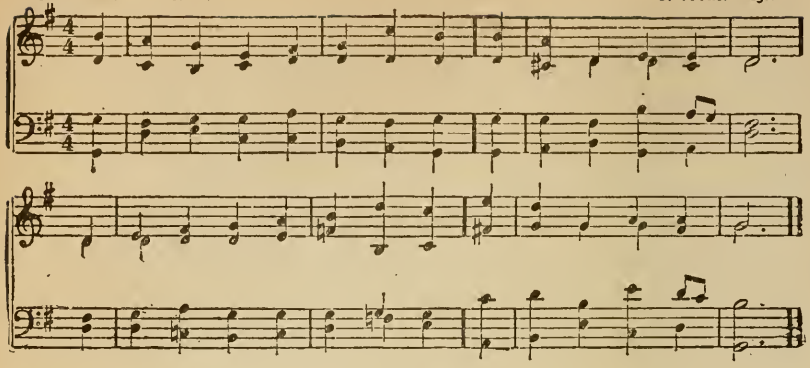
While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honors sing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.

4

Speak forth his praise with awe profound;
Let knowledge guide the song;
Nor mock him with a solemn sund,
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

WATTS.

GRONINGEN. C. M. B. TOURS. 1838.



192 C. M.

Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

2

My gracious Master and my God!
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of Thy name.

3

Jesus, the name that calms my fears,
That bids my sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4

He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

CHARLES WESLEY.

193 C. M.

Jesus, I love Thy charming name,
'Tis music to mine ear:
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven should hear.

2

Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My Transport and my Trust;
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3

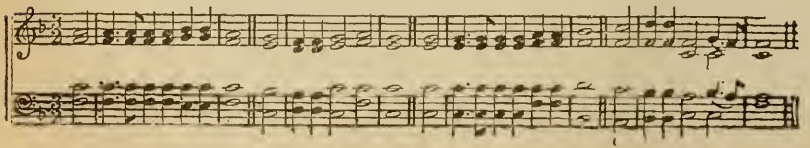
Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

4

I'll speak the honors of Thy name
With my last laboring breath;
Then, speechless, clasp Thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.

DODDRIDGE.

BYEFIELD. C. M. DR. T. HASTINGS.



194 L. M.

Now for a tune of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's equal son:
Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays,
And tell the wonders he hath done.

2

Sing how he left the worlds of light,
And those bright robes he wore above:
How swift and joyful was his flight,
On wings of everlasting love.

3

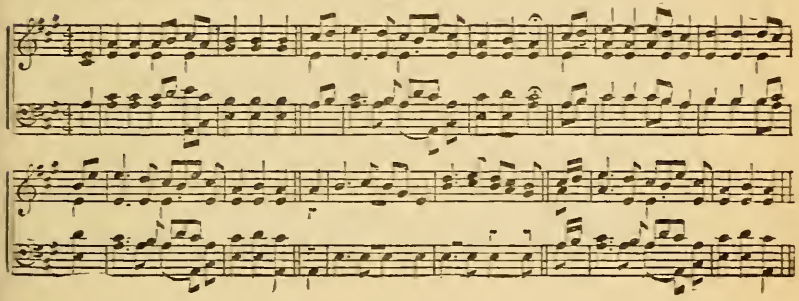
Deep in the shades of gloomy death,
Th' almighty Captive prisoner lay;
Th' almighty Captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.

4

Among a thousand harps and songs,
Jesus, the God, exalted reigns:
His sacred name fills all their tongues
And echoes through the heavenly plains.

WATTS.

LOVING KINDNESS. L. M.



195 L. M.

Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise,
He justly claims a song from me!
His loving kindness, oh, how free!

2

He saw me ruined by the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving kindness, oh, how great!

3

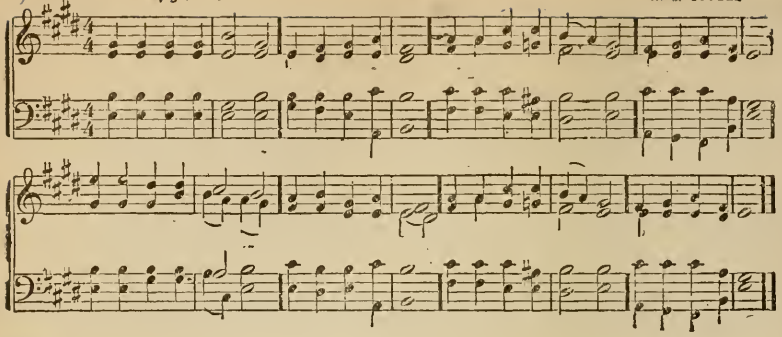
I often feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart;
But though I oft have him forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.

4

Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale;
Soon all my mortal powers must fail:
Oh, may my last, expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death.

MEDLEY.

OBLATION 6s, 5s. D. H. S. COTTERILL



196 6s. 5s.

Glory be to Jesus,
Who in bitter pains
Poured for me the life-blood
From his sacred veins.
Grace and life eternal
In that blood I find,
Blest be his compassion,
Infinitely kind.

2

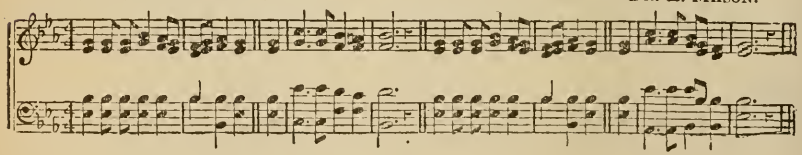
Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream
Which from endless torments
Did the world redeem.
Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies;
But the blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.

3

Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel-host, rejoicing,
Make their glad reply.
Lift ye then your voices;
Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still and louder
Praise the precious blood.

Italian tr. by E. CASWALL.

NAOMI. C. M. DR. L. MASON.



197 C. M.

There is a name I love to hear,
I love to sing its worth;
It sounds like music in mine ear;
The sweetest name on earth.

2

It tells me of a Saviour's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of his precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

3

Jesus, the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear,
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.

4

This name shall shed its fragrance still
Along this thorny road;
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
That leads me up to God.

WHITFIELD.

198 C. M.

Thou lovely source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore,
Unvail thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.

2

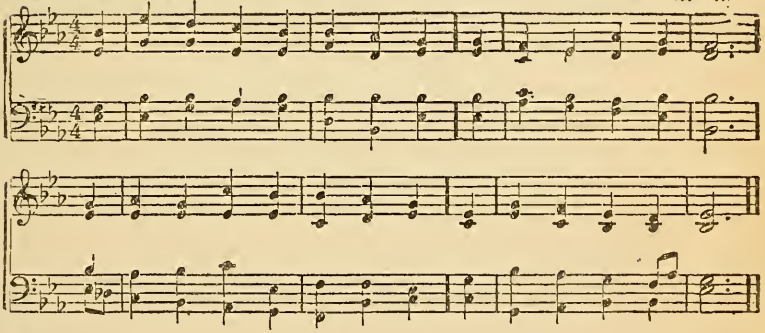
The glory o'er creation shines:—
But in thy sacred word,
I read, in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

3

'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sins and sorrows rise,
Thy love, with cheering beams of hope,
My fainting hope supplies.

4

Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,
Oh, come with blissful ray;
Break radiant through the shades of night,
And chase my fears away.

ST. PETER. C. M. A. R. REINAGLE. 1799-1877.

199 C. M.

How helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load!
The heart unchanged, can never rise,
To happiness and God.

2

Can aught beneath a power divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, eternal Spirit, thine
To form the heart anew.

3

'Tis thine the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise,
And make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes.

4

To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live;
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'Tis thine alone to give.

ANNA STEELE.

200 C. M.

To our Redeemer's glorious name,
Awake the sacred song.
Oh, may his love—immortal flame—
Tune every heart and tongue.

2

His love, what mortal thoughts can reach,
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

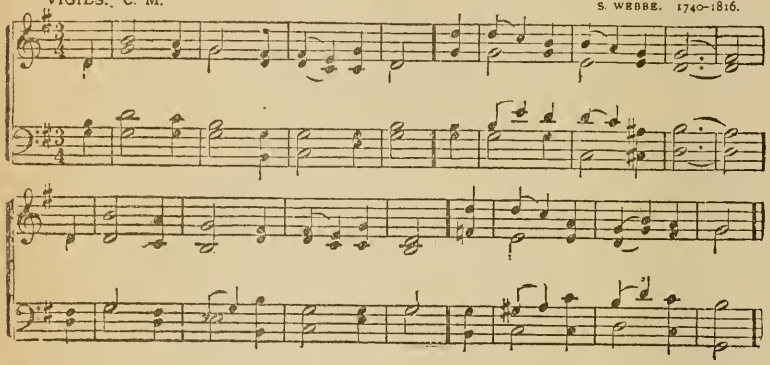
3

Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me."

ANNA STEELE.

VIGILS. C. M.

S. WEBBE. 1740–1816.



201 C. M.

Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2

"Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry
"To be exalted thus:"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4

The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

WATTS.

202 C. M.

Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2

No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

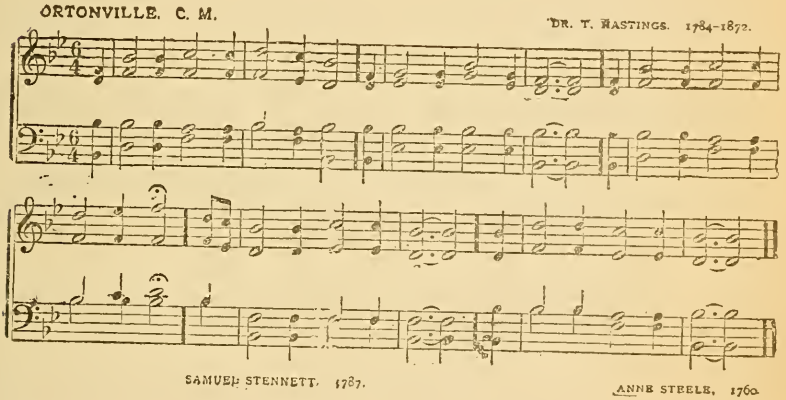
3

To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

4

Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

STENNET.



203 C. M.

Come, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known,
The Sovereign of your hearts proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

2

When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

3

And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise:
Thy love can raise our humble strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

4

Oh, happy period! glorious day!
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, their raptured lay,
To celebrate thy praise.

ANNA STEELE.

204 C. M.

The head that once was crowned with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2

The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.

3

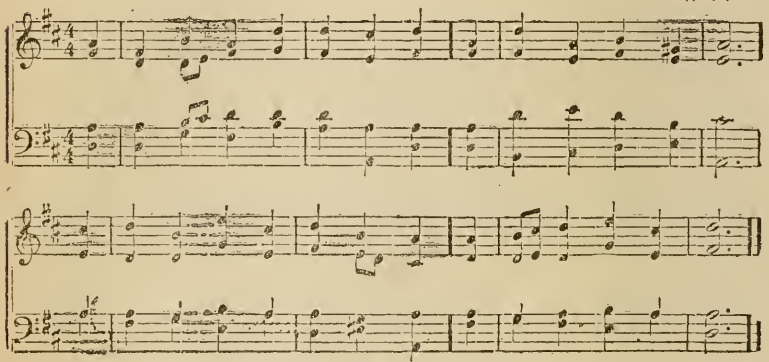
To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

4

The cross he bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to him,
His people's hope, his people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

KELLY.

ST. ANN'S. C. M. DR. W. CROFT. 1677-1727.



205 C. M.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believers' ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fears.

2

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3

Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4

Jesus, my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

NEWTON.

206 8s, 7s. D.

Come, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace,
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise:
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount,—oh, fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2

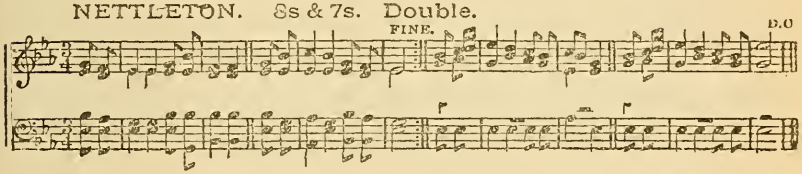
Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither to thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3

Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord! I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart; Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

ROBINSON.

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. Double.



207 8s, 7s. D.

Crown his head with endless blessing,
Who, in God the Father's name,
With compassions never ceasing,
Comes salvation to proclaim.
Hail, ye saints, who know his favor,
Who within his gates are found;
Hail, ye saints, the exalted Saviour,
Let his courts with praise resound.

2

Jesus, thee our Saviour hailing,
Thee our God in praise we own;
Highest honors, never failing
Rise eternal round thy throne;
Now, ye saints, his power confessing
In your grateful strains adore:
For his mercy, never ceasing,
Freely flows for evermore.

GOODE

208 7s.

Now begin the heavenly theme;
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye who his salvation prove,
Triumph in his redeeming love.

2

Mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.

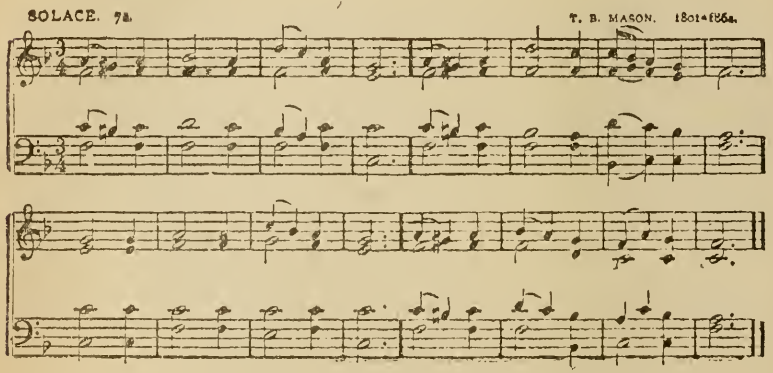
3

Welcome, all by sin oppressed
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

4

Hither, then, your music bring;
Strike aloud each cheerful string;
Mortals join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

MADAN.



209 7s.

Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work began,
When he spake, and it was done.

2

Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when he
Captive led captivity.

3

Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

4

Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

MONTGOMERY.

210 8s, 7s. D.

Hail, thou once despised Jesus,
Crowned in mockery a king!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By thy merits we find favor;
Life is given through thy name.

2

Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide,
All the heavenly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side;
There for sinners thou art pleading;
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

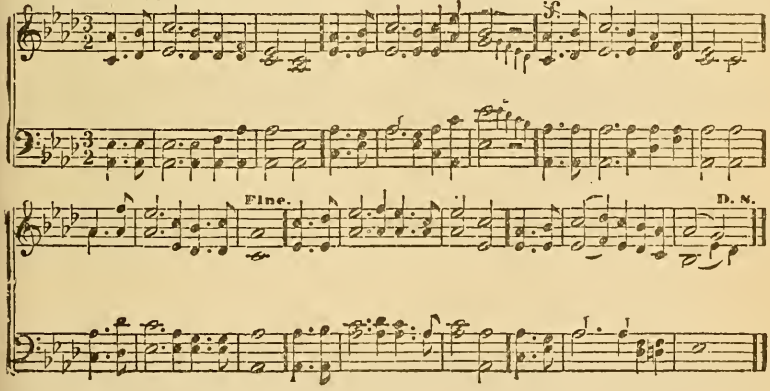
3

Worship, honor, power, and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lay;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

BAKEWELL.

AUTUMN. 8s, 7s. D.

SPANISH MELODY FROM MARECHO.



211 8s, 7s. D.

One there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.
Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.

2

When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name,
Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the name.
Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forgot too often
What a friend we have above.

NEWTON

212 8s, 7s.

Round the Lord in glory seated,
Cherubim and Seraphim,
Filled his temple and repeated,
Each to each, th' alternate hymn.

2

"Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord!"

3

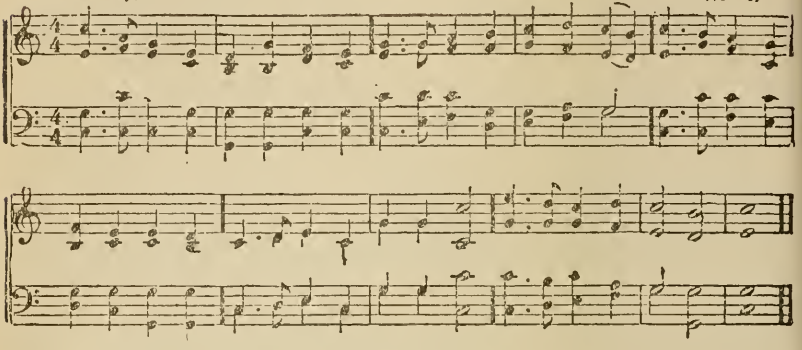
Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy! Holy! Holy!" singing,
"Lord of host, the Lord most High!"

4

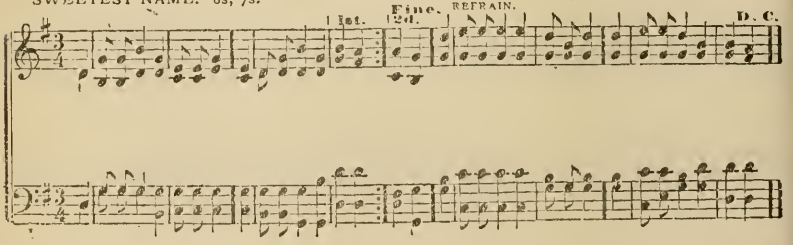
"Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord!"

MANT.

ESSEX. 8s, 7s. THOMAS CLARK. 1775–1859.



SWEETEST NAME. 8s, 7s. W. B. BRADBURY. 1816–1868.



213 8s, 7s.

There is no name so sweet on earth,
No name so sweet in heaven,
The name before his wondrous birth,
To Christ the Saviour given.

REF.—We love to sing before our King
And hail him blessed Jesus.

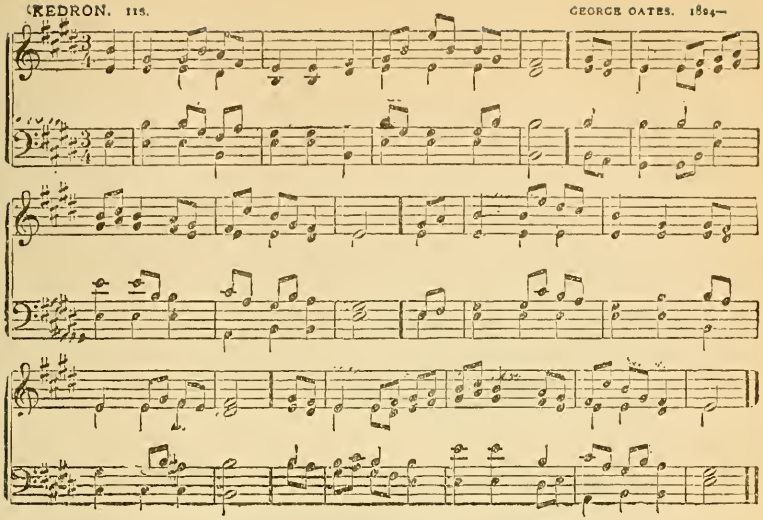
2

And when he hung upon the tree,
They wrote this name above him,
That all might see the reason we
For evermore must love him.

3

So now, upon his Father's throne,
Almighty to release us
From sin and pains, he ever reigns
The Prince and Saviour Jesus.

BETHUNE.



214 11s.

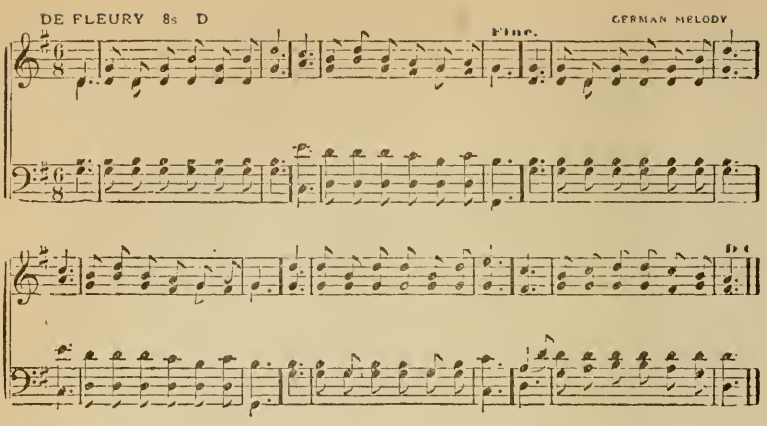
Come, Jesus, Redeemer! abide thou with me,
Come gladden my spirit, that waiteth for thee;
Thy smile every shadow shall chase from my heart,
And soothe every sorrow, though keen be the smart.

2

Without thee but weakness, with thee I am strong;
By day thou shalt lead me, by night be my song;
Though dangers surround me, I still every fear,
Since thou, the Most Mighty, my Helper, art near.

3

Breathe, breathe on my spirit, oft ruffled, thy peace,
From restless vain wishes bid thou my heart cease;
In thee all its longings henceforward shall end,
Till glad to thy presence my soul shall ascend.

RAY PALMER.

215 8s. D.

Ye angels who stand round the throne
And view my Immanuel's face,
In rapturous song make him known,
O tune your soft harps to his praise;
He formed you the spirit you are,
So happy, so noble, so good;
When others sank down in despair,
Confirmed by his power, you stood.

2

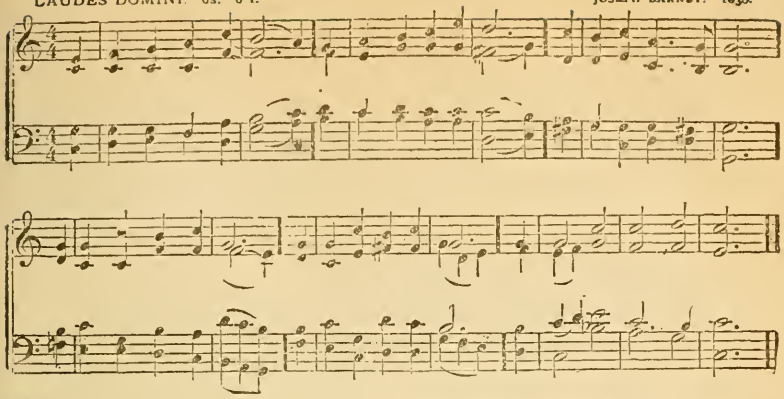
Ye saints who stand nearer than they;
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
His grace and his glory display,
And all his rich mercy repeat;
He snatched you from hell and the grave,
He ransomed from death and despair,
For you he was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there.

3

O when will the period appear
When I shall unite in your song?
I'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Saviour belong:
I want, O I want, to be there,
To sorrow and sin bid adieu,
Your joy and your friendship to share,
To wonder and worship with you.

MARIA DE FLEURY.

LAUDES DOMINI. 6s. 6 l. JOSEPH BARNBY. 1838.



216 6s. 6l.

When morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries
  May Jesus Christ be praised.
Alike at work and prayer
To Jesus I repair;
  May Jesus Christ be praised,

2

Whene'er the sweet church bell
Peals over hill and dell,
  May Jesus Christ be praised.
Oh, hark to what it sings,
As joyously it rings,
  May Jesus Christ be praised.

3

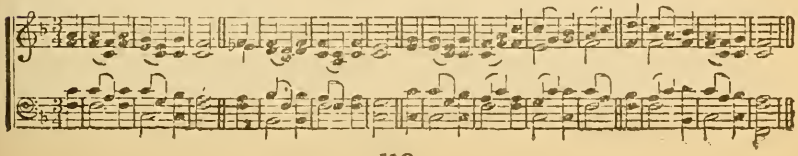
The night becomes a day,
When from the heart we say,
  May Jesus Christ be praised:
The power of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant we hear,
  May Jesus Christ be praised.

4

In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain in this,
  May Jesus Christ be praised:
Let earth, and sea, and sky,
From depth to height reply,
  May Jesus Christ be praised.

CASWALL.

DENNIS. S. M.



217 S. M.

Jesus, the Conquer, reigns,
  In glorious strength arrayed;
His kingdom over all maintains,
  And bids the earth be glad:

2

Ye sons of men, rejoice
  In Jesus' mighty love;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
  To him who rules above.

3

Extol his kingly power;
  Kiss the exalted Son,
Who died, and lives to die no more,
  High on his Father's throne.

4

Our Advocate with God,
  He undertakes our cause;
And spreads through all the earth abroad
  The victory of his cross.

CHARLES WESLEY.

218 C. M.

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2

Look! how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3

In vain we tune our formal songs;
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

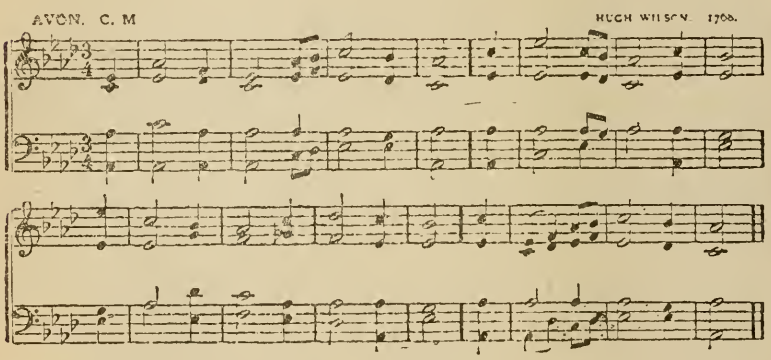
4

Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours

WATTS.



219 C. M.

Not all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.

2

The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace,
Born in the image of his Son,
A new, peculiar race.

3

The spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Breathes on the sons of flesh,
Creates anew the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

4

Our quickened souls awake and rise
From their long sleep of death;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

WATTS.

220 7s.

Holy Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away;
Turn the darkness into day.

2

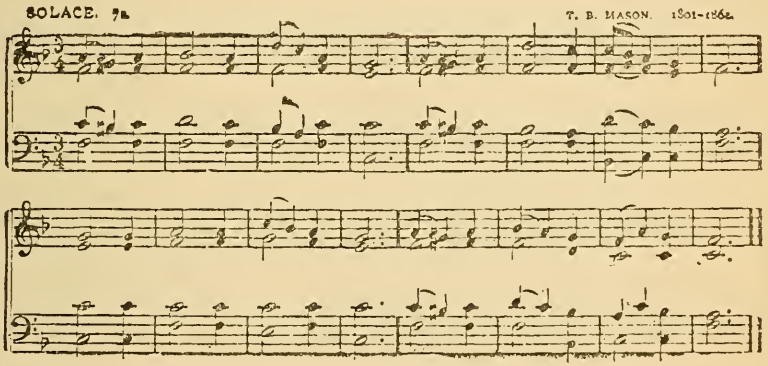
Holy Ghost, with power divine.
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long has sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3

Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4

Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idle throne;
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

REED.

221 7s.

Holy Spirit, from on high,
O'er us bend a pitying eye;
Now refresh the drooping heart;
Bid the power of sin depart.

2

Light up every dark recess
Of our hearts' ungodliness;
Show us every devious way
Where our steps have gone astray.

3

Teach us, with repentant grief,
Humbly to implore relief;
Then the Saviour's blood reveal,
And our broken spirits heal.

4

May we daily grow in grace,
And pursue the heavenly race,
Trained in wisdom, led by love,
Till we reach our rest above.

BATHURST.

222 C. M.

Why should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter! descend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

2

Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

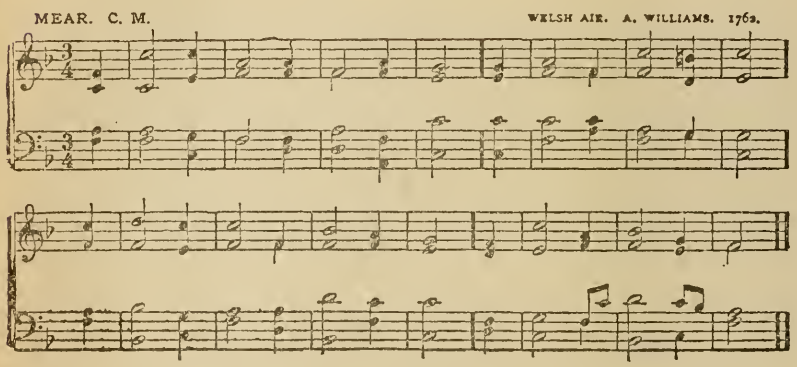
3

Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart
That I am born of God.

4

Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

WATTS.



223 C. M.

The Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to light:
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2

A glory gilds the sacred page
Majestic like the sun;
It gives a light to every age,
It gives—but borrows none.

3

The Hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise,—
They rise but never set.

4

Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

COWPER.

224 L. M.

Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our Guardian, thou our Guide;
O'er every thought and step preside.

2

To us the light of truth display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3

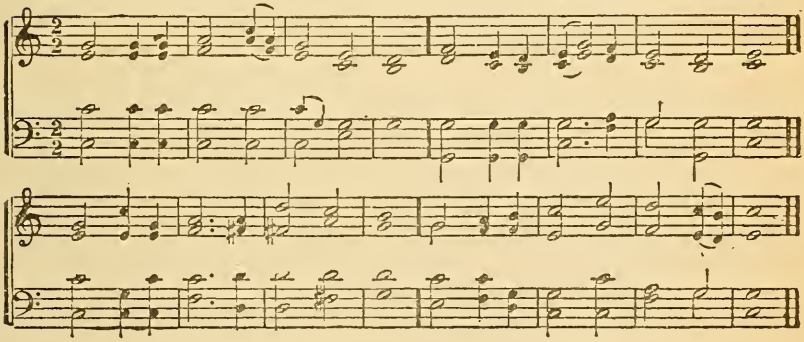
Lead us to holiness, the road
Which we must take to dwell with God
Lead us to Christ, the living way;
Nor let us from his pastures stray.

4

Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with him forever blest;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share
Fullness of joy forever there.

BROWNE.

ZEPHYR. L. M. WM. B. BRADBURY. 1816-1868.



225 L. M.

Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Cast not a sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2

Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er thy grace received.
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved;

3

Yet, oh, the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor, in thy righteous anger, swear
I shall not see thy people's rest.

4

My weary soul, O God, release;
Uphold me with thy gracious hand;
Oh, guide me into perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

WESLEY.

226 S. M.

Come, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrows from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2

Convince us all of sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The mercies of our God.

3

Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame,
Of never-dying love.

4

'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

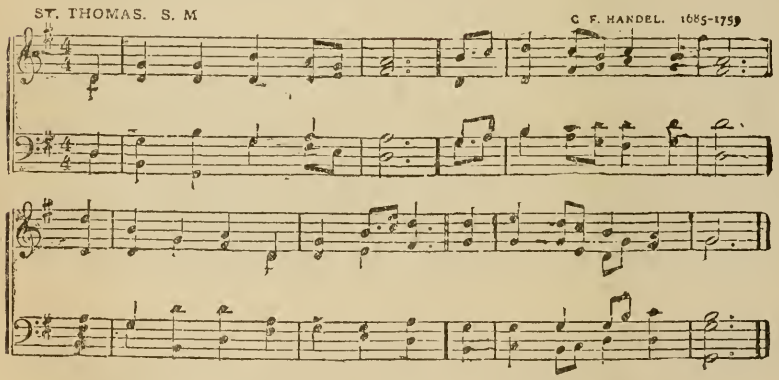
5

Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise and love,
The Father, Son and Thee.

HART.

ST. THOMAS. S. M

G. F. HANDEL. 1685-1759



227 S. M.

Come, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy Divine,
And on this poor, benighted soul,
With beams of mercy shine.

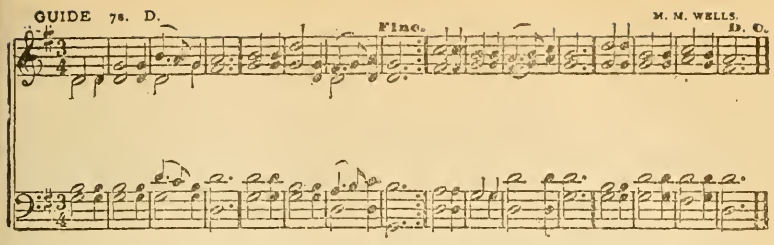
2

O melt this frozen heart;
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew!

3

The profits will be mine,
But thine shall be the praise;
And unto thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

BEDDOME.



228 7s. D.

Holy Spirit, faithful Guide,
Ever near the Christian's side,
Gently leads us by the hand,
Pilgrims in a desert land;
Weary souls fore'er rejoice,
While they hear that sweetest voice,
Whisp'ring softly, Wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

2

Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear.
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er—
Whisper softly, Wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

3

When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood.
Whisper softly, Wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

WELLS.

229 H. M.

O thou that hearest prayer,
Attend our humble cry,
And let thy servants share
Thy blessings from on high:
We plead the promise of thy word;
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord.

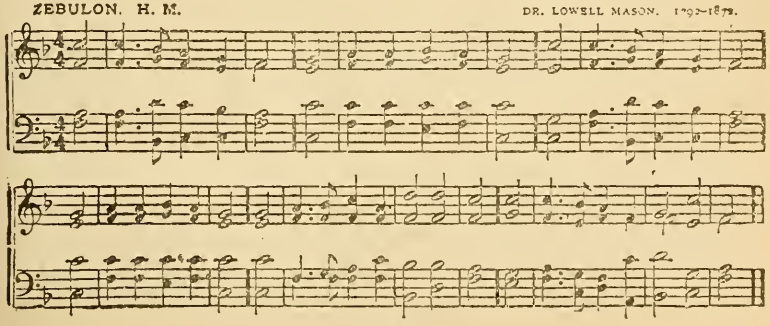
2

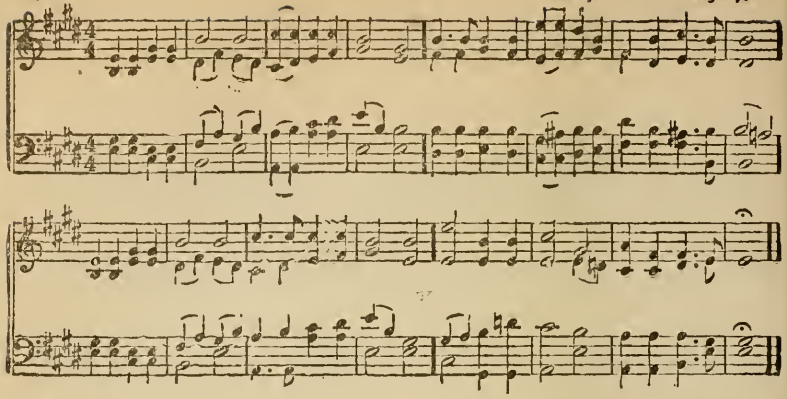
If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry;
If they, with love sincere,
Their varied wants supply,—
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.

3

Our heavenly Father, thou;
We, children of thy grace;
Oh, let thy Spirit now
Descend and fill thy place:
So shall we feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise thy name.

BURTON.

ZEBULON. H. M. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.

NICAEA. P. M. REV. J. B. DYKES. 1823-1876



230 P. M.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty!
God in three persons, blessed Trinity!

2

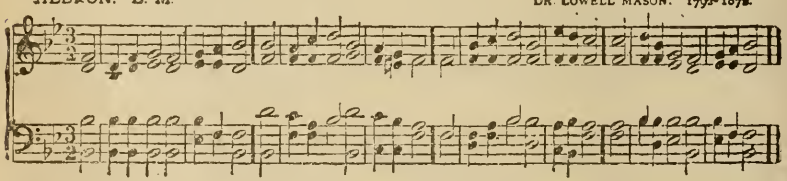
Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shall be.

3

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
God in three persons, blessed Trinity!

HEBER.

HEBRON. L. M. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792-1872.



231 L. M.

O, holy, holy, holy Lord,
Bright in thy deeds and in thy name,
Forever be thy name adored,
Thy glories let the world proclaim.

2

O Jesus, Lamb once crucified,
To take our load of sin away;
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide
Along the realm of upper day.

3

O Holy Spirit from above,
In streams of light and glory given;
Thou source of ecstasy and love,
Thy praises ring through earth and heaven.

EASTBURN.

232 L. M.

Blest be the Father and his love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joys above,
And rills of comfort here below.

2

All praise to thee, great Son of God,
From whose dear, wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
The fount of life for dying souls.

3

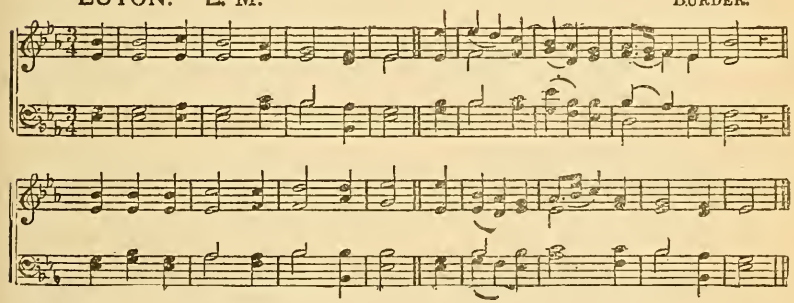
We give thee, sacred Spirit, praise,
Who, in our hearts of sin and woe,
Mak'st living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.

4

Thus, God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, we adore,
That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore.

WATTS.

LUTON. L. M. BURDER.



233 L. M.

Father of heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy pardoning love extend.

2

Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before thy throne we sinners bend,
To us thy saving grace extend.

3

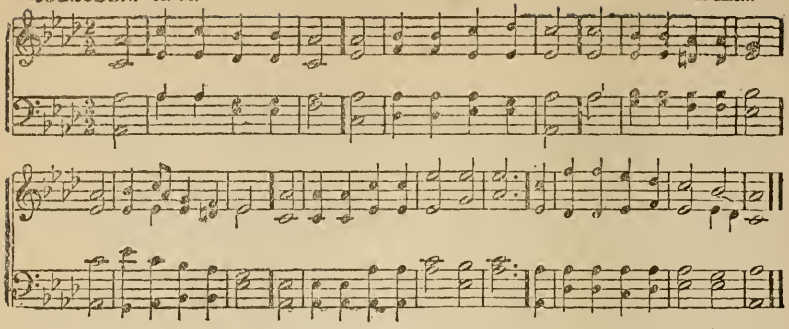
Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before thy throne we sinners bend:
To us thy quickening power extend.

4

Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son,
Eternal Godhead, three in one,—
Before thy throne we sinners bend:
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

COOPER.

CULLODEN. H. M. ENGLISH.



234 H. M.

We give immortal praise
For God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above:
He sent his own | Eternal Son
To die for sin | That we had done,

2

To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe:
And now he lives | And now he reigns,
And sees the fruit | Of all his pains.

3

To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes | The great design,
And fills the soul | With joy divine.

4

Almighty God, to thee
Be endless honors done,
The undivided Three,
The great and glorious One:
Where reason fails | With all her powers,
There faith prevails | And love adores.

WATTS.

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235 11, 12s.

PRAISE GOD.

We praise thee, O God, for the Son of thy love!
For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.

2

We praise thee, O God, for thy Spirit of light!
Who has shown us the Saviour, and scattered our night.

3

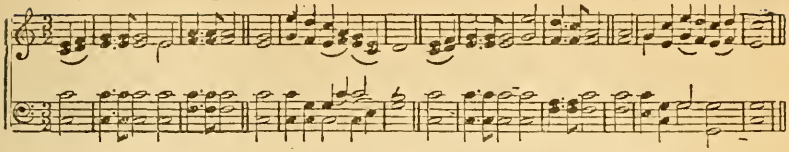
All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who hath borne all our sins, and hath cleansed every stain.

4

Revive us again: fill each heart with thy love;
May ours souls be rekindled with fire from above.

MACKAY.

HEBER. C. M. GEO. KINGSLEY.



236 C. M.

Lord, how secure my conscience was
And felt no inward dread!
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.

2

My hopes of heaven were firm and bright
But since the precept came
With a convincing power and light,
I found how vile I am.

3

My guilt appeared but small before,
Till I with terror saw
How perfect, holy, just, and pure,
Is thine eternal law.

4

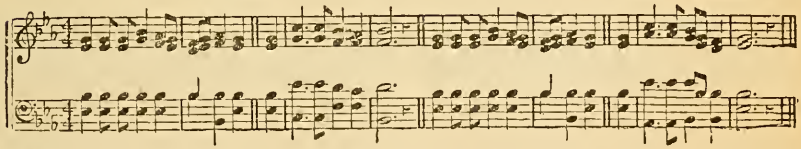
Then felt my soul the heavy load;
My sins revived again:
I had provoked a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.

5

My God, I cry with every breath
For some kind power to save;
Oh, break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

WATTS.

NAOMI. C. M. DR. L. MASON.



237 C. M.

Vain are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

2

Let Jew and Gentile silent bow,
Without a murmuring word;
Let all the race of man confess
Their guilt before the Lord.

3

In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now:
Since to convince and to condemn
Is all the law can do.

4

Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

WATTS.

238 L. M.

Why will ye waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassion spares;
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot?

2

Shall God invite you from above?
Shall Jesus urge his dying love?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain,
And all these pleas unite in vain?

3

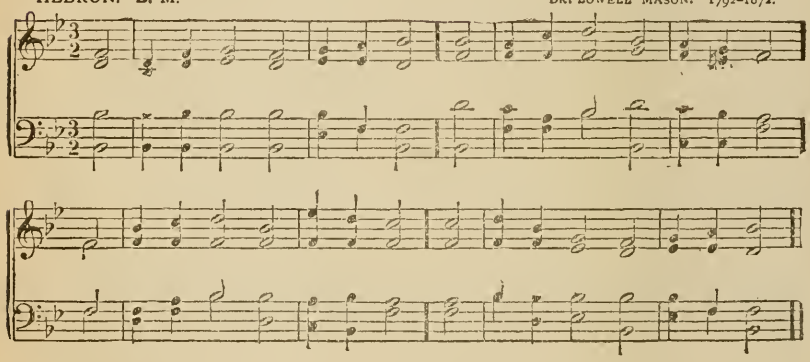
Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue;
Not so will heaven and hell appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.

4

Almighty God, thy grace impart;
Fix deep conviction on each heart;
Nor let us waste on trifling cares
That life which thy compassion spares.

DODDRIDGE.

HEBRON. L. M. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792-1872.



239 L. M.

Broad is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there,
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveler.

2

"Deny thyself and take thy cross,
Is the Redeemer's great command:
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3

The fearful soul that tries and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4

Lord, let not all my hopes be vain,
Create my heart entirely new,—
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

WATTS.

240

S. M.

Ah! how shall fallen man
Be just before his God?
If he contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath his rod.

2

If he our ways should mark
With strict, inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults
A just excuse devise?

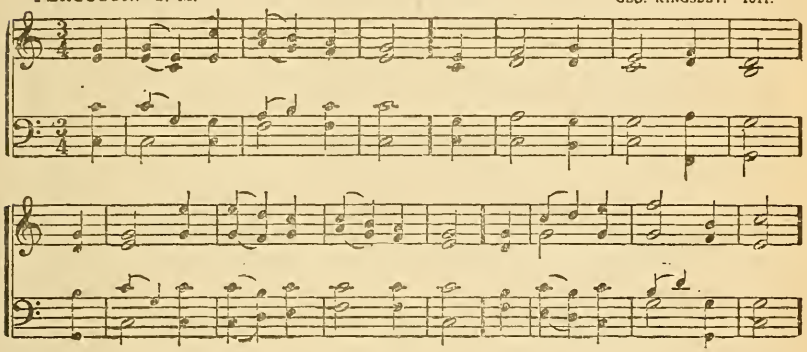
3

The mountains, in thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake;
The trembling earth deserts her place;
Her rooted pillars shake.

4

Ah! how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None, none can meet him, and escape,
But through the Saviour's blood.

WATTS.

FERGUSON. S. M. GEO. KINGSLEY. 1811.

241

S. M.

Oh, where shall rest be found,—
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2

The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh:
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3

Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years
And all that life is love.

4

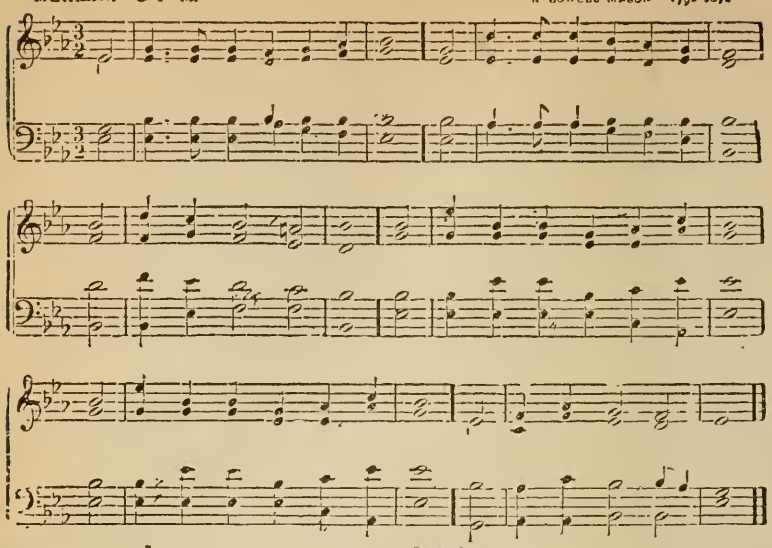
There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
Oh, what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5

Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun:
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And evermore undone.

MONTGOMERY.

MERIBAH C P M. LOWELL MASON 1792-1872



242 C. P. M.

Awaked by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go;
Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
"The sinner must be born again,
Or sink in endless woe."

2

Amazed I stood, but could not tell
Which way to shun the gates of hell,
For death and hell drew near;
I strove, indeed, but strove in vain:
"The sinner must be born again"
Still sounded in my ear.

3

When to the law I trembling fled,
It poured its curses on my head;
I no relief could find:
This fearful truth increased my pain:
"The sinner must be born again"
O'erwhelmed my tortured mind.

4

But while I thus in anguish lay,
Jesus of Nazareth passed that way,
And felt his pity move:
The sinner, by his justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

OCCUM.

243 C. P. M.

Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Secure! insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

2

O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

3

Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?

4

Then, Saviour, then my soul receive
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above,
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

WESLEY.

244 S. M.

God's holy law, transgressed,
Speaks nothing but despair;
Convinced of guilt, with grief oppressed
We find no comfort there.

2

Not all our groans and tears,
Nor works which we have done,
Nor vows, nor promises, nor prayers,
Can e'er for sin atone.

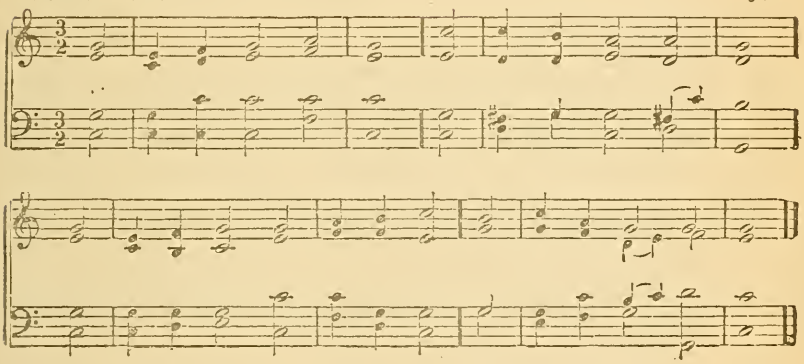
3

Relief alone is found
In Jesus' precious blood:
'Tis this that heals the mortal wound,
And reconciles to God.

4

High lifted on the cross
The spotless victim dies;
This is salvation's only source;
Hence all our hopes arise.

BEDDOME.

BOYLSTON. S. M. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1832.

245 S. M.

How heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ, with his reviving light,
O'er our dark souls arise.

2

Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of Heaven;
But, in his righteousness arrayed,
We see our sins forgiven.

3

Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways
His hands infected nature cure
With sanctifying grace.

4

The powers of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the cruel chain.

5

Lord, we adore thy ways
To bring us near to God,
The sovereign power, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood.

WATTS.

246 L. M.

Buried in shadows of the night
We lie, till Christ restores the light,
Till he descends to heal the blind
And chase the darkness of the mind.

2

Our guilty souls are drowned in tears,
Till his atoning blood appears;
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing the Lord our Righteousness.

3

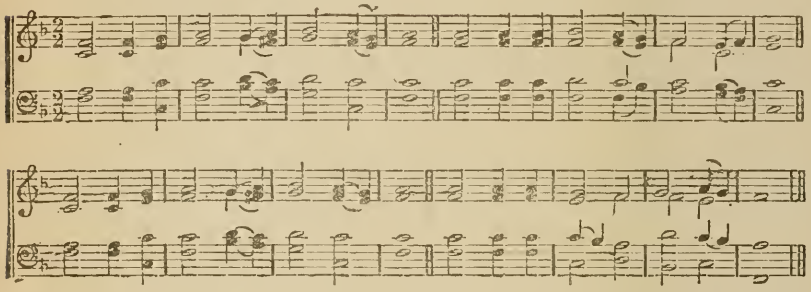
Jesus beholds where Satan reigns
And binds his slaves in heavy chains;
He sets the prisoners free and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.

4

Poor, helpless worms in thee possess
Grace, wisdom, power, and righteousness,
Thou art our mighty All, and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

WATTS.

HAMBURG. L. M. GREGORIAN.



247 L. M.

Lord, I am vile,—conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

2

Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart;
But we're defiled in every part.

3

O Lord, I fall before thy face;
My only refuge is thy grace;
No outward forms can make me clean,
The leprosy lies deep within.

4

Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone:
Thy blood can make me white as snow;
No human power could cleanse me so.

5

While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease:
Lord, let me hear thy pardoning voice,
And make my broken bones rejoice.

WATTS.

248

C. M.

Come, sinner to the gospel feast;
Oh, come without delay,
For there is room in Jesus' breast
For all who will obey.

2

There's room in God's eternal love
To save thy precious soul;
Room in the spirit's grace above
To heal and make thee whole.

3

There's room within the church, redeemed,
With blood of Christ divine;
Room in the white-robed throng, convened
For that dear soul of thine.

4

There's room in heaven among the choir,
And harps and crowns of gold,
And glorious palms of victory there,
And joys that ne'er were told.

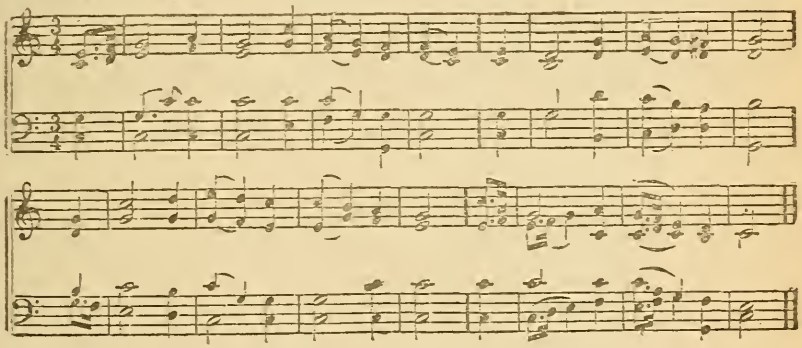
5

There's room around thy Father's board
For thee and thousands more;
Oh, come and welcome to the Lord;
Yea, come this very hour.

HUNTINGDON.

HOWARD. C. M.

MRS. E. H. CUTHBERT. 1809.



249

C. M.

How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2

O'er all the strait and narrow way
Its radiant beams are cast;
A light whose never-weary ray
Grows brightest at the last.

3

It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

4

This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

FAWCETT.

250 C. M.

Oh, how I love thy holy law!
'Tis daily my delight;
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

2

My waking eyes prevent the day
To meditate thy word;
My soul with longing melts away
To hear thy gospel, Lord.

3

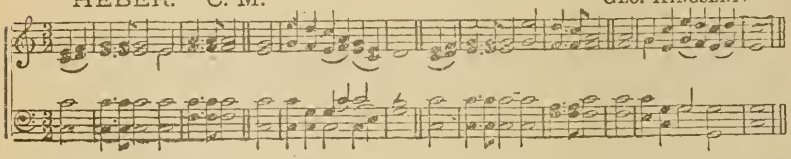
Thy heavenly words my heart engage,
And well employ my tongue,
And in my weary pilgrimage
Yield me a heavenly song.

4

When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope.
And there I write my praise.

WATTS.

HEBER. C. M. GEO. KINGSLEY.



251 C. M.

Father of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2

'Tis here the tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Here purer sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.

3

'Tis here the Saviour's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around,
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

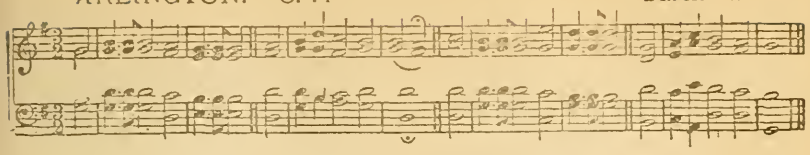
4

Oh, may these heavenly pages be
My ever-dear delight!
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

ANNA STEELE.

ARLINGTON. C. M

DR. ARNE.



252 C. M.

The Saviour calls; let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fears,
Hope smiles reviving round.

2

For every thirsty, longing heart
Here streams of bounty flow;
And life and health and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.

3

Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts;
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

ANNE STEELE.

253 C. M.

Salvation! oh, the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears,
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2

Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

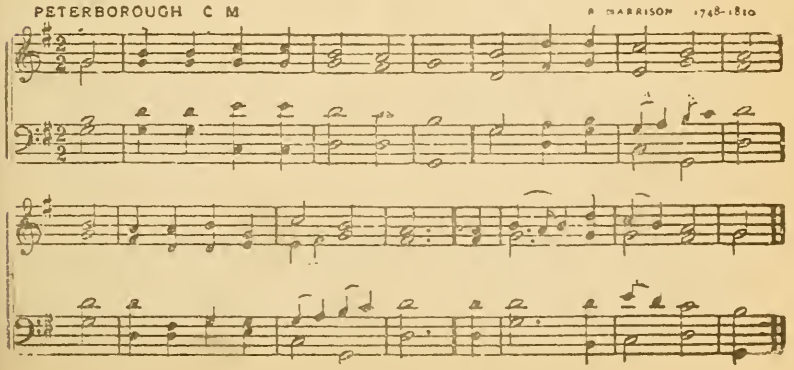
3

Salvation! let the echo fly,
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

WATTS.

PETERBOROUGH C M

A. HARRISON 1748-1810



254 C. M.

How sad our state of nature is!
Our sin, how deep its stain!
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

2

But, hark! a voice of sovereign love!
'Tis Christ's inviting word:
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord."

3

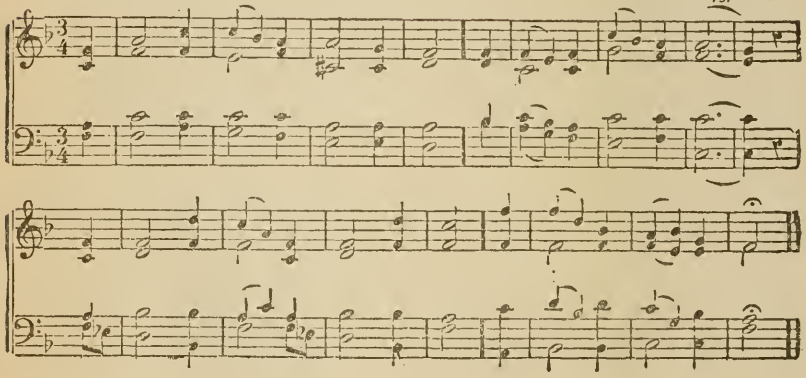
My soul obeys the almighty call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord,
Oh, help my unbelief.

4

A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Saviour and my all.

WATTS.

SALZBURGH. C. M. M. HAYDN 1737-1806.



255 C. M.

When wounded sore, the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a pierced hand,
Can heal the sinner's wound.

2

When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

3

When penitence has wept in vain
O'er some dark spot within,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the sin.

4

'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief,
His heart that knows our every joy,
And feels our every grief.

ALEXANDER.

256 8s. 6s.

God, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known
Here love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2

Here, sinners of an humble frame
May taste his grace, and learn his name;
May read in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power and grace of God.

3

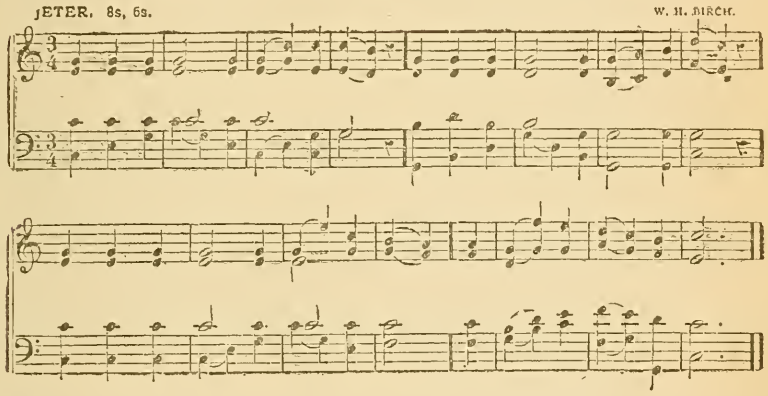
Here, faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day

4

Oh, grant us grace, almighty God,
To read and mark thy holy word
Its truth with meekness to receive,
And by his holy precepts live.

BEDDOME.

JETER. 8s, 6s. W. H. BIRCH.



257 C. M.

"Repent!" the voice celestial cries;
No longer dare delay:
The soul that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.

2

No more the sovereign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men;
His heralds now are sent abroad
To warn the world of sin.

3

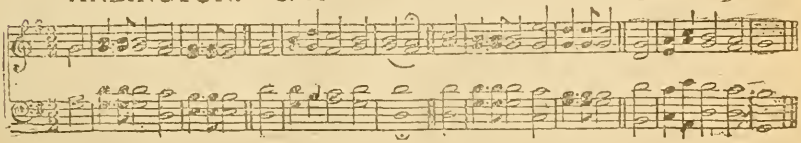
O sinners, in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess;
Embrace the offered savior now
Nor trifle with his grace.

4

Amazing love, that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days!
Our hearts, subdued by goodness, fall,
And weep and love and praise.

DODDRIGE.

ARLINGTON. C. M Dr. ARNE.



258 L. M.

How sweetly flowed the gospel sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and gladness filled the place!

2

From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke
Unveiling an immortal day.

3

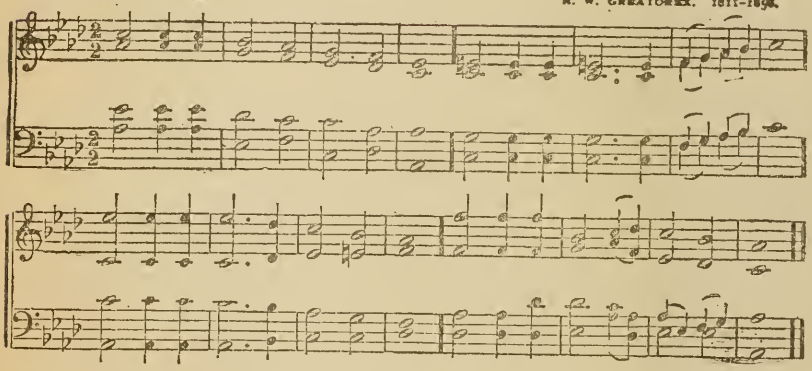
"Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest:"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

4

Decay, then, tenements of dust;
Pillars of earthly pride decay;
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

BOWRING.

GROSTETTE. L. M. H. W. GREATOREX. 1811–1858.



259 L. M.

"Go, preach my gospel," saith the Lord;
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive:"
He shall be saved that trusts my word,
And he condemned who'll not believe.

2

"I'll make your great commission known;
And ye shall prove my gospel true
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

3

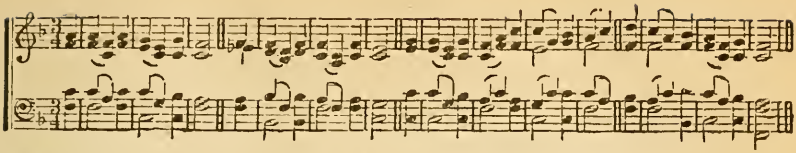
"Teach all the nations my commands;
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted in my hands:
I can destroy, and I defend."

4

He spake, and light shone round his head;
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode:
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

WATTS.

DENNIS. S. M.



260 S. M.

Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2

But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away,—
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3

My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4

My soul looks back to see
The burden thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

WATTS.

261 H. M.

Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2

Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the lands proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3

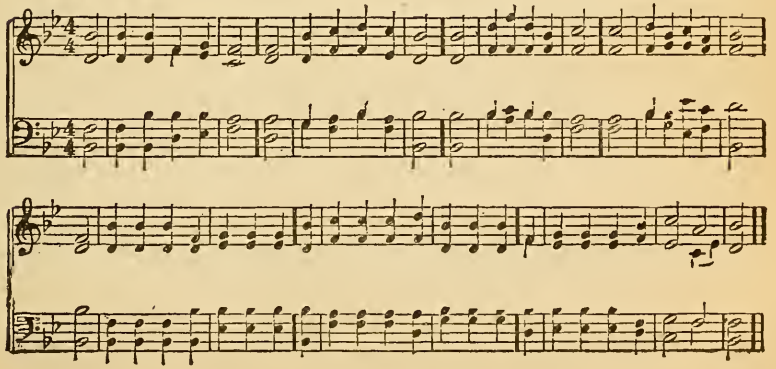
The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace:
Ye happy souls, draw near;
Behold your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4

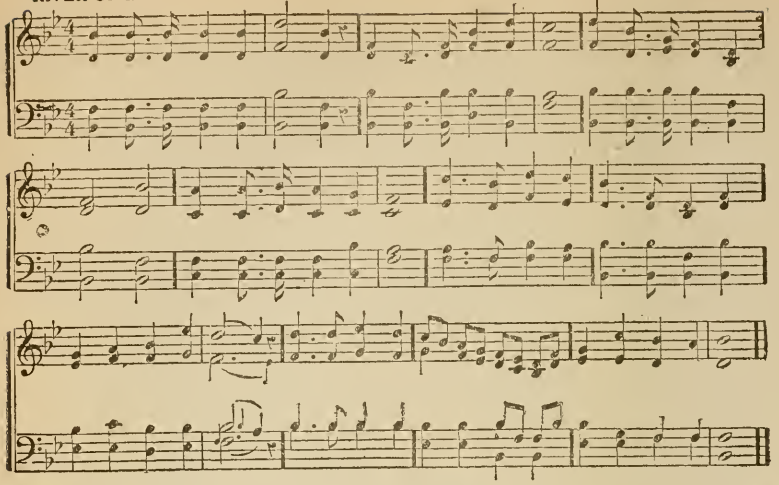
Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mourning souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

CHARLES WESLEY.

LENOX. H. M. LEWIS EDSON. 1748–1820



RIVER OF LIFE. P. M. REV. ROBERT LOWRY.



262 P. M.

Fresh from the throne of glory,
Bright in its crystal gleam,
Bursts out the living fountain,
Swells on the living stream;
Blessed river | Let me ever
Feast my eyes on thee.

2

Stream full of life and gladness,
Spring of all health and peace,
No harps by thee hang silent,
Nor happy voices cease:
Tranquil river | Let me ever
Sit and sing by thee.

3

River of God, I greet thee,
Not now afar, but near,
My soul to thy still waters
Hastes in its thirsting here:
Holy river | Let me ever
Drink of only thee.

BONAR.

263 7s, 6l.

Weeping soul, no longer mourn,
Jesus all thy griefs hath borne;
View him bleeding on the tree,
Pouring out his life for thee;
There thy every sin he bore;
Weeping soul, lament no more.

2

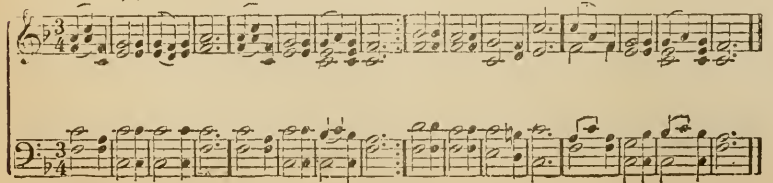
All thy crimes on him were laid;
See upon his blameless head
Wrath its utmost vengeance pours,
Due to my offense and yours;
Weary sinner, keep thine eyes
On th' atoning sacrifice.

3

Cast thy guilty soul on him,
Find him mighty to redeem;
At his feet thy burden lay,
Look thy doubts and fears away;
Now by faith the Son embrace,
Plead his promise, trust his grace.

TOPLADY.

ALETTA 7s, 6l. W. B. BRADBURY. 1816–1900.



264 L. M.

God calling yet! shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumber lie?

2

God calling yet! and shall he knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare his spirit grieve?

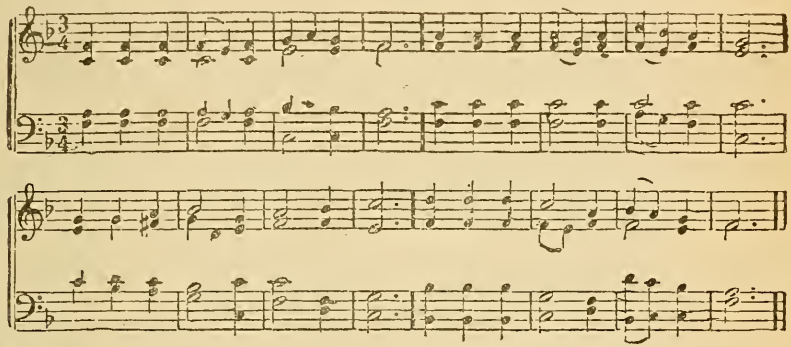
3

God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but he does not forsake;
He calls me still; my heart, awake!

4

God calling yet! I can not stay;
My heart I yield without delay:
Vain world, farewell; from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

TERSTEEGEN. 1739.
Tr. by JANE BORTHWICK, 1853.

HURSLEY. L. M.

265 L. M.

Oh, do not let the word depart,
And close thine eyes against the light
Poor sinner, harden not thy heart:
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

2

To-morrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy long-deluded sight;
This is the time; oh, then, be wise!
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

3

Our God in pity lingers still;
And wilt thou thus his love requite?
Renounce at length thy stubborn will:
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

4

Our blessed Lord refuses none
Who would to him their souls unite;
Then be the work of grace begun:
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

MRS. ELIZABETH REED.

266 C. M.

Oh, what amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case
Who hears the joyful sound.

2

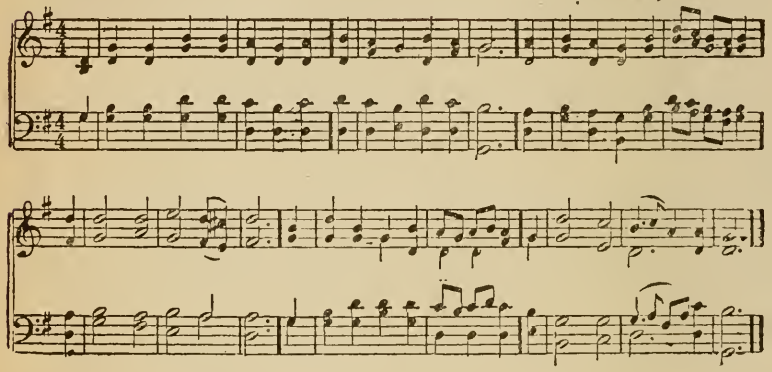
Come, then, with all your wants and wounds;
Your every burden bring;
Here love, unchanging love, abounds
A deep, celestial spring.

3

This spring with living waters flows,
And heavenly joy imparts:
Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose,
And drink with thankful hearts.

MEDLEY.

CORONATION. C. M. OLIVER HOLDEN, 1765-1844.



267 C. M.

Come, trembling sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:—

2

"I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3

"Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

4

"Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

5

"I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away I know
I must forever die."

JONES.

268 C. M.

There is a line, by us unseen,
That crosses every path,
That hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath.

2

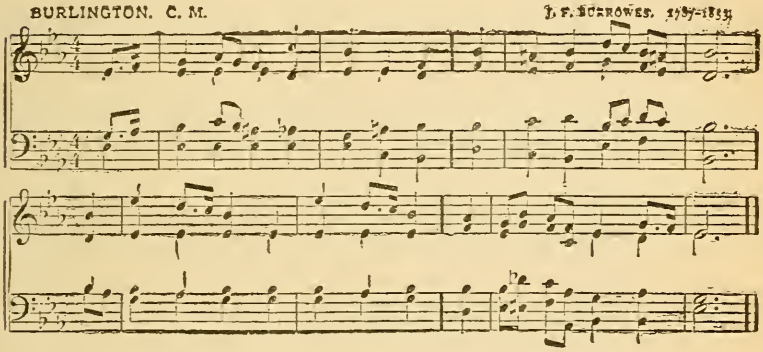
To pass that limit is to die,
To die as if by stealth;
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Nor pale the glow of health.

3

How far may we go on to sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end, and where begin
The confines of despair?

4

An answer from the skies is sent.—
"Ye that from God depart,
While it is called to-day, repent,
And harden not your heart."

ALEXANDER.

269 C. M.

Come to the ark, come to the ark;
To Jesus come away;
The pestilence walks forth by night,
The arrow flies by day.

2

Come to the ark: the waters rise,
The seas their billows rear;
While darkness gathers o'er the skies,
Behold a refuge near!

3

Come to the ark, all, all that weep
Beneath the sense of sin:
Without, deep calleth unto deep,
But all is peace within.

4

Come to the ark, ere yet the flood
Your lingering steps oppose:
Come, for the door which open stood,
In now about to close.

270 L. M.

Come hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.

2

"They shall find rest who learn of me:
I'm of a weak and lowly mind;
But passion rages like a sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

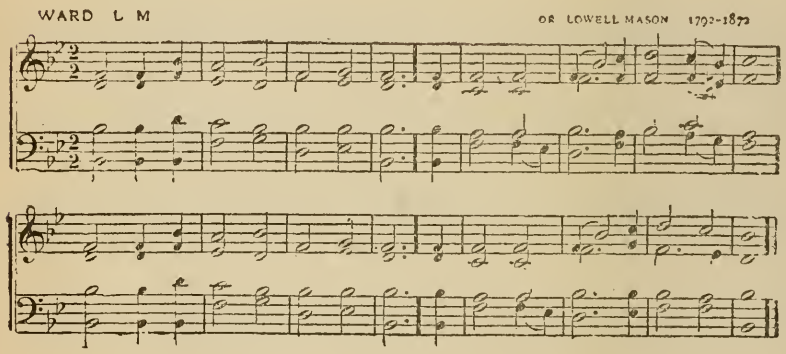
3

"Blest is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight:
My yoke is easy to the neck;
My grace shall make the burden light."

4

Jesus, we come at thy command;
With faith and hope and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

WATTS.



271 L. M.

With tearful eyes I look around;
Life seems a dark and stormy sea,
Yet, 'mid the gloom I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to me."

2

It tells me of a place of rest;
It tells me where my soul may flee:
Oh, to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to me."

3

"Come, for all else must fail and die;
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
To heaven direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy portion; come to me."

4

O voice of mercy, voice of love,
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above;
And gently whisper, "Come to me."

ELLIOTT.

272

L. M.

Life is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

2

Life is the hour that God hath given,
To 'scape from hell and fly to heaven,
The day of grace when mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

3

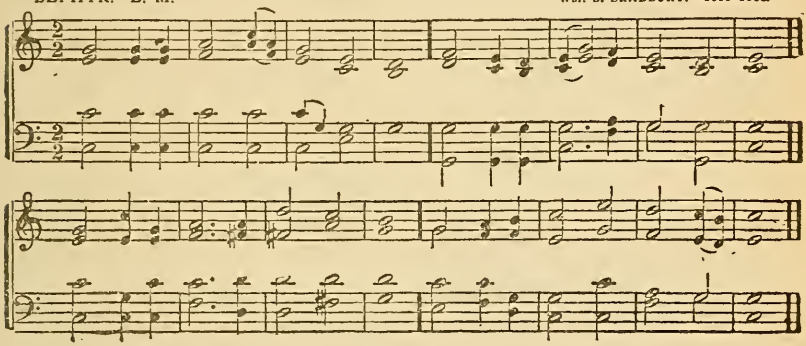
The living know that they must die,
Beneath the clods their dust must lie;
Then have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circle of the sun.

4

Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might, pursue;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith nor hope beneath the ground.

WATTS.

ZEPHYR. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY. 1816-1868.

273

L. M.

While life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah, soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2

Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

3

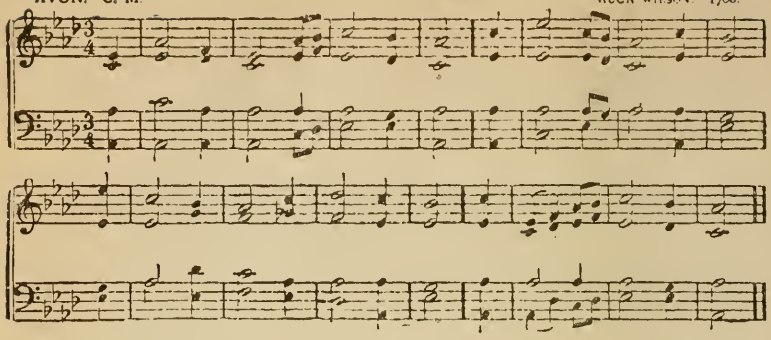
In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

4

While God invites; how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found!

DWIGHT.

AVON. C. M. HUGH WILSON. 1766.



274 C. M.

Ye wretched, hungry starving poor,
Behold a royal feast,
Where Mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.

2

There Jesus stands with open arms,
He calls, he bids you come:
Though guilt restrains, and fear alarms,
Behold there yet is room.

3

Oh, come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope expects the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

4

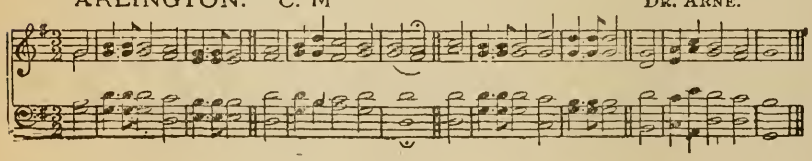
There, with united heart and voice,
Before the eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In songs on earth unknown.

5

And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come;
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
And enter while there's room.

ANNE STEELE.

ARLINGTON. C. M DR. ARNE.



275 C. M.

Amazing sight! the Saviour stands
And knocks at every door;
Ten thousand blessings in his hands,
To satisfy the poor.

2

"Behold," he saith, "I bleed and die
To bring you to my rest:
Hear, sinners, while I'm passing by,
And be forever blest.

3

"Will you despise my bleeding love
And choose thy way to hell?
Or, in the glorious realms above,
With me, forever dwell?

4

"Say, will you hear my gracious voice,
And have your sins forgiven?
Or, will you make that wretched choice
And bar yourselves from heaven?"

276

S. M.

To-morrow, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

2

The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
Oh, make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3

Since on this fleeting hour
Eternity is hung,
Awake, by thy almighty power,
The aged and the young.

4

One thing demands our care;
Oh, be it still pursued,
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

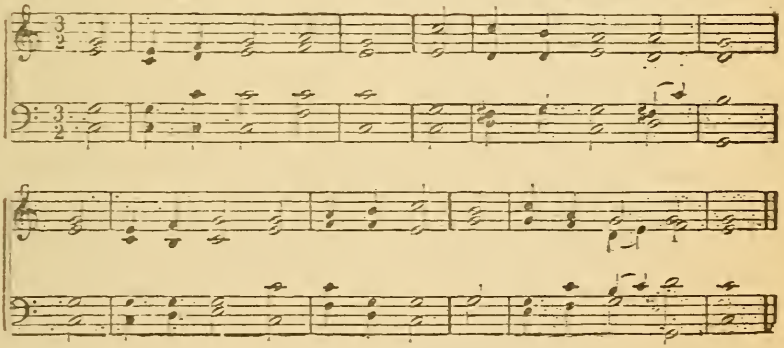
5

To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young, golden beams should die
In sudden, endless night.

DODDRIDGE.

BOYLSTON. S M

DR. LOWELL MASON. 1832.



277

S. M.

Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

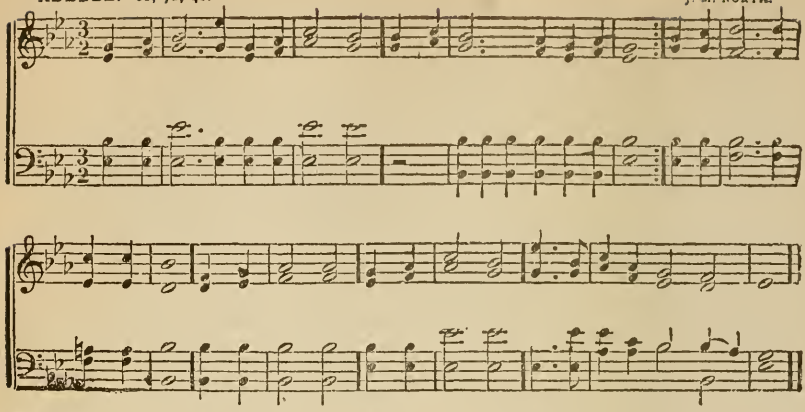
2

The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.

3

He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

BEDDOME.

ADELLE. 8s, 7s, 4s. J. M. NORTH.

278 S. M.

The Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come:"
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims,
To all his children, "Come!"

2

Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come;"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness
To Christ, the fountain come.

3

Yes, whosoever will,
Oh, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4

Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come:"
Lord, even so; we wait thy hour,
O blest Redeemer, come.

ONDERDONK.

279 8s, 7s, 4s.

Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power.
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

2

Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

3

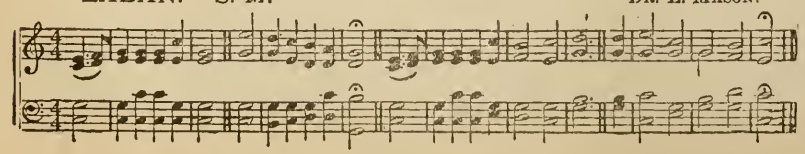
Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him;
Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is finished;"
Sinners will not this suffice?

4

Lo! the incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly;
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

HART.

LABAN. S. M. DR. L. MASON.



280 6s. 4s.

Child of sin and sorrow,
Filled with dismay,
Wait not for to-morrow,
Yield thee to-day.

2

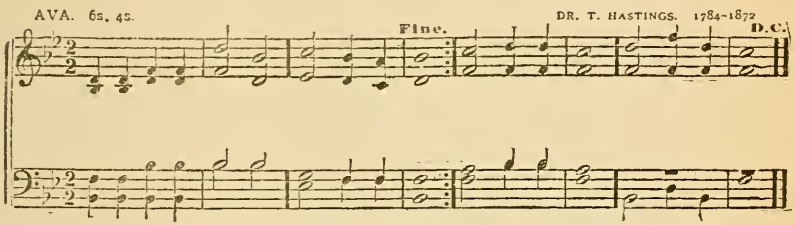
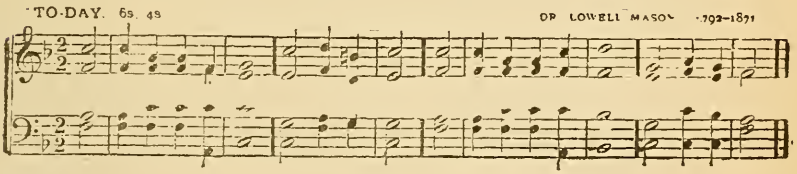
Heaven bids thee come
While yet there's room;
Child of sin and sorrow,
Hear and obey.

3

Child of sin and sorrow,
Why wilt thou die?
Come while thou canst borrow
Help from on high;

4

Grieve not that love
Which from above,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Would bring thee nigh.

HASTINGS.



281 6s, 4s.

To-day the Saviour calls;
Ye wand'rers, come;
O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

2

To-day the Saviour calls:
Oh, hear him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3

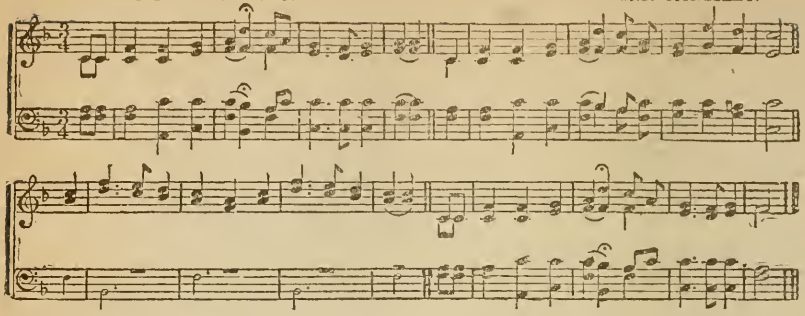
To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4

The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to his power;
Oh, grieve him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour.

SMITH.

KINGSLEY. 11s. GEO. KINGSLEY.



282 11s.

Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here;
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2

Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus thy God?
A fountain is open, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood?

3

Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take his sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

4

Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand,
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade;
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand.
What helper, then, sinner, shall lend thee his aid?

HASTINGS.

283 11s.

Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die,
When God, in great mercy, is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says Come!
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

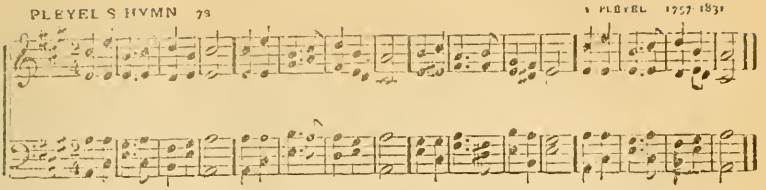
2

How vain the delusion, that while you delay
Your hearts may grow better; your chains melt away!
Come guilty, come wretched, come just as you are;
All helpless and dying, to Jesus repair.

3

The contrite in heart he will freely receive,
Oh, why will you not the glad message believe?
If sin be your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you he makes welcome, he bids you come home.

OCCUM.



284 7s.

When thy mortal life is fled,
When the death-shades o'er thee spread,
When is finished thy career,
Sinner, where wilt thou appear?

2

When the world has passed away,
When draws near the judgment-day,
When the awful trump shall sound,
Say, oh, where wilt thou be found?

3

When the Judge descends in light,
Clothed in majesty and might,
When the wicked quail with fear,
Where, oh, where wilt thou appear?

4

What shall soothe thy bursting heart,
When the saints and thou must part,
When the good with joy are crowned,
Sinner, where wilt thou be found?

5

While the Holy Ghost is nigh,
Quickly to the Saviour fly:
Then shall peace thy spirit cheer:
Then in heaven shalt thou appear.

SMITH.

285 7s.

Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why;
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live.

2

Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why.
Will ye not in him believe?
He has died that ye might live.

3

Will you let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will you slight his grace, and die?

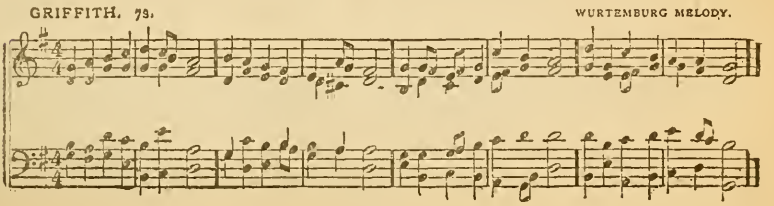
4

Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why.
Often with you has he strove,
Wooed you to embrace his love.

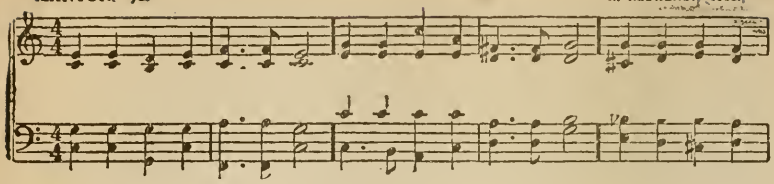
5

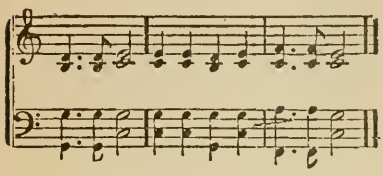
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
O ye dying sinners, why,
Why will you forever die?

WESLEY.



MANTON. 7s. R. REDHEAD, 1820.





286

7s.

Sinner, rouse thee from thy sleep;
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;
Raise thy spirit, dark and dead;
Jesus waits his light to shed.

2

Wake from sleep; arise from death;
See the bright and living path;
Watchful, tread that path; be wise;
Leave the folly, seek the skies.

3

Leave thy folly; cease from crime;
From this hour redeem thy time;
Life secure without delay;
Evil is thy mortal day.

4

Oh, then, rouse thee from thy sleep;
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;
Jesus calls from death and night;
Jesus waits to shed his light.

ONDERDONK.

287

7s.

Haste, O sinner, now be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2

Haste, and mercy now implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest the season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.

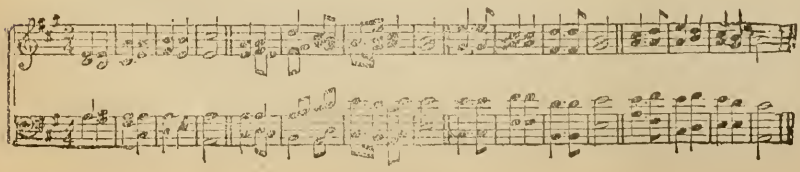
3

Haste, O sinner; now return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4

Haste, O sinner; now be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition the arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

SCOTT.

MILGROVE. 7s.

288

L. M.

Say, sinner, hath a voice within
Oft whispered to secret soul,
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?

2

Sinner, it was a heavenly voice,
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

3

Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard in time the warning kind:
That call thou mayst not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.

4

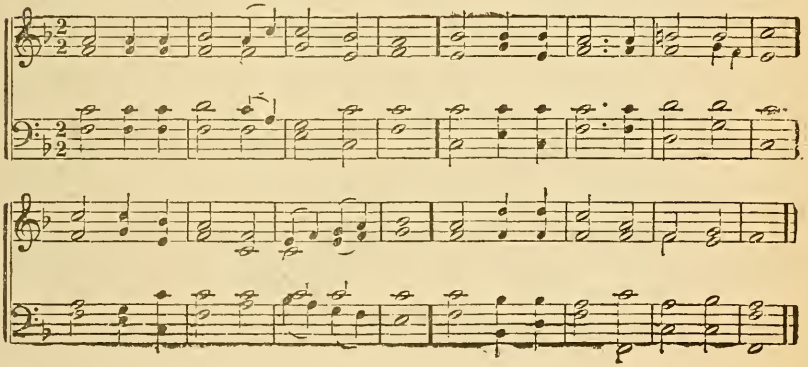
God's spirit will not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying man;
Ye, who persist his love to grieve,
May never hear his voice again.

5

Sinner, perhaps this very day
Thy last accepted time may be;
O shouldst thou grieve him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

ANN B. HYDE.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER. 1800—

289

L. M.

Haste, traveler, haste! the night comes on,
And many a shining hour is gone;
The storm is gathering in the west,
And thou art far from home and rest.

2

O far from home thy footsteps stray;
Christ is the life, and Christ the Way,
And Christ the Light; thy setting sun
Sinks ere thy morning is begun.

3

The rising tempest sweeps the sky;
The rains descend, the winds are high:
The waters swell, and death and fear
Beset thy path, nor refuge near.

4

Then linger not in all the plain,
Flee for thy life, the mountain gain;
Look not behind, make no delay,
O speed thee, speed thee on thy way.

COLLYER.

290 S. M.

And will the mighty God,
Whom heaven cannot contain,
Make me his temple and abode,
And in me live and reign?

2

Come, Spirit of the Lord,
Teacher and heavenly Guide!
Be it according to thy word,
And in my heart reside.

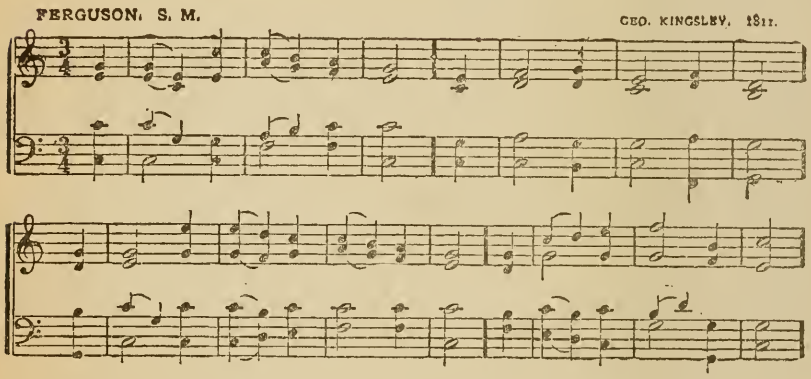
3

O Holy, Holy Ghost!
Prevade this soul of mine:
In me renew thy Pentecost,
Reveal thy power divine!

4

Make it my highest bliss
Thy blessed fruits to know;
Thy joy, and peace, and gentleness,
Goodness and faith to show.

RAWSON.



291 S. M.

And canst thou, sinner, slight
The call of love divine?
Shall God with tenderness invite,
And gain no thought of thine?

2

Wilt thou not cease to grieve
The Spirit from thy breast,
Till he thy wretched soul shall leave
With all thy sins opressed?

3

To-day a pardoning God
Will hear the suppliant pray;
To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood
Will wash thy guilt away.

4

But grace so dearly bought
If yet thou wilt despise,
Thy fearful doom, with sorrow fraught,
Will fill thee with surprise.

MRS. A. B. HYDE

292 S. M.

And will the Judge ascend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?—

2

And from his righteous lips
Shall this dread sentence sound,
And through the millions of the damned
Spread black despair around?—

3

"Depart from me, accursed,
To everlasting flame,
For rebel-angels first prepared,
Where mercy never came."

4

How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face
Astonished, shrink away?

5

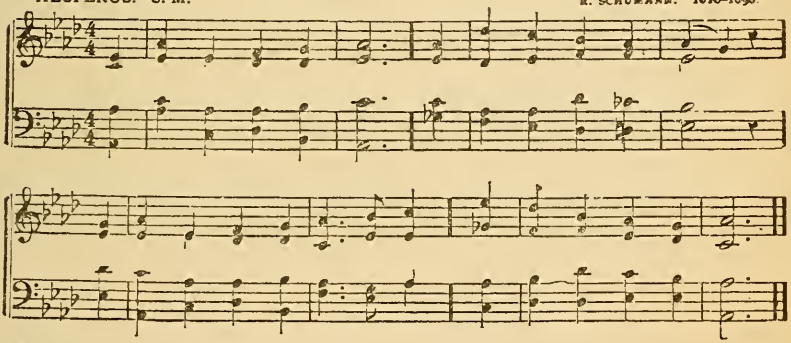
But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark, from the gospel's gentle voice
What joyful tidings spread!

6

Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

DODDRIDGE.

HESPERUS. S. M. R. SCHUMANN. 1810–1856.



293 S. M.

"All things are ready," come,
Come to the supper spread;
Come, rich and poor, come old and young,
Come, and be richly fed.

2

"All things are ready," come,
The invitation's given,
Through Him who now in glory sits
At God's right hand in heaven.

3

"All things are ready," come,
The door is open wide;
O feast upon the love of God,
For Christ, his Son, has died.

4

"All things are ready," come,
To-morrow may not be;
O sinner, come, the Saviour waits
This hour to welcome thee.

MIDLANE.

294 L. M.

With broken heart and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry;
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free;
O God, be merciful to me!

2

I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;
Christ and his cross my only plea:
O God, be merciful to me!

3

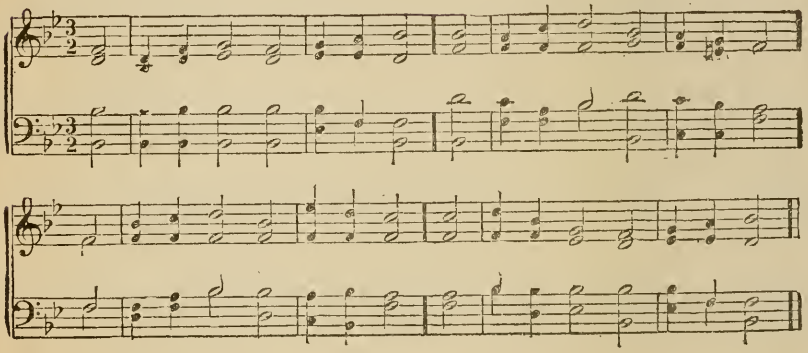
Far off I stand, with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But thou dost all my anguish see:
O God, be merciful to me!

4

And when redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God hath been merciful to me!

ELVEN.

HEBRON. L. M. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792-1872.



295 L. M.

Jesus, the sinner's friend, to thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee;
Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Open thine arms and take me in.

2

Pity and save my ruined soul,
'Tis thou alone canst make me whole,
Dark, till in me thine image shine,
And lost I am till thou art mine.

3

At last, I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for thee:
Here, then, to thee I all resign;
Thine is the work, and only thine.

4

What can I say thy grace to move?
Lord, I am sin,—but thou art love:
I give up every plea beside—
Lord, I am lost,—but thou hast died!

WESLEY.

296 L. M.

Show pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2

My crimes, though great, cannot surpass
The power and glory of thy grace:
Great God, thy nature hath no bound
So let thy pardoning love be found.

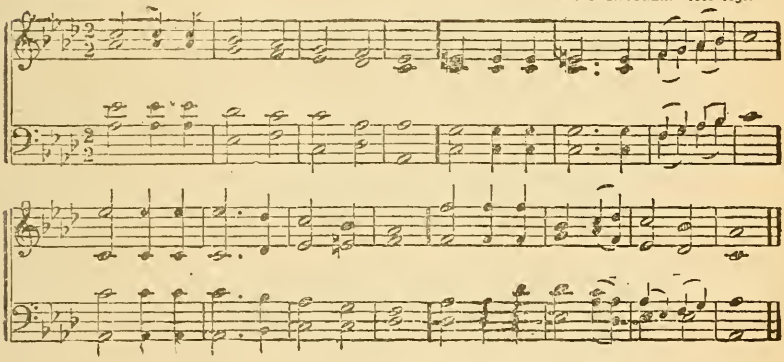
3

Oh, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean
Here, on my heart, the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

4

Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

WATTS.

GROSTETTE. L. M. H. W. GREATOREX. 1811-1858.

297 L. M.

A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring:
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

2

My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

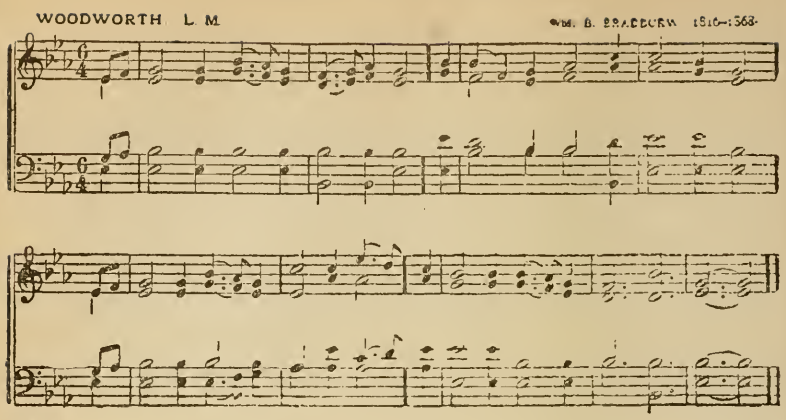
3

Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

4

Oh, may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

WATTS.



298 8s, 6s.

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

2

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

3

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4

Just as I am,—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee I find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5

Just as I am,—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6

Just as I am,—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

ELLIOTT.

299 L. M.

Oh, for a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn heart away,
And melt, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine!

2

The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
The seas can roar; the mountains shake
Of feeling, all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3

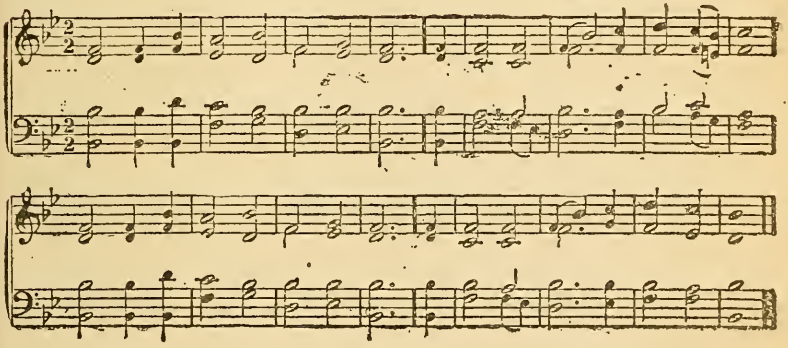
But power divine can do the deed;
And, Lord, that power I greatly need;
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt and change this heart of mine.

4

O Breath of life, breathe on my soul!
On me let streams of mercy roll;
Now melt, with rays of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

HART.

WARD. L. M. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1830



300 L. M.

Return, my wandering soul, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by redeeming grace.

2

Return, my wandering soul, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His heavenly balm shall heal thy smart.

3

Return, my wandering soul, return,
Thy dying Saviour bids thee live;
Go, view his bleeding side, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4

Return, my wandering soul, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn;"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

COLLYER.

301 C. M.

Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2

Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

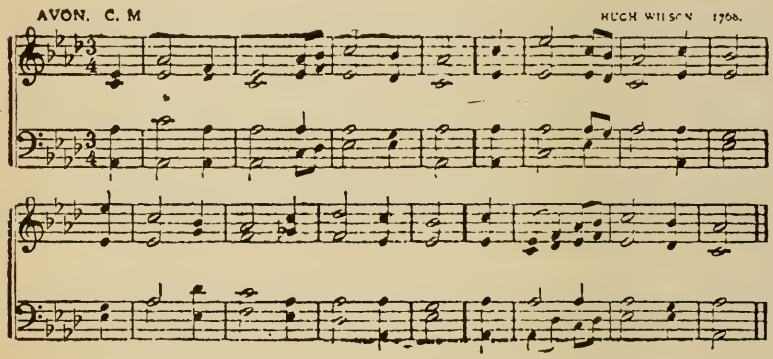
3

Bowed down beneath a load of sin;
By Satan sorely prest,
By war without, and fear within,
I come to thee for rest.

4

Be thou my Shield and Hiding-place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, thou hast died.

NEWTON.



302 C. M.

Dearest of all the names above,
My Saviour and my God,
Who can resist thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?

2

'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father smiles again;
'Tis by thy interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.

3

Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.

4

But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy, begin;
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sin.

WATTS.

303 C. M.

In evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopped my wild career.

2

I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood;
He fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3

Oh, never, till my latest breath,
Shall I forget that look!
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

4

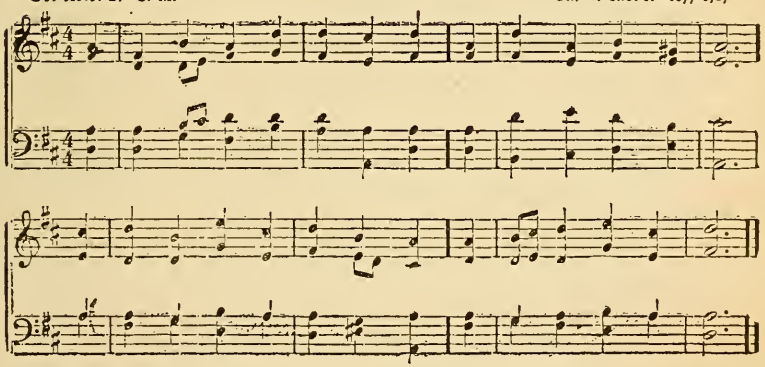
A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou mayst live."

5

Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

NEWTON.

ST. ANN'S. C. M. DR. W. CROFT. 1677-1727.



304 C. M.

Father, I stretch my hands to thee;
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah, whither shall I go?

2

What did thine only Son endure
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death!

3

Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes;
Oh, may I now receive that gift!
My soul, without it, dies.

WESLEY.

305 S. M.

And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away,
And Jesus to receive?

2

Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conquerer.

3

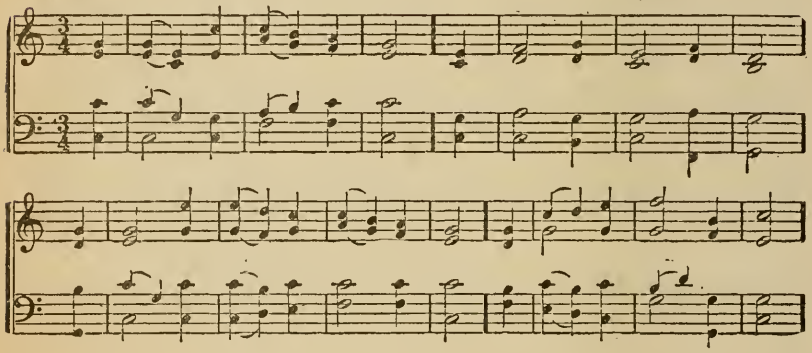
Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all resign;
Gracious Redeemer, take, oh, take,
And seal me ever thine!

4

My one desire be this,
The only love to know;
Freely to yield all other bliss,
All other good below.

WESLEY.

FERGUSON. S. M. GEO. KINGSLEY. 1811.



306 S. M.

Jesus, my Lord, attend
Thy feeble creature's cry;
And show thyself the sinner's Friend,
And set me up on high.

2

From hell's oppressive power
My struggling soul release,
And to thy Father's grace restore,
And to thy perfect peace.

3

Rivers of life divine
From thee, their fountain, flow;
And all who know that love of thine,
The joy of angel's know.

4

That thou cans't here forgive
Grant me to testify;
And justified by faith to love,
And in that faith to die.

WESLEY.

307

C. M.

Prostrate, dear Jesus, at thy feet,
A guilty rebel lies,
And upward to thy mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2

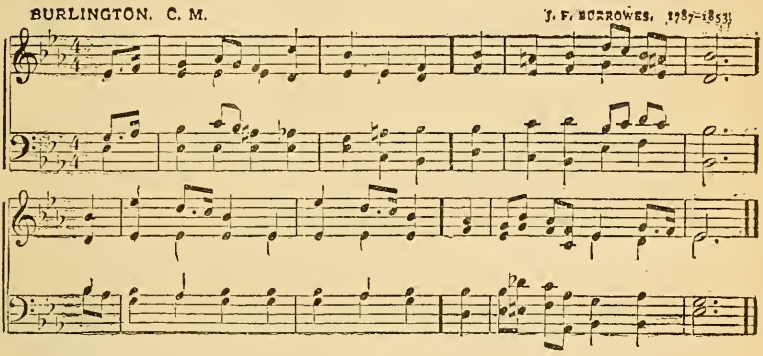
If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

3

But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears but those which thou hast shed,
No blood but thou hast spilt.

4

Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
And all my sins forgive;
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

STENNET.

308

C. M.

O that I knew the secret place
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

2

I'd tell him how my sins arise;
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays, and comfort dies
And leaves my heart in pain.

3

He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God;
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.

4

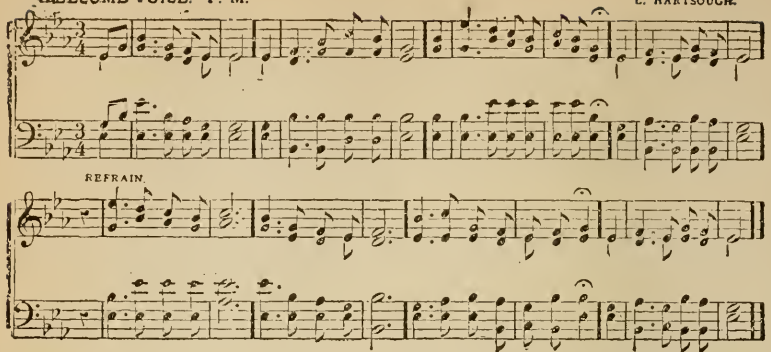
My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones;
He takes the meanings of his saints,
The language of their groans.

5

Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

WATTS.

WELCOME VOICE. P. M. L. HARTSOUGH.



309

P. M.

I hear thy welcome voice,
That calls me, Lord to thee,
For cleansing in thy precious blood,
That flowed on Calvary.

Ref.—I am coming, Lord!
Coming now to thee!
Wash me, cleanse me in thy blood
That flowed on Calvary!

2

Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strengh assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.

3

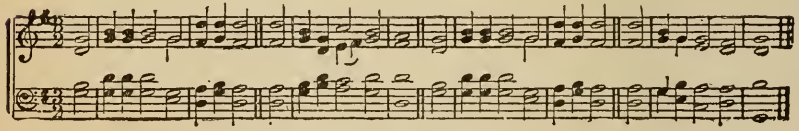
'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love;
To perfect hope and peace and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

4

All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness!

HARTSOUGH.

MARLOW. C. M. DR. L. MASON.



310

C. M.

I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2

Jesus, my God, I know his name;
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame
Nor let my hope be lost.

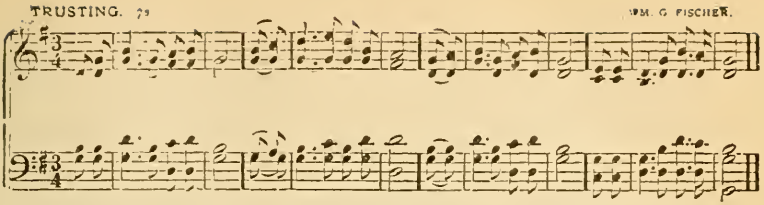
3

Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4

Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

WATTS.



311 7s.

I am coming to the cross;
I am poor and weak and blind;
I am counting all but dross;
I shall full salvation find.

Ref.—I am trusting, Lord, in thee,
Dear Lamb of Calvary,
Humbly at the cross I bow;
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2

Long my heart has sighed for thee;
Long has evil dwelt within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me:
I will cleanse you from all sin.

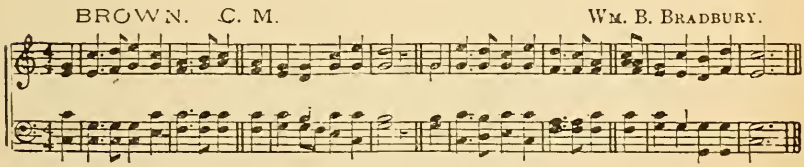
3

Here I give my all to thee,—
Friends and time and earthly store
Soul and body, thine to be—
Wholly thine for evermore.

4

In the promises I trust;
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.

McDONALD.



312 C. M.

O Jesus, King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned,
Thou sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found!

2

When once thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.

3

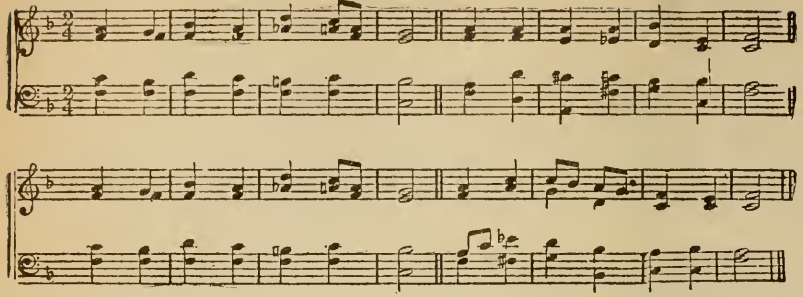
O Jesus, Light of all below,
Thou Fount of living fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire.

4

Jesus, may all confess thy name,
Thy wondrous love adore;
And, seeking thee, themselves inflame,
To seek thee more and more.

CASWALL.

SEYMOUR. 7s. GREATOREX.



313 7s.

Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear,
And the chief of sinners spare?

2

I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hear his gracious calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3

Jesus, answer from above:
Is not all thy nature love?
Wilt thou not the wrong forget?
Lo, I fall before thy feet.

4

Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my fall lament;
Deeply my revolt deplore;
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

WESLEY.

314 7s.

God of mercy, God of grace,
Hear our sad, repentant songs;
O restore thy suppliant race,
Thou, to whom our praise belongs.

2

Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent;—

3

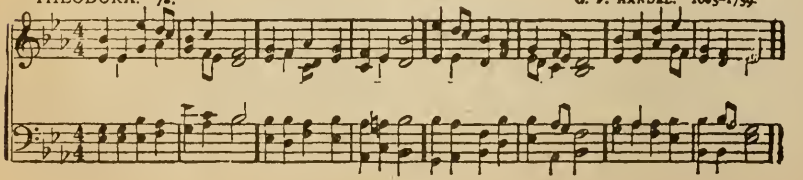
Foolish fears and fond desires,
Vain regret for things as vain;
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain;—

4

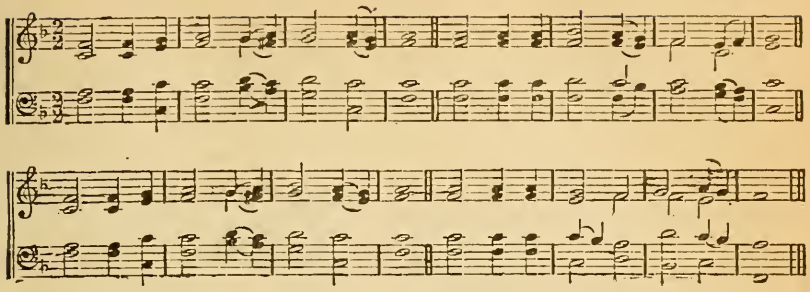
These, and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame, we own;
Humbled at thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from thy throne.

TAYLOR.

THEODORA. 7s. G. F. HANDEL. 1685-1759.



HAMBURG. L. M. GREGORIAN.



315 L. M.

O thou that hearest when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

2

Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3

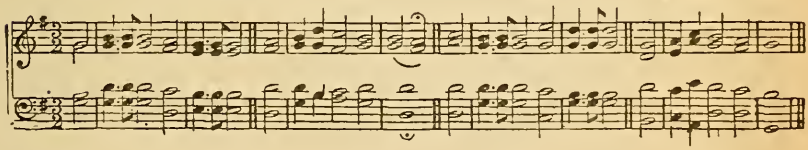
I can not live without thy light,
Cast out and banish from thy sight;
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4

Tho' I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford,
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

WATTS.

ARLINGTON. C. M DR. ARNE.



316 C. M.

Come, happy souls, approach your God
With new melodious songs:
Come, render to Almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.

2

So strange, so boundless was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.

3

Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd,
With a revenging rod,
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God.

4

But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.

5

Here, sinner, you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry:
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.

WATTS.

317 C. M.

I know that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me;
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.

2

I find him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.

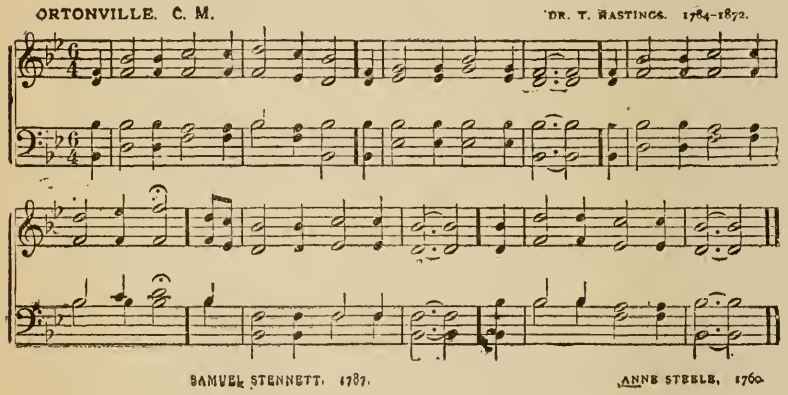
3

He wills that I should holy be;
What can withstand his will?
The counsel of his grace in me
He surely shall fulfill.

4

Jesus, I hang upon thy word;
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.

WESLEY.



318 C. M.

I know that my Redeemer lives;
He lives, who once was dead;
To me in grief he comfort gives;
With peace he crowns my head.

2

He lives, triumphant o'er the grave,
At God's right hand on high;
My ransomed soul to keep and save,
To bless and glorify.

3

He lives, that I may also live,
And now his grace proclaim;
He lives, that I may honor give
To his most holy name.

4

Let strains of heavenly music rise,
While all their anthem sing
To Christ, my precious sacrifice,
And ever-living King.

WESLEY.

319 L. M.

Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,—
He, whom I fixed my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.
The way the holy prophets went—
The way that leads from banishment—
The King's highway of holiness—
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

2

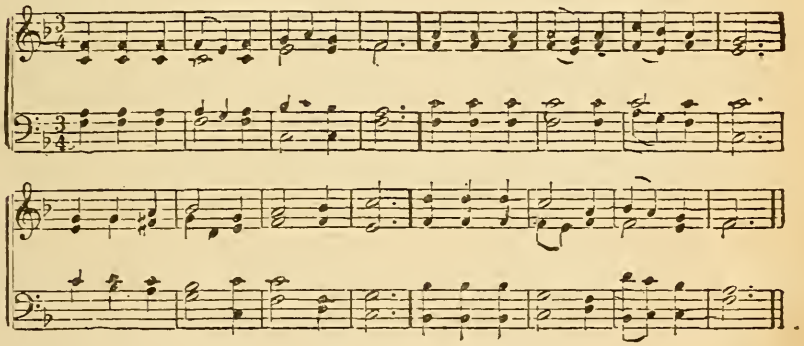
This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not?
My grief, my burden long has been,
Because I could not cease from sin.
The more I strove against its power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard the Saviour say:
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

3

Lo! glad I come; and thou, dear Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am.
My sinful self to thee I give:
Nothing but love shall I receive.
Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say—Behold the way to God.

JOHN CENNICK.

HURSLEY. L. M.



320 L. M.

No more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.

2

Now, for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain, I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

3

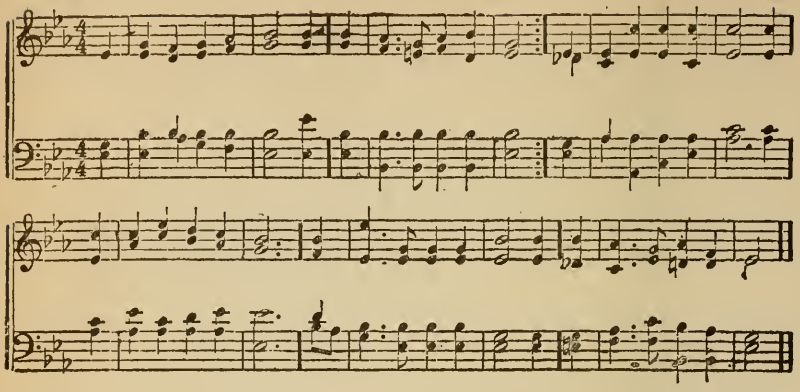
Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
Oh, may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake.

4

The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne:
But faith can answer thy demands
By pleading what my Lord has done.

WATTS.

SELBORNE. 7s, 6s. D. Arr. from an Old Melody



321 7s, 6s. D.

I need thee, precious Jesus,
For I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within:
I need the cleansing fountain
Where I can always flee,
The blood of Christ most precious;
The sinner's perfect plea.

2

I need thee, blessed Jesus,
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store:
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on the way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

3

I need thee, blessed Jesus;
I need a friend like thee,—
A friend to soothe and pity,
A friend to care for me.
I need the heart of Jesus
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trial,
And all my sorrows share.

WHITFIELD.

322 7s, 6s. D.

Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings:
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing in his wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining
To cheer it after rain.

2

In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new.
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say:
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

3

It can bring with it nothing
But he will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe his people too.
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.

COWPER

323 S. M.

While my Redeemer's near,
My Shepherd and my Guide,
I bid farewell to anxious fear:
My wants are all supplied.

2

To ever-fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.

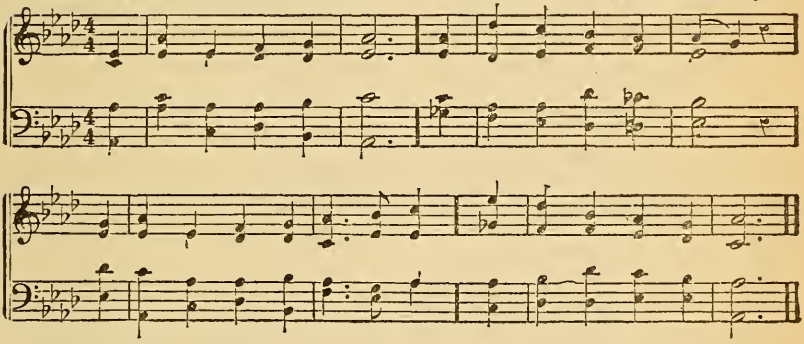
3

Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wandering feet restore;
To thy fair pastures guide my way.
And let me rove no more.

4

Unworthy, as I am,
Of thy protecting care,
Jesus, I plead thy gracious name,
For all my hopes are there.

ANNE STEELE.

HESPERUS. S. M. R. SCHUMANN. 1810–1856.

324 S. M.

I lift my soul to God,
My trust is in his name;
Let not my foes that seek my blood
Still triumph in my shame.

2

From the first dawning light
Till the dark evening rise,
For thy salvation, Lord! I wait
With ever-longing eyes.

3

Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth;
Forgive the sins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.

4

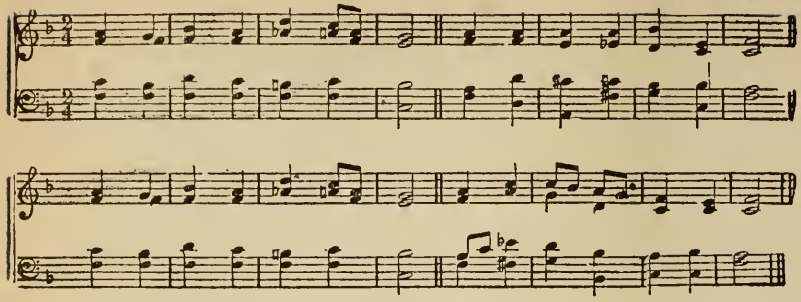
The Lord is just and kind;
The meek shall learn his ways,
And every humble sinner find
The methods of his grace.

5

For his own goodness' sake
He saves my soul from shame;
He pardons, though my guilt be great,
Through my Redeemer's name.

WATTS.

SEYMOUR 7s. GREATOREX.



325 7s.

Simply trusting every day,
Trusting through a stormy way;
Even when my faith is small,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

2

Brightly doth his Spirit shine
Into this poor heart of mine;
While he leads I cannot fall;
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

3

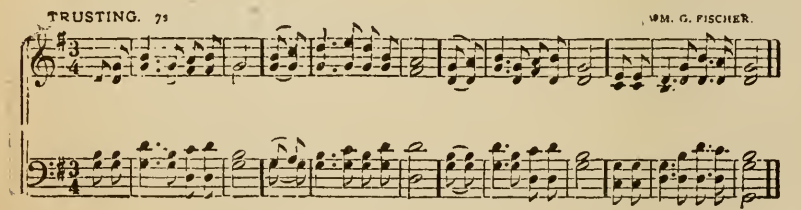
Singing, if my way is clear;
Praying, if the path is drear;
If in danger, for him call:
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

4

Trusting him while life shall last,
Trusting him till earth is past;
Till within the jasper wall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

EDGAR PAGE.

TRUSTING. 7s WM. G. FISCHER.



326 7s.

Jesus is our common Lord,
He our loving Saviour is:
By his death to life restored,
Mis'ry we exchange for bliss,—

2

Bliss to carnal minds unknown:
O 'tis more than tongue can tell!
Only to believers shown,
Glorious and unspeakable.

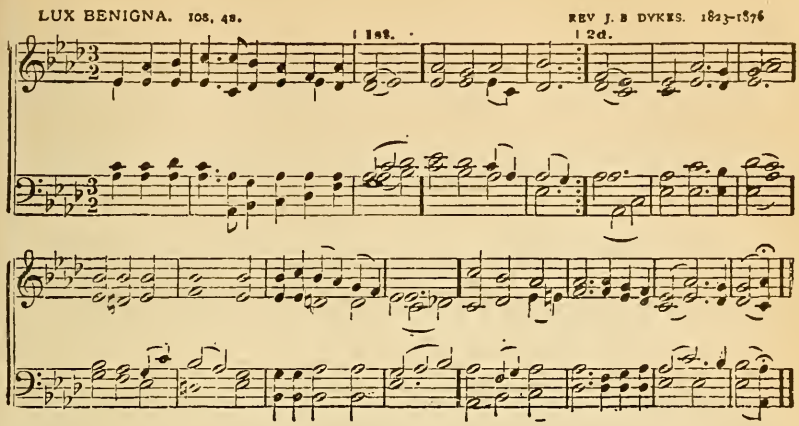
3

Christ, our Brother and our Friend,
Shows us his eternal love:
Never shall our triumphs end,
Till we take our seats above.

4

Let us walk with him in white;
For our bridal day prepare,
For our partnership in light,
For our glorious meeting there.

WESLEY.



327 10s, 4s.

Lead, kindly Light! amid th' encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead thou me on;
Keep thou my feet: I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

2

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on:
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.

3

So long thy power has blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angels faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

328 C. M.

Give me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2

Once they were mourning here below,
And bathed their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as they do now,
With sins and doubts and fears.

3

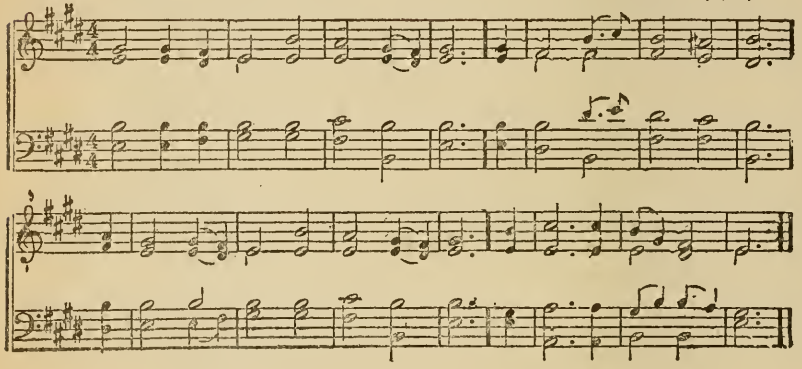
I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb;
Their triumph to his death.

4

They marked the footsteps that he trod;
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possessed the promised rest.

WATTS.

HAVEN. C. M. DR. T. HASTINGS. 1784–1872.



329 C. M.

Jesus, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of thine;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed face and mine.

2

I see thee not, I hear thee not,
Yet art thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot
As where I met with thee.

3

Like some bright dream that comes unsought
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

4

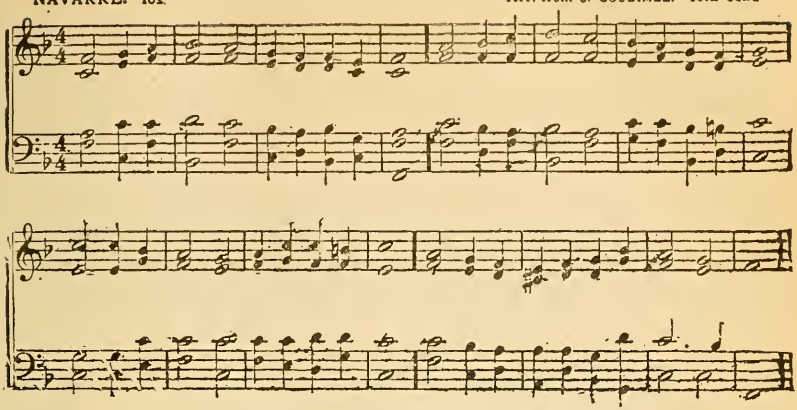
Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love thee, dearest Lord, and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

5

When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall thee reveal,
All-glorious as thou art.

PALMER.

NAVARRE. 10s. Arr. from C. GOUDIMEL. 16th cent.



330 10s.

Weary of earth, and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven and long to enter in;
But there no evil thing may find a home;
And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."

2

Sinful I am; how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

3

It is the voice of Jesus that I hear;
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And his the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

4

O great Absolver! grant my soul may wear
The lowliest of penitence and prayer,
That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of thy righteousness.

STONE.

331 S. M.

Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake.

2

Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

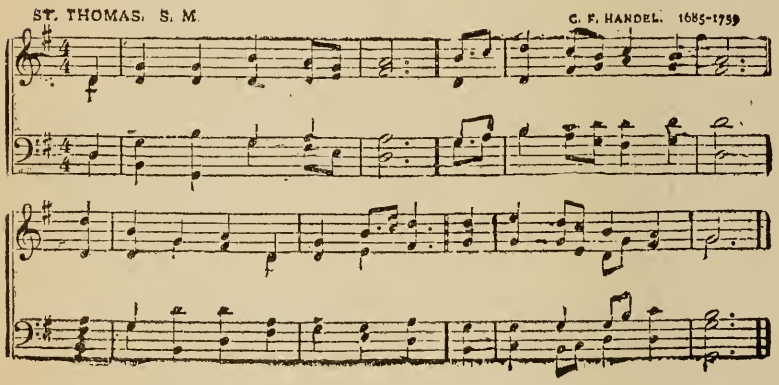
3

His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

4

When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.

TOPLADY.



332 S. M.

My spirit on thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For thou art love divine.

2

In thee I place my trust;
On thee I calmly rest:
I know thee good, I know thee just,
And count thy choice the best.

3

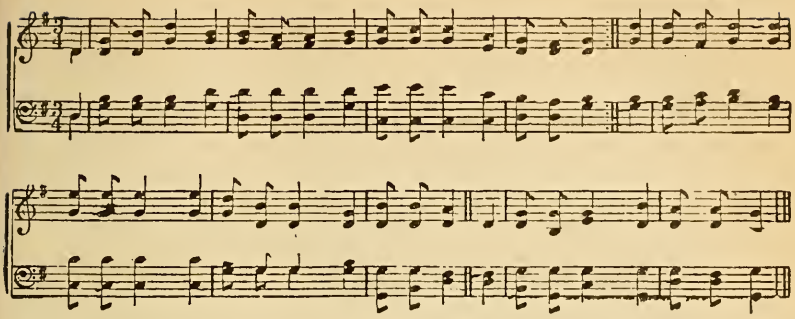
Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4

Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me,—
Secure of having thee in all,
Of having all in thee.

LYTE.

SOLID ROCK. L. M. 6 lines. WM. B. BRADBURY



333 L. M. 6l.

My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

2

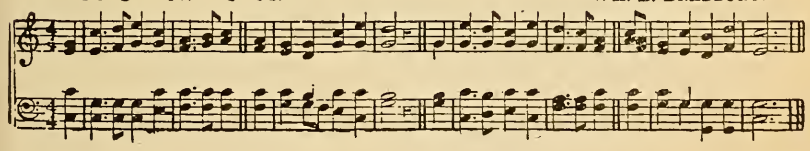
When darkness veils his lovely face,
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

3

His oath, his covenant and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood:
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

MOTE.

BROWN. C. M. WM. B. BRADBURY.



334 C. M.

Blest Jesus, while in mortal flesh
I hold my frail abode,
Still would my spirit rest on thee,
My Saviour and my God.

2

On thy dear cross I fix my eyes,
Then raise them to thy seat;
Till love dissolves my inmost soul,
At my Redeemer's feet.

3

Be dead, my heart to worldly charms
Be dead to every sin;
And tell the boldest foe without,
That Jesus reigns within.

DODDRIDGE.

335 L. M.

Fountain of grace, rich, full, and free,
What need I that is not in thee,
Full pardon, strength to meet the day,
And peace which none can take away.

2

Doth sickness fill the heart with fear?
'Tis sweet to know that thou art near
Am I with dread of justice tried?
'Tis sweet to feel that Christ hath died.

3

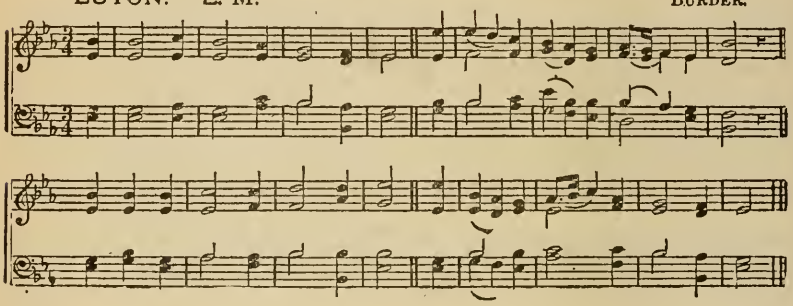
In life, thy promises of aid
Forbid my heart to be afraid;
In death, peace gently veils the eyes;
Christ rose, and I shall surely rise.

4

O all-sufficient Saviour! be
This all-sufficiency to me;
Nor pain nor death nor sin can harm
The weakest shielded by thine arm.

EDMESTON.

LUTON. L. M. BURDER.



336 L. M.

Trembling before thine awful throne,
O Lord! in dust my sins I own:
Justice and mercy for my life
Contend; oh, smile and heal the strife!

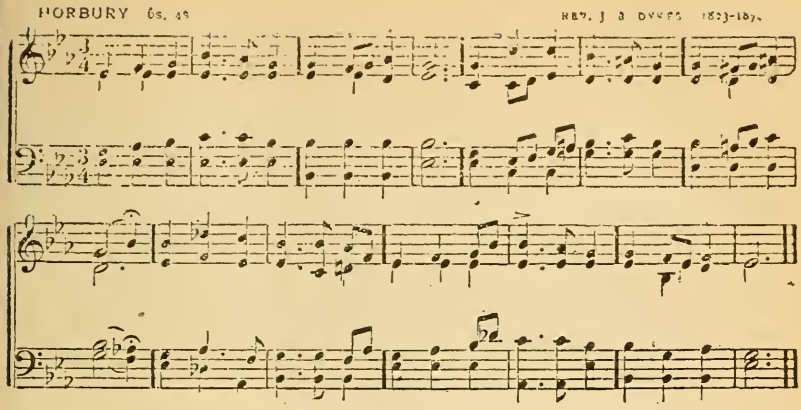
2

The Saviour smiles! upon my soul
New tides of hope tumultuous roll;
His voice proclaims my pardon found
Seraphic transport wings the sound.

3

Earth has a joy unknown in heaven,
The new-born peace of sin forgiven!
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Ye angels, never dimmed your sight.

HILLHOUSE.



337 6s, 4s.

More love to thee, O Christ,
More love to thee!
Hear thou the prayer I make,
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

2

Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now thee alone I seek,
Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

3

Then shall my latest breath
Whisper thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee.

ELIZABETH PRENTISS.

338 6s, 4s.

Jesus, thy name I love,
All other names above,
Jesus, my Lord.
O, thou art all to me;
Nothing to please I see,
Nothing apart from thee,
Jesus, my Lord.

2

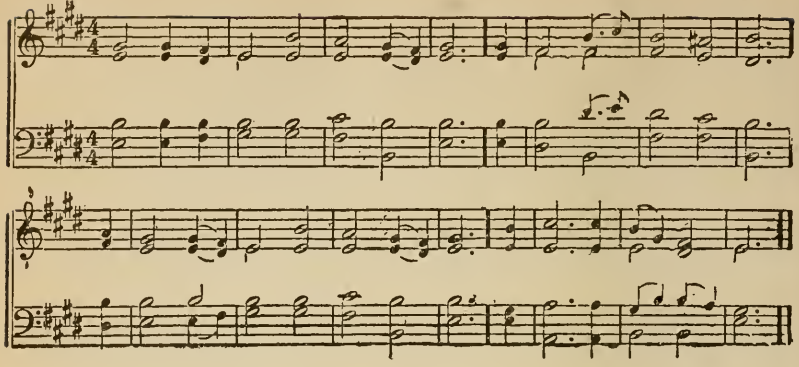
Thou, blessed Son of God,
Hast bought me with thy blood,
Jesus, my Lord.
O, wondrous is thy love,
All other loves above,
Love that I daily prove,
Jesus, my Lord.

3

When unto thee I flee,
Thou wilt my refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord.
What need I now to fear?
What earthly grief or care,
Since thou art ever near?
Jesus, my Lord.

DECK.

HAVEN. C. M. DR. T. HASTINGS. 1784-1872.



339 C. M.

I love the Lord: he heard my cries,
And pitied every groan:
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.

2

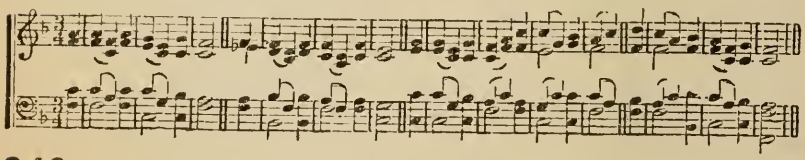
I love the Lord: he bowed his ear,
And chased my grief away:
Oh, let my heart no more despair,
While I have breath to pray.

3

The Lord beheld me sore distressed;
He bade my pains remove;
Return, my soul, to God, thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.

WATTS.

DENNIS. S. M.



340 S. M.

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2

Before our father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3

We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4

When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

FAWCETT.

341 L. M. 61.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

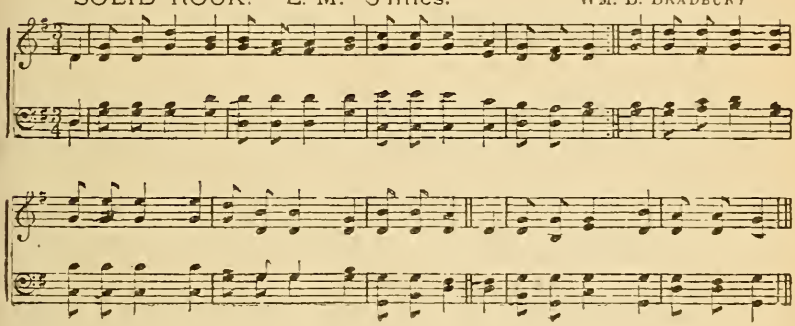
2

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly rod shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

SOLID ROCK. L. M. 3 lines. WM. B. BRADBURY



342 L. M. 61.

When first o'erwhelmed with sin and shame,
To Jesus' cross I trembling came,
Burden'd with guilt and full of fear,
Yet drawn by love, I ventured near,
And pardon found, and peace with God,
In Jesus' rich atoning blood.

2

My sin is gone, my fear is o'er,
I shun his presence now no more;
He sits upon the throne of grace,
He bids me boldly seek his face;
Sprinkled upon the throne of God,
I see that rich atoning blood.

3

Before his face my Priest appears,
My Advocate the Father hears;
That precious blood, before his eyes,
Both day and night for mercy cries;
It speaks, it ever speaks to God,
The voice of that atoning blood.

4

Here I can rest without a fear:
By this, to God I now draw near;
By this, I triumph over sin,
For this has made and keeps me clean;
And when I reach the throne of God,
I'll praise that rich atoning blood.

343

C. M.

Oh, gift of gifts! Oh, grace of faith!
My God! how can it be
That thou, who hast discerning love,
Shouldst give that gift to me?

2

How many hearts thou might'st have had
More innocent than mine!
How many souls more worthy far
Of that sweet touch of thine!

3

Ah, grace! into unlikeliest hearts
It is thy boast to come,
The glory of thy light to find
In darkest spots a home.

4

The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross,
Seem trifles less than light:
Earth looks so little and so low
When faith shines full and bright.

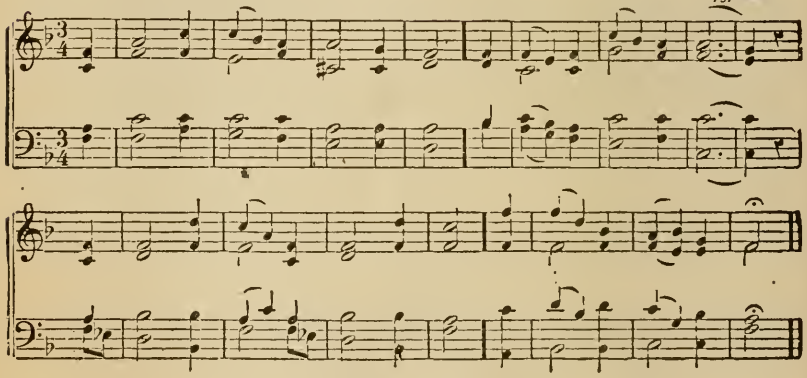
5

Oh, happy, happy that I am!
If thou canst be, O faith,
The treasure that thou art in life,
What wilt thou be in death?

FABER.

SALZBURGH. C. M.

M. HAYDN 1737-1806.



344

C. M.

How happy is the Christian's state!
His sins are all forgiven;
A cheering ray confirms the grace,
And lifts his hopes to heaven.

2

Though, in the rugged path of life
He heaves the pensive sigh,
Yet, trusting in the Lord he finds
Supporting grace is nigh.

3

If, to prevent his wandering steps,
He feels the chastening rod,
The gentle stroke shall bring him back
To his forgiving God.

4

And when the welcome message comes,
To call his soul away,
His soul in raptures will ascend
To everlasting day.

HUDSON.

345 C. M

A mind at perfect peace with God,
Oh, what a word is this!
A sinner, reconciled through blood,
This, this indeed is peace.

2

By nature and by practice far,
How very far from God!
Yet now, by grace, brought nigh to him,
Through faith in Jesus' blood.

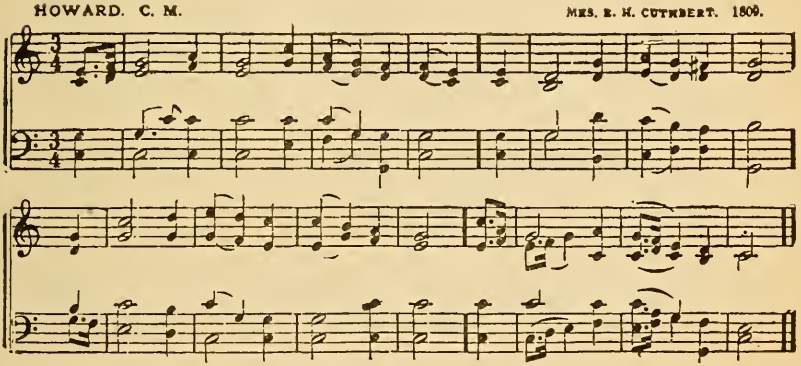
3

So nigh, so very nigh to God,
I cannot nearer be;
For in the person of his Son,
I am as near as he.

4

So dear, so very dear to God,
More dear I cannot be;
The love wherewith he loves the Son,
Such is his love to me.

PAGET.

HOWARD. C. M. MRS. E. H. CUTHBERT. 1809.

346 C. M.

O Lord, if in the book of life
My worthless name shall stand,
In fairest characters inscribed
By thine unerring hand,—

2

Then I to thee in sweetest strains,
Will grateful anthems raise;
But life's too short, my powers too weak,
To utter half thy praise.

3

Had I ten thousand thousand tongues,
Not one should silent be;
Had I ten thousand thousand hearts,
I'd give them all to thee.

BEDDOME.

347 S. M.

Blest are the pure in heart,
For they shall see their God:
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is Christ's abode.

2

The Lord, who left the heavens,
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their pattern and their King;

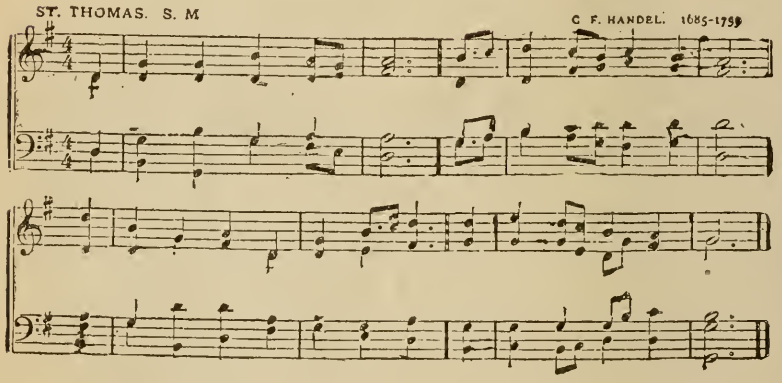
3

Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his dwelling and his throne,
Chooseth the pure in heart.

4

Lord, we thy presence seek;
May ours this blessing be:
Oh, give the pure and lowly heart
A temple meet for thee.

KEBLE.



348 S. M.

Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2

Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3

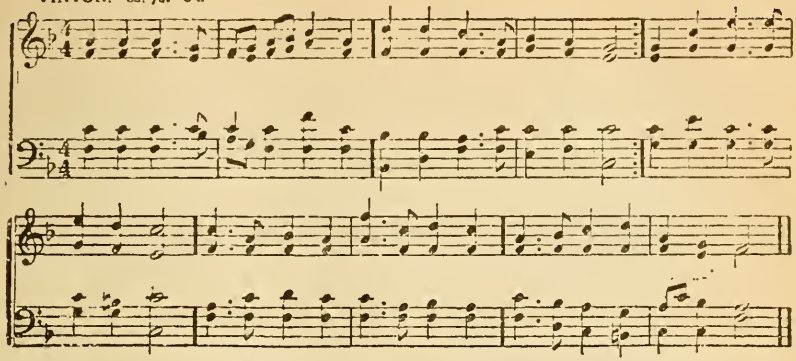
The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

4

Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

WATTS.

VINTON. 8s. 7s. 6 l.



349 8s, 7s. 6l.

Allelulia! song of gladness,
Voice of everlasting joy:
Allelulia! sound the sweetest
Heard among the choirs on high;
Chanting in his holy presence
Joy and praise eternally.

2

Allelulia! oh, how faintly
Mortal tongues its raptures raise!
Here our joy is mixed with sadness,
Clouding oft our brightest days;
Here our sweetest songs can never
Give to Jesus worthy praise.

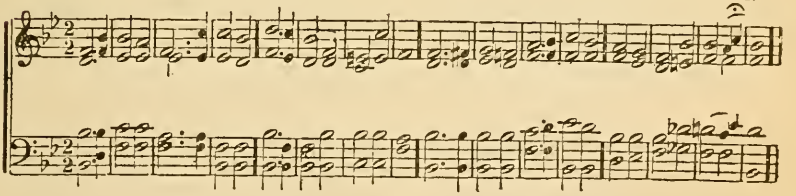
3

But our earnest supplication,
Holy God, we raise to thee;
Bring us to thy blissful presence,
Make us all thy joys to see;
Then we'll sing our hallelujah,—
Sing to all eternity.

13th Century.

ADORATION. 8s, 7s.

W. H. DOANE.



350 8s. 7s.

Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life and health and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2

Love and grief, my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

3

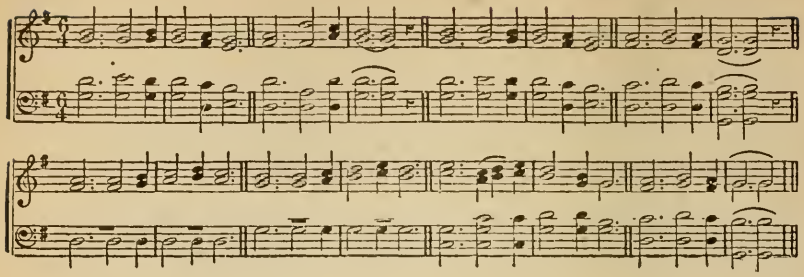
Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in his gracious eye.

4

Here I'll sit, forever viewing
Mercy streaming in his blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead, and claim my peace with God.

JAMES ALLEN. Alt. by WALTER SHIRLEY.

JESUS IS MINE. 6s & 4s. WM. B. BRADBURY.



351 6s, 4s.

Now I have found a Friend,
Jesus is mine;
Whose love shall never end,
Jesus is mine;
Though earthly joys decrease,
Though human friendship cease,
Now I have lasting peace,
Jesus is mine.

2

Though I grow poor and old,
Jesus is mine;
He will my faith uphold,
Jesus is mine;
He shall my wants supply,
His precious blood is nigh,
Naught can my hope destroy,
Jesus is mine!

3

When earth shall pass away,
Jesus is mine;
In the great judgment day,
Jesus is mine;
Oh, what a glorious thing,
Then to behold my King,
On tuneful harp to sing,
Jesus is mine.

4

Father, thy name I bless,
Jesus is mine;
Thine was the sovereign grace,
Jesus is mine:
Spirit of holiness,
Sealing the Father's grace,
Thou mad'st my soul embrace
Jesus is mine.

HOPE.

352 6s, 4s.

Fade, fade each earthly joy,
Jesus is mine;
Break every tender tie,
Jesus is mine.
Dark is the wilderness,
Earth has no resting place,
Jesus alone can bless,
Jesus is mine.

2

Tempt not my soul away,
Jesus is mine;
Here would I ever stay,
Jesus is mine.
Perishing things of clay
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away;
Jesus is mine.

3

Farewell, ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine;
Lost in this dawning bright,
Jesus is mine.
All that my soul has tried
Left but a dismal void;
Jesus has satisfied:
Jesus is mine.

CATHARINE BONAR.

353

C. M.

Thou art my portion, O my God;
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.

2

I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

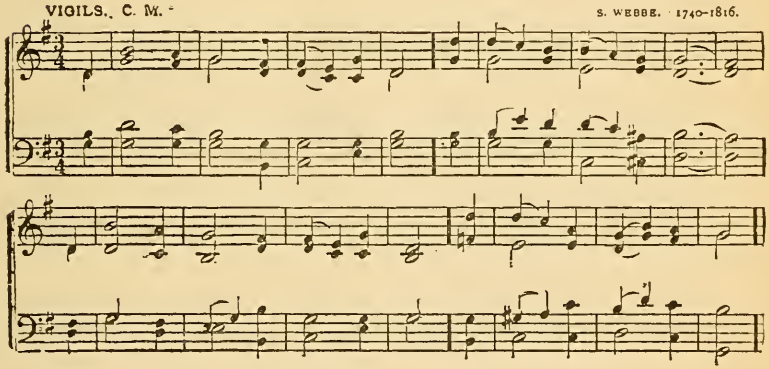
3

Thy precepts and thy heavenly grace
I set before mine eyes;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

4

Now I am thine, forever thine;
Oh, save thy servant, Lord;
Thou art my shield, my hiding-place;
My hope is in thy word.

WATTS.



354

C. M.

How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven;
"This earth," he cries, "is not my place,
I seek my home in heaven.

2

"A country far from mortal sight—
Yet, oh, by faith, I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me."

3

Oh, what a blessed hope is ours,
While here on earth we stay!
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day.

4

We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

WESLEY.

355 7s.

Hark, my soul, it is the Lord;
'Tis the Saviour; hear his word:
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

2

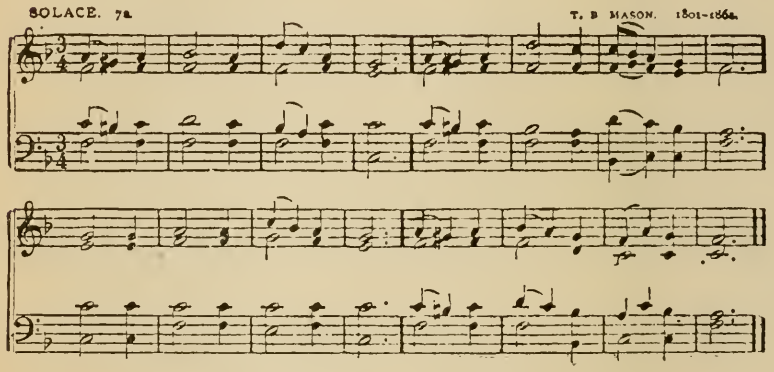
"I delivered thee when bound,
And, when wounded, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3

"Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death."

4

Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore;
Oh, for grace to love thee more!



356 7s.

Thine forever! God of love,
Hear us from thy throne above,
Thine forever may we be,
Here and in eternity.

2

Thine forever! oh, how blest
They who find in thee their rest;
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
Oh, defend us to the end.

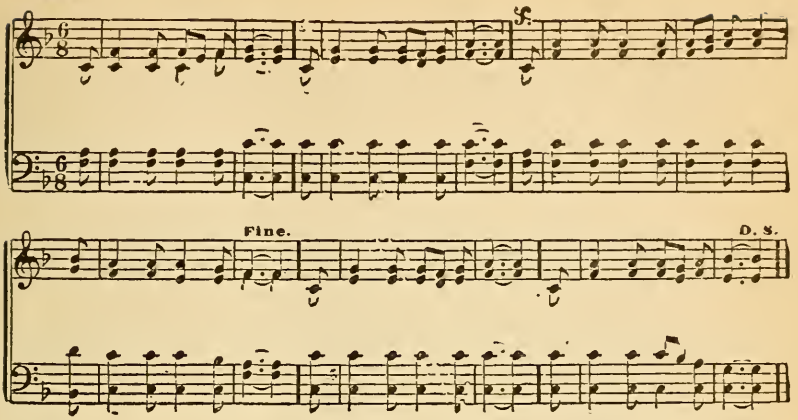
3

Thine forever! Saviour, keep,
These thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath thy care,
Let us all thy goodness share.

4

Thine forever! thou our Guide
All our wants by thee supplied,
All our sins by thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

MARY FAWLER MAUDE.

LEBANON. S. M. D.

357 S. M. D.

I was a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled:
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home;
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

2

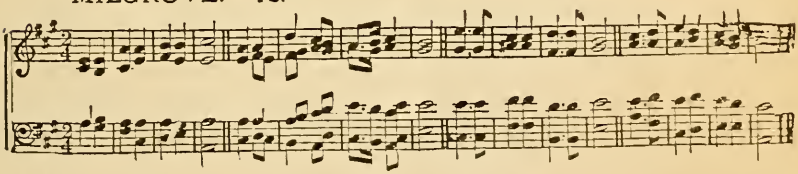
The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child;
He followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild:
He found me nigh to death,
Famished and faint and lone;
He bound me with the bands of love,
He saved the wandering one.

3

No more a wandering sheep;
I love to be controlled;
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
I love the peaceful fold:
No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam;
I love my heavenly Father's voice,
I love, I love his home!

BONAR.

MILGROVE. 7s.



358 7s.

Children of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2

Ye are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3

Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

CENNICK.

359 L. M.

Oh, happy day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2

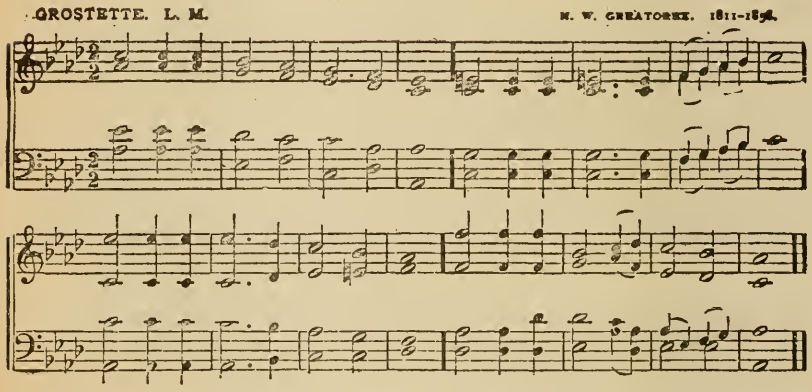
'Tis done,—the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Rejoiced to own the call divine.

3

Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

4

High heaven that hears the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

DODDRIDGE.

360 L. M.

Jesus, thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
Unite my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there.

2

Thy love, how cheering is its ray!
All pain before its presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er its healing beams arise.

3

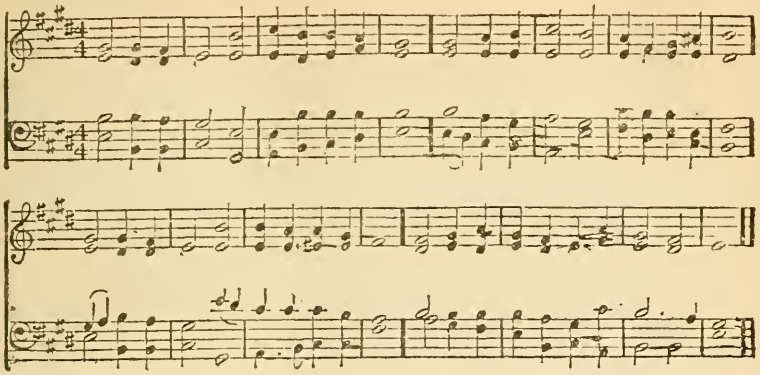
Oh, let thy love my soul inflame,
And to thy service sweetly bind;
Transfuse it through my inmost frame,
And mold me wholly to thy mind.

4

Thy love, in suffering, be my peace;
Thy love, in weakness, make me strong;
And, when the storms of life shall cease,
Thy love shall be in heaven my song.

WESLEY.

EVENTIDE. 10s. WILLIAM H. MONK.



361 10s.

Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

2

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou, who changest not, abide with me!

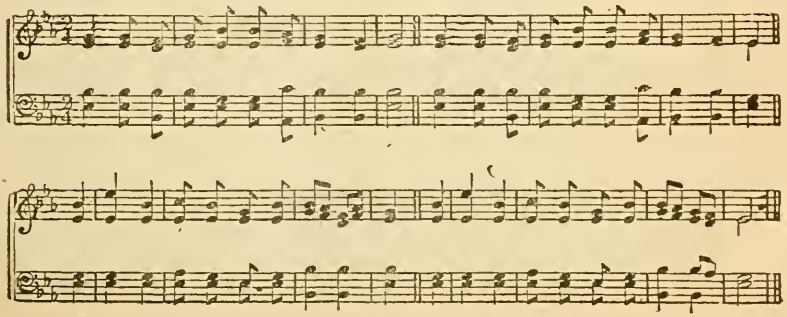
3

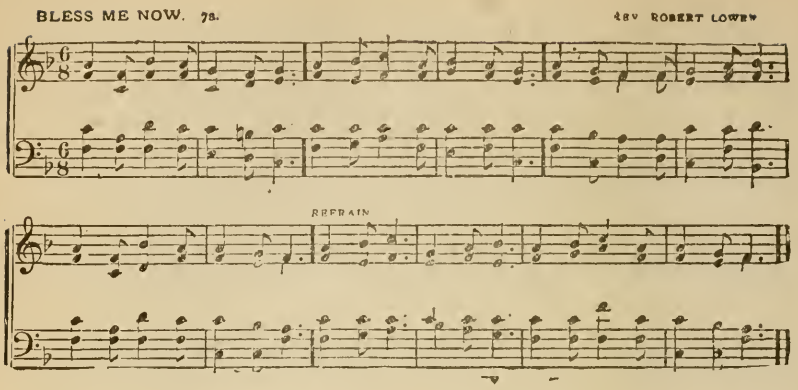
I need thy presence every passing hour,
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

4

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me! LYTE.

PARRY. 10s. DR. L. MASON.





362 7s.

Heavenly Father, bless me now;
At the cross of Christ I bow;
Take my guilt and grief away;
Hear and heal me now I pray.

REF.—Bless me now, bless me now,
Heavenly Father, bless me now.

2

Now, O Lord! this very hour,
Send thy grace and show thy power;
While I rest upon thy word,
Come and bless me now, O Lord!

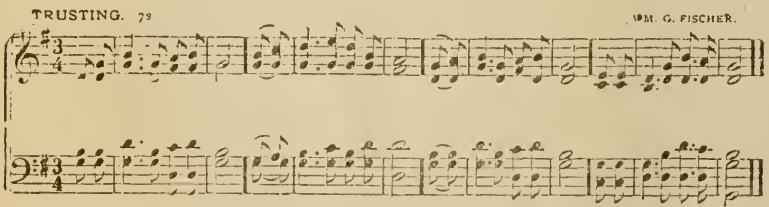
3

Now, oh now, for Jesus' sake,
Lift the clouds, the fetters break;
While I look, and as I cry,
Touch and cleanse me ere I die.

4

Never did I so adore
Jesus Christ, thy Son, before;
Now the time! and this the place!
Gracious Father, show thy grace.

CLARK.

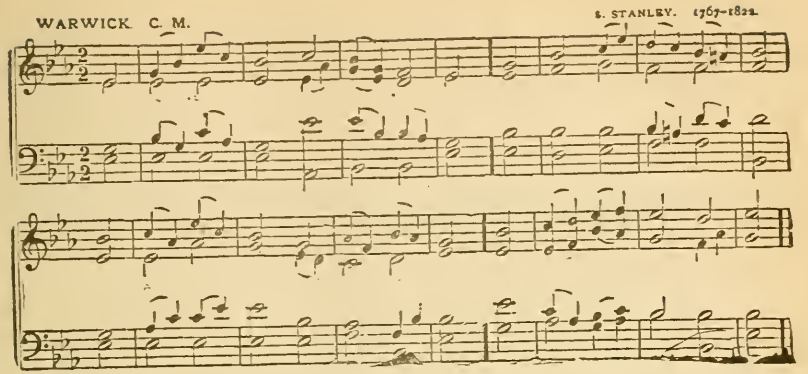


363 7s.

'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

2

After death, its joys will be
Lasting as eternity:
Be the living God my Friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.



364 C. M.

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now I'm found:
Was blind, but now I see.

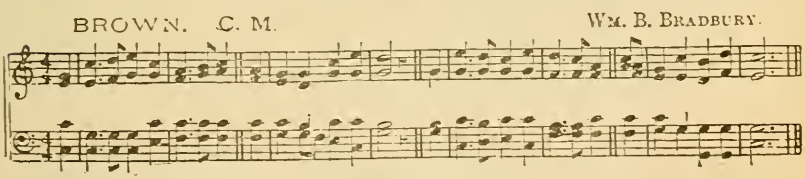
2

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieve;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3

Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

NEWTON.



365 C. M.

Father, I sing thy wondrous grace:
I bless my Saviour's name;
He bought salvation for the poor,
And bore the sinner's shame.

2

His deep distress has raised us high;
His duty and his zeal
Fulfilled the law which mortals broke,
And finished all thy will.

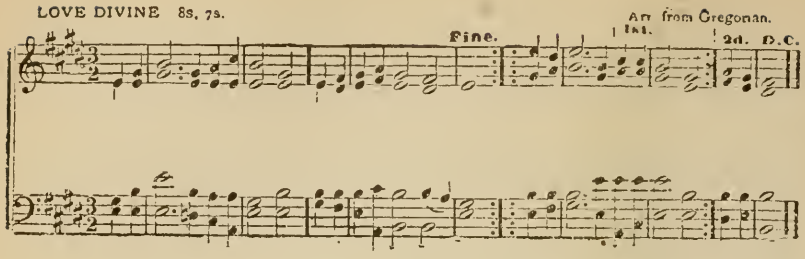
3

Zion is thine, most holy God;
Thy Son shall bless her gates;
And glory, purchased by his blood,
For thine own Israel waits.

4

Let heaven and all that dwell on high,
To God their voices raise;
While lands and seas assist the sky,
And join t' advance his praise.

WATTS.



366 8s, 7s. D.

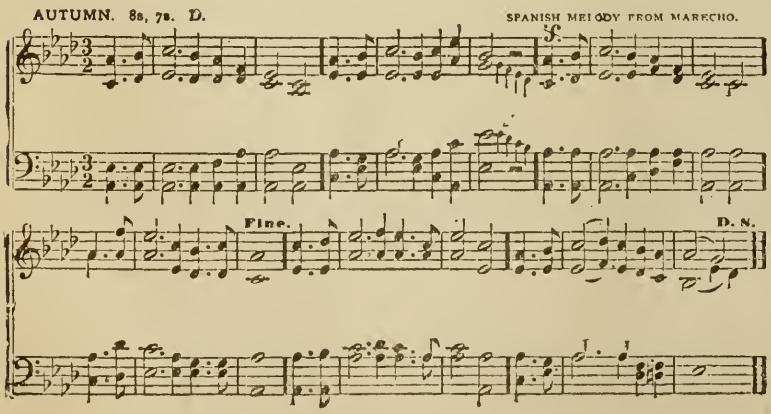
Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

2

Breathe, oh, breathe thy Holy Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all thy grace inherit;
Let us find thy promised rest;
Take away the love of sinning;
Take our load of guilt away;
End the work of thy beginning;
Bring us to eternal day.

3

Carry on thy new creation;
Pure and holy may we be;
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by thee;
Change from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

WESLEY.

367 L. M.

What sinners value I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2

This life's a dream, an empty show;
But that bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find me there?

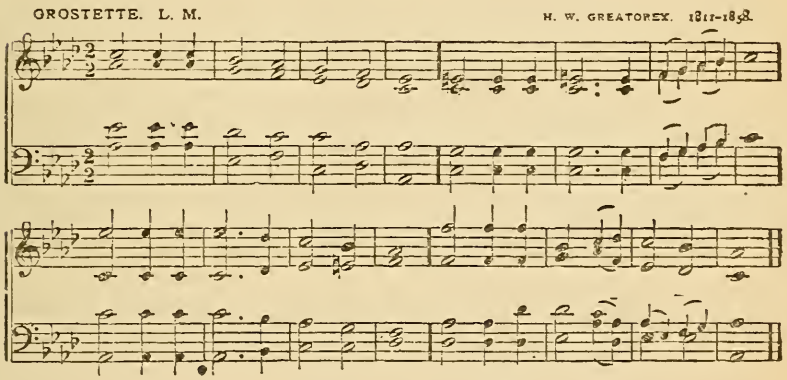
3

Oh, glorious hour! Oh, blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4

My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound,
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

WATTS.



368 L. M.

Oh, that my load of sin were gone!
Oh, that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down,
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.

2

Rest for my soul I long to find;
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3

Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove;
The cross, all stained with hallowed blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

4

I would, but thou must give the power:
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

WESLEY.

369 L. M.

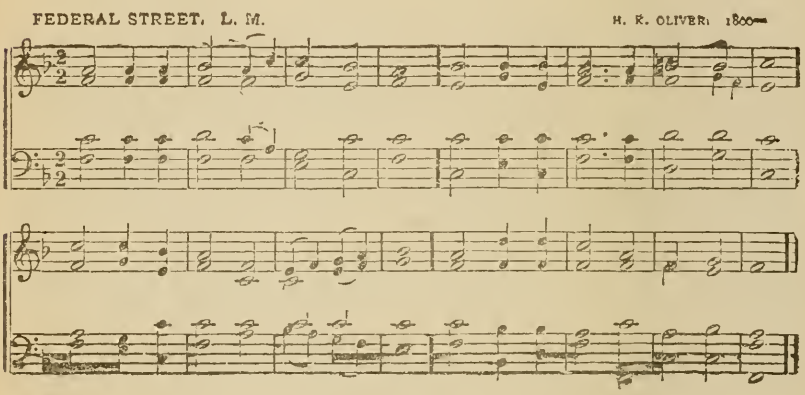
Jesus demands this heart of mine—
Demands my wish, my joy, my care;
But, ah! how dead to things divine,
How cold, my best affections are!

2

'Tis sin, alas! with dreadful power,
Divides my Saviour from my sight;
Oh, for one happy, shining hour
Of sacred freedom, sweet delight!

3

Oh, let thy love shine forth and raise
My captive powers from sin and death,
And fill my heart and life with praise;
And tune my last expiring breath.

ANNE STEELE.

370 L. M.

My God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2

Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, My Saviour, go?

3

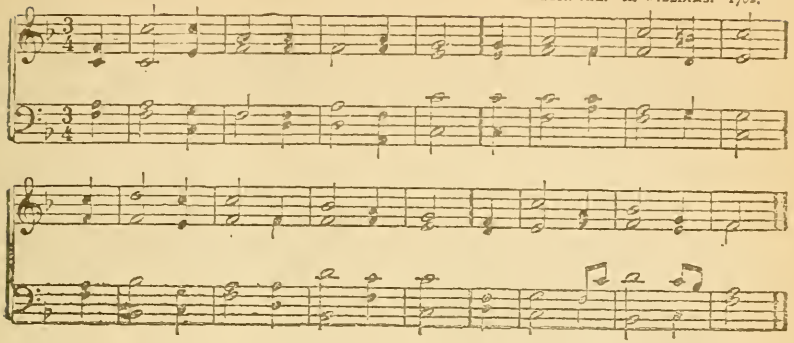
Call me away from flesh and sense;
One sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4

Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn,
Let noise and vanity be gone,
In secret silence of the mind
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

WATTS.

MEAR. C. M. WELSH AIR. A. WILLIAMS. 1762.



371 C. M.

Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:—

2

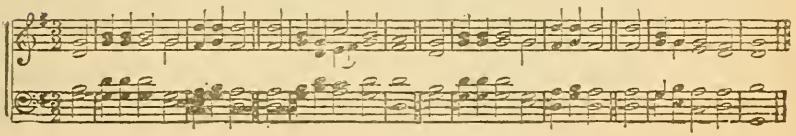
Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3

Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

ANNA STEELE.

MARLOW. C. M. DR. L. MASON.



372 C. M.

Sweet land of rest, for thee I sigh;
When will the moment come,
When I shall lay my armor by,
And dwell with Christ at home?

2

No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful, sheltering dome:
This world's a wilderness of woe.—
This world is not my home.

3

To Jesus Christ I sought for rest:
He bade me cease to roam,
But fly for succor to his breast,
And he'd conduct me home.

4

Weary of wandering round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to leave th' unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

ELIZABETH MILLS.

373 C. M.

Awake, my heart, arise, my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice;
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.

2

'Tis he adorned my naked soul,
And made salvation mine;
Upon a poor polluted worm
He makes his graces shine.

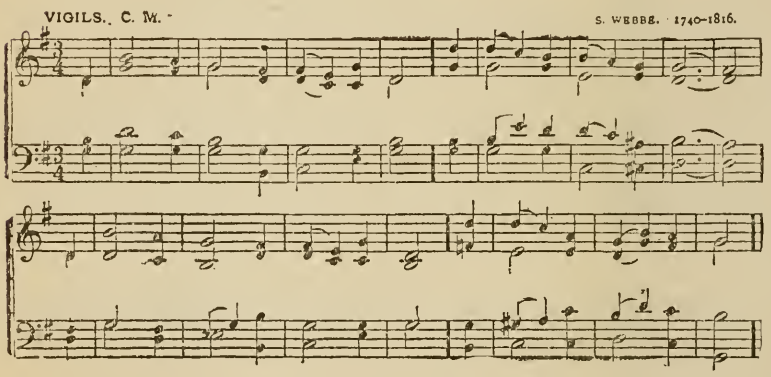
3

And, lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.

4

Strangely, my soul, art thou arrayed,
By the great sacred Three:
In sweetest harmony of praise,
Let all thy powers agree.

WATTS.



374 C. M

My Saviour, my Almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?

2

Thou art my everlasting trust;
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.

3

When I am filled with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.

4

How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

WATTS.

375 C. M.

Oh, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2

Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3

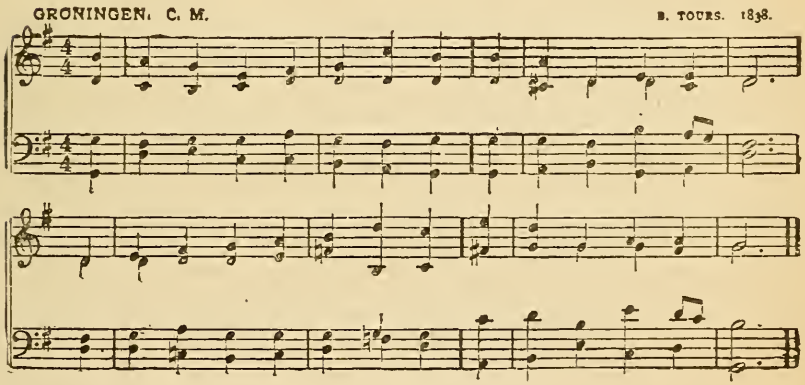
What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4

Return, O Holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

COWPER.

376 C. M.

Oh, could I find from day to day,
A nearness to my God!
Then would my hours glide sweet away,
While leaning on his word.

2

Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3

Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.

CLEVELAND.

377 S. M.

Jesus, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care;
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer;

2

Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On thee—almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

3

I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down, and casts behind,
The baits of pleasing ill;

4

A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

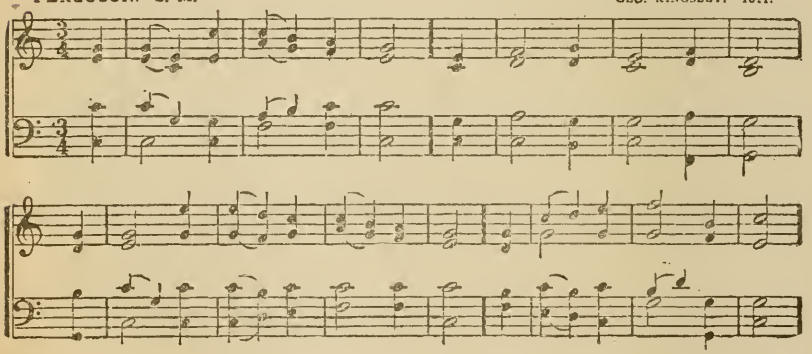
5

I want a godly fear,
A quick, discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the temper fly;

6

A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care;
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

WESLEY.

FERGUSON. S. M. GEO. KINGSLEY. 1811.

378 S. M.

Far from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry, "Blest Spirit, come,
And speed me to my rest."

2

My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns;
When I remember thee.

3

To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

4

God of my life, be near:
On thee my hopes I cast;
Oh, guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last.

WATTS.

379 S. M.

Behold, what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2

Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

3

A hope so much divine
May trials well endure;
May purify our souls from sin,
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.

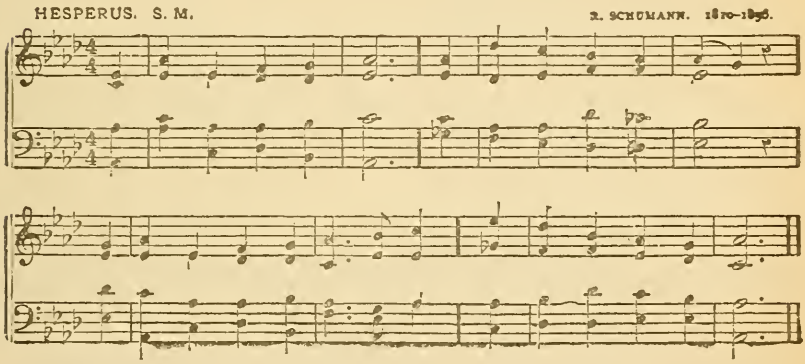
4

If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

5

We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

WATTS.

HESPERUS. S. M. R. SCHUMANN. 1810–1856.

380 S. M.

Lord of the realms above,
Our Prophet, Priest, and King,
How shall our souls return thy love,
And all thy glories sing?

2

Oh, love divine indeed,
Oh, rich surpassing grace;
Which brought the Saviour down to bleed,
For man's apostate race!

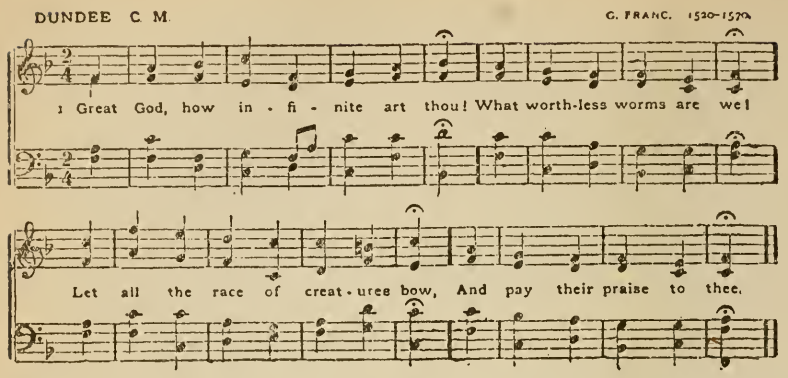
3

Great King of glory, gird
Thy sword upon my thigh;
Speed on, speed on thy conquering word,
Till all that live comply.

4

The world is all thine own;
Oh, spread thy sway abroad,
Till every heart becomes thy throne,
And owns a present God.

LYTE.


DUNDEE C. M.
G. FRANC. 1520-1570
1 Great God, how in - fi - nite art thou! What worth-less worms are we!
Let all the race of creat - urees bow, And pay their praise to thee.

381 C. M.

As pants the hart for cooling streams
When heated in the chase,
So pants my soul, O Lord, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

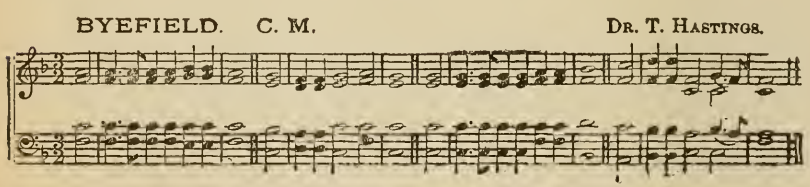
2

For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
Oh, when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty Divine!

3

Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God, and thou shalt sing
His praise again, and find him still
Thy health's eternal spring.

TATE AND BRADY.



382 C. M.

Oh, love beyond the reach of thought,
That form'd the sovereign plan,
Ere Adam had our ruin wrought,
Of saving fallen man!

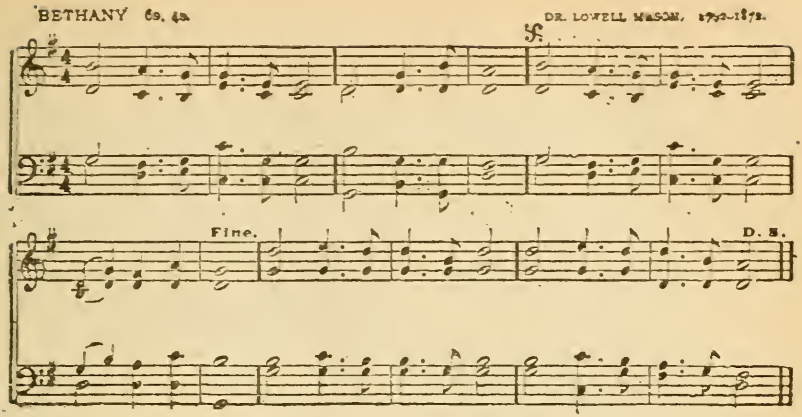
2

God has so loved our rebel race
As his own Son to give,
That whoso will,—amazing grace!—
May look to him and live.

3

Blest be the Father of our Lord,
From whom all blessings spring!
And blessed be th' incarnate Word,
Our Saviour and our King!

4

We know and have believed the love
Which God through Christ displays:
And when we see his face above,
We'll nobler anthems raise.

383 6s, 4s.

Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

2

Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

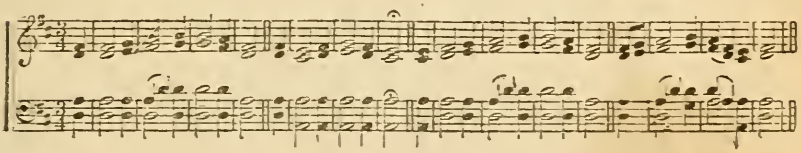
PHILLIPS. C. M.

3

There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

4

Then with my waking thoughts
Bright is thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.
I. B. WOODBURY

384 C. M.

For mercies countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive
From Jesus my redeemer's hands,
My soul, what canst thou give?

2

The best return for one like me,
So wretched and so poor,
Is from his gifts to draw a plea,
And ask him still for more.

3

I cannot serve him as I ought;
No works have I to boast;
Yet would I glory in the thought
That I shall owe him most.

NEWTON.

385 L. M.

Jesus, thou joy of loving hearts,
Thou Fount of life, thou Light of men,
From the best bliss that earth imparts
We turn unfilled to thee again.

2

Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on thee call;
To them that seek thee thou art good,
To them that find thee, All in all.

3

We taste thee, O thou living bread,
And long to feast upon thee still;
We drink of thee, the fountain head,
And thirst our souls from thee to fill.

4

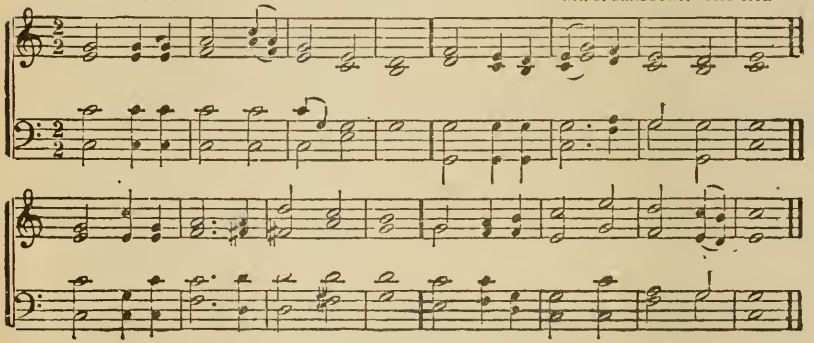
Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad when thy gracious smile we see.
Blest when our faith can hold thee fast.

5

O Jesus, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away;
Shed o'er the world thy holy light.

PALMER.

ZEPHYR. L. M. WM. B. BRADBURY. 1816-1868.



386 L. M.

Come, gracious Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love, in every breast;
Then shall we know and taste and feel
The joys that cannot be expressed.

2

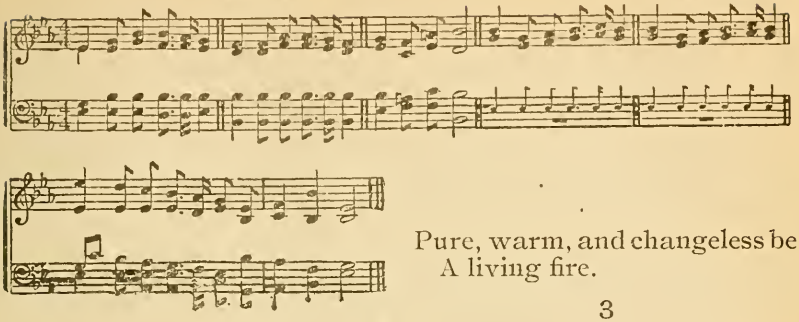
Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlargened souls possess,
And learn the height and breadth and length
Of thine eternal love and grace.

3

Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts and wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done,
By all the church, through Christ his Son.

WATTS.

OLIVET. 6s & 4s. DR. L. MASON.



Pure, warm, and changeless be
A living fire.

3

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4

When ends life's transient dream
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distress remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

PALMER.

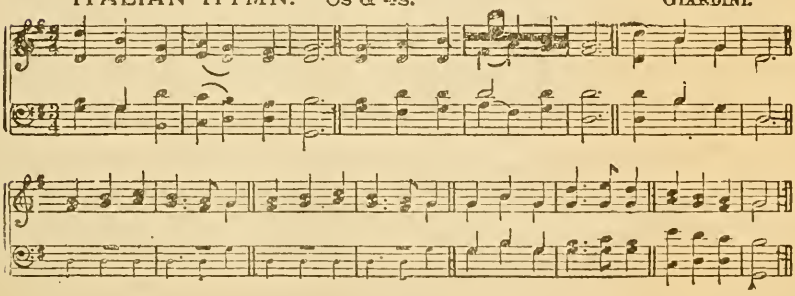
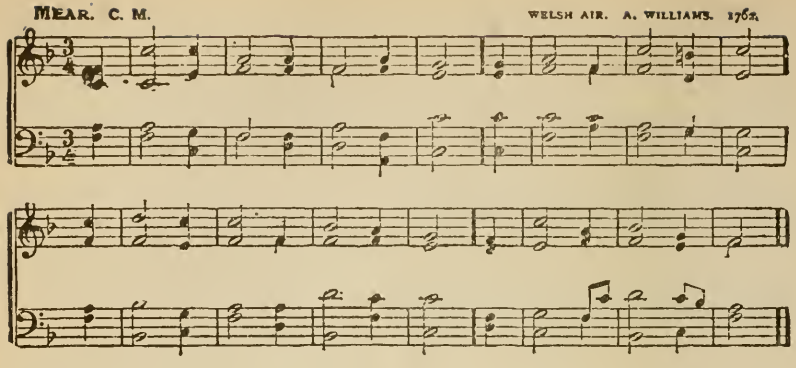
387 6s, 4s.

My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away;
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

2

May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s. GIARDINI.



388 C. M.

Jesus, thou art the sinner's friend;
As such I look to thee;
Now in the fullness of thy love
O Lord, remember me.

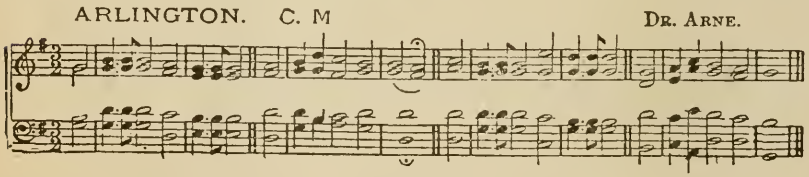
2

Remember thy pure word of grace;
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

3

Lord, I am guilty, I am vile,
But thy salvation's free;
Then, in thine all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord, remember me.

BURNHAM.



389 C. M.

A throne of grace! then let us go
And offer up our prayer;
A gracious God will mercy show
To all that worship there.

2

A throne of grace! Oh, at that throne
Our knees have often bent!
And God has showered his blessings down
As often as we went.

3

A throne of grace! rejoice, ye saints;
That throne is open still;
To God unbosom your complaints,
And then inquire his will.

4

A throne of grace we yet shall need
Long as we draw our breath;
A Saviour, too, to intercede,
Till we are changed by death.

CORBIN.

390 C. M.

Lord, when we bow before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Oh, may we feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore!

2

Our contrite spirits, pitying, see;
True penitence impart;
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam hope on every heart.

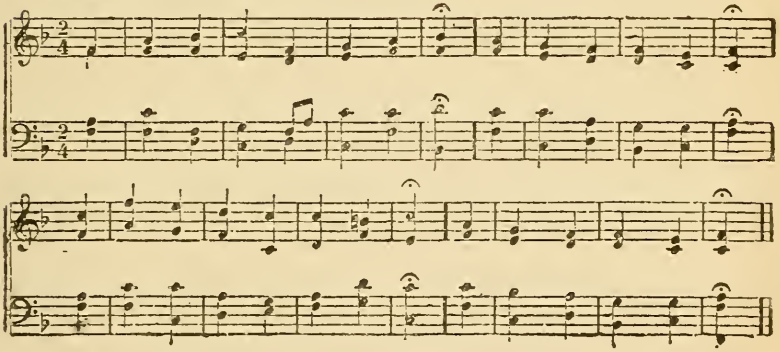
3

When we disclose our wants in prayer,
Oh, let our will resign,
And not a thought our bosom share
Which is not wholly thine!

4

Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness, still,
That grants it, or denies.

CARLYLE.

DUNDEE C. M. G. FRANC. 1520-1570

391 C. M.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed,
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

2

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

MONTGOMERY.

392 C. M.

Dear Father, to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies:
'Tis here I find a safe retreat
When storms and tempest rise.

2

My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou, my God, art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.

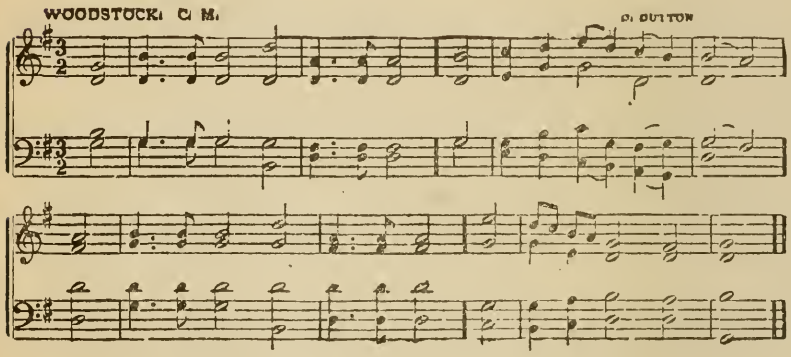
3

My great Protector, and my Lord,
Thy constant aid impart;
Oh, let thy kind, thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart!

4

Oh, never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat!
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

ANNE STEELE.



393 C. M.

My soul forsakes her vain delight,
And bids the world farewell;
On things of sense why fix my sight?
Why on its pleasures dwell?

2

There's nothing round this spacious earth
That suits my soul's desire;
To boundless joy and solid mirth
My nobler thoughts aspire.

3

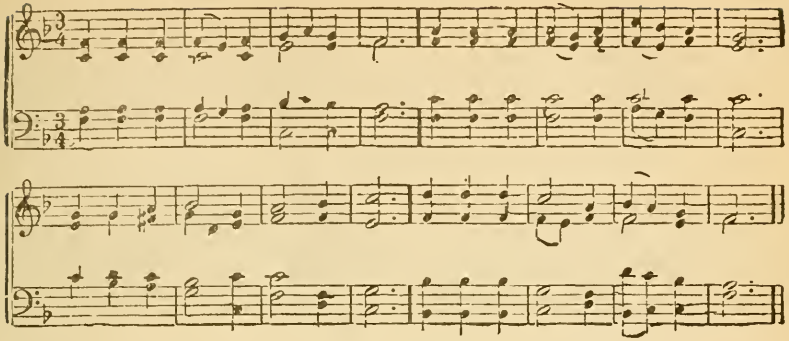
No longer will I ask its love,
Nor seek its friendship more;
The happiness that I approve
Is not within its power.

4

Oh, for the pinions of a dove,
To mount the heavenly road;
There shall I share my Savior's love,
There shall I dwell with God.

WATTS.

HURSLEY. L. M.



394 L. M.

Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus, thy great Captain's gone.

2

Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

3

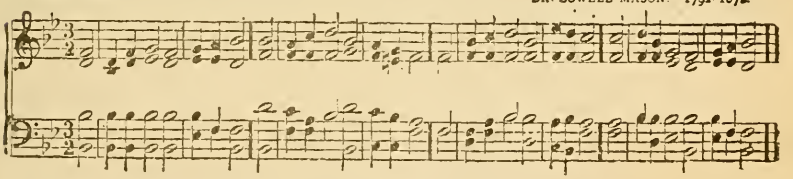
Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerers wait.

4

There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

WATTS.

HEBRON. L. M. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792-1872.



395 L. M.

Awake, our souls; away, our fears;
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2

True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint.

3

From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a full supply;
While those who trust their native strength
Shall melt away and droop and die.

WATTS.

396 S. M.

Jesus, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our grief to tell,
To pray and never faint.

2

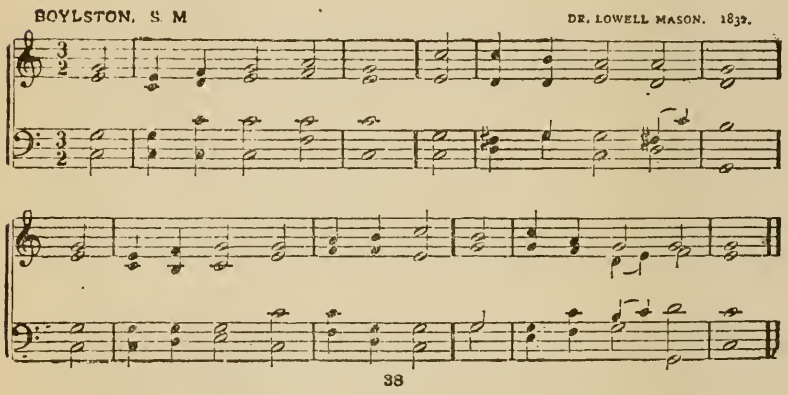
He bows his gracious ear;
We never plead in vain;
Then let us wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3

Jesus, the Lord, will hear
His chosen when they cry;
Yes, though he may awhile forbear,
He'll help them from on high.

4

Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in prayer;
He sees, he hears, and from on high
Will make our cause his care.

NEWTON.

38

397 S. M.

O God, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care;
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hearest prayer.

2

Oh for a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly!

3

A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

4

Lord, let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
To better worlds above.

398 L. M.

What various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat;
Yet who know the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there?

2

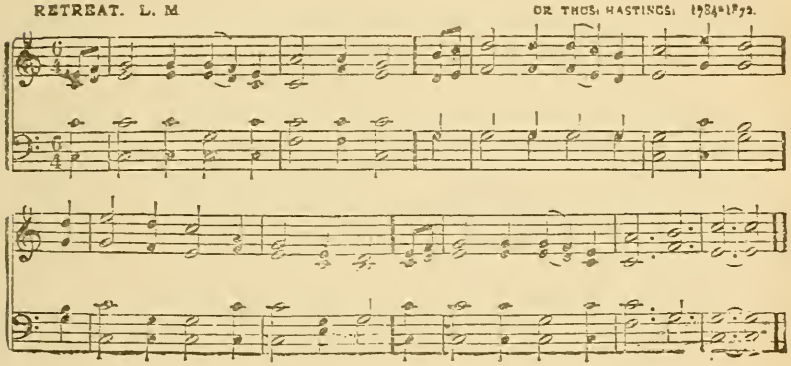
Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings every blessing from above.

3

Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright,
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4

Were half the breath oft vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oftener be;
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

COWPER.

399 L. M.

From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat—
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,—
A place of all on earth most sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3

There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4

There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

STOWELL.

400 7s.

Come, my soul, thy suit preparo,
Jesus loves to answer prayer.
He himself has bid thee pray;
Rise and ask without delay.

2

Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

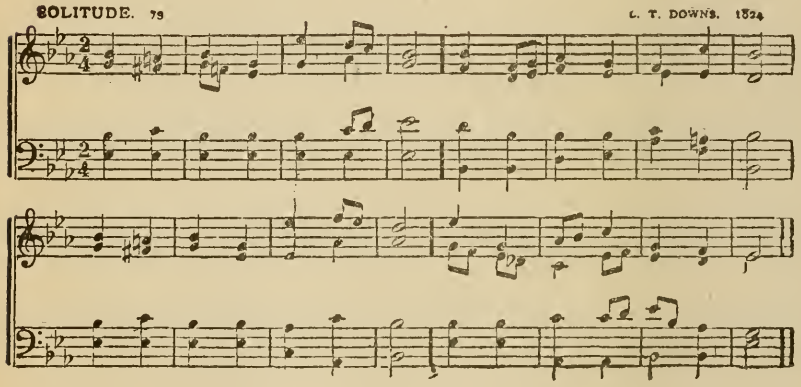
3

With my burden I begin;
Lord, remove this load of sin:
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4

Lord, I come to thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

NEWTON.



401 7s.

Lord, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow;
Do not turn away thy face:
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

2

Once a sinner, near despair,
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer;
Mercy heard and set him free:
Lord, that mercy came to me.

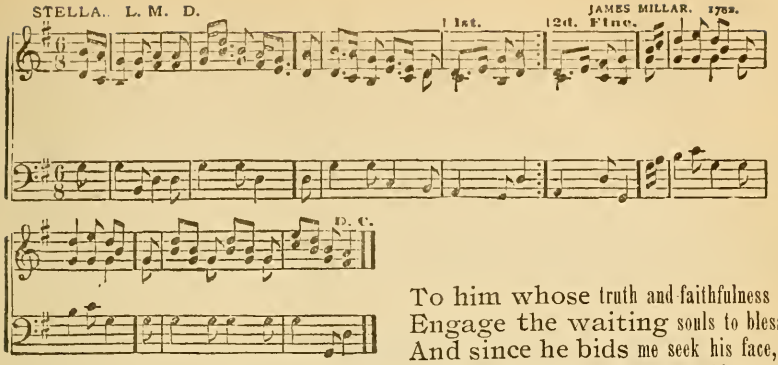
3

Thou hast helped in every need;
This emboldens me to plead.
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last?

4

No! I must maintain my hold;
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold.
I can no denial take,
Since I plead for Jesus' sake.

NEWTON.



402

L. M. D.

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known:
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

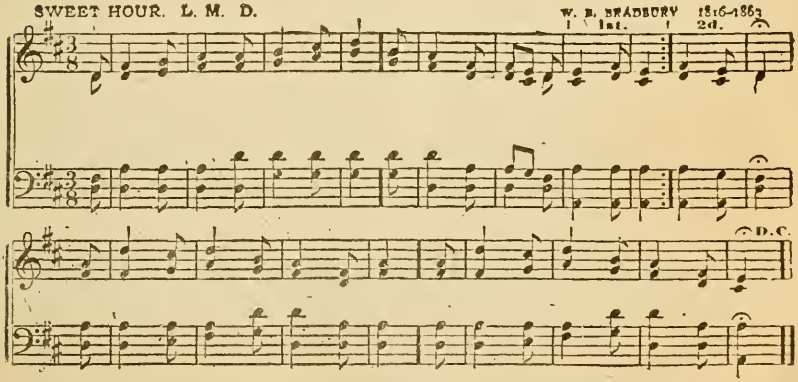
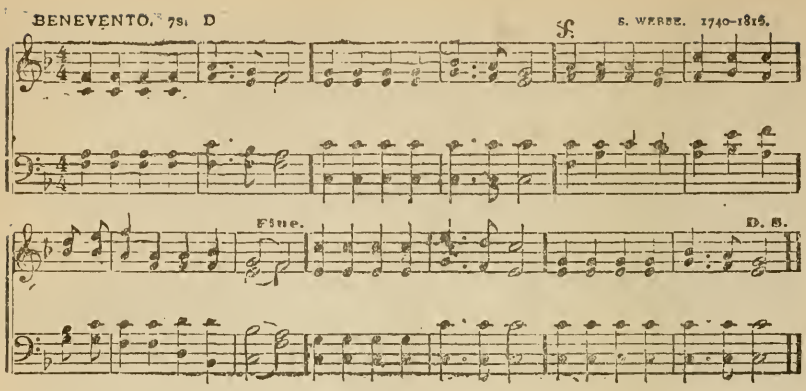
2

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting souls to bless.
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share;
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

WALFORD.



403 7s. D.

Saviour, when, in dust, to thee,
Low we bend th' adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies,
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes;
Oh, by all thy pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear thy people when they cry.

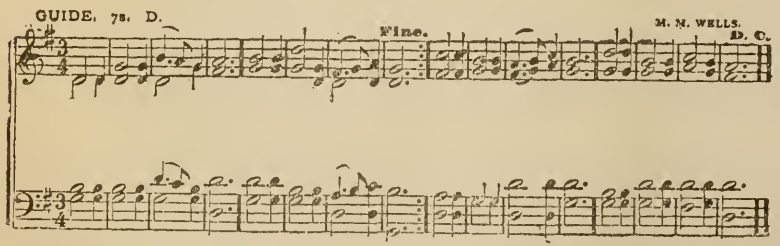
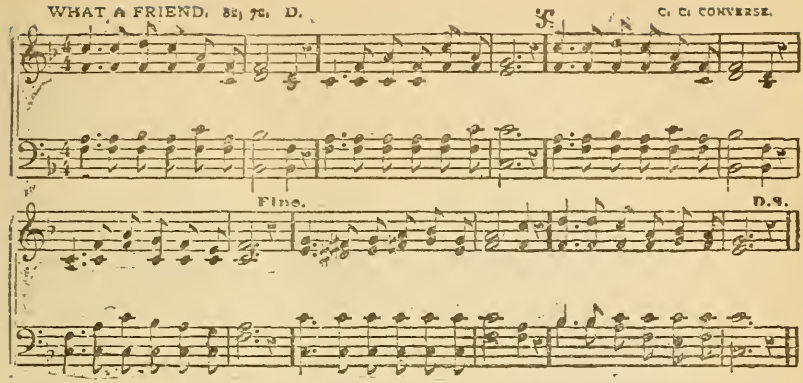
2

By thy birth and early years,
By thy human griefs and fears,
By thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness;
By thy victory in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power;
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear thy people while they cry.

3

By thine hour of dark despair,
By thine agony of prayer,
By thy purple robe of scorn,
By thy wounds—thy crown of thorn,
By thy cross—thy pangs and cries;
By thy perfect sacrifice;
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear thy people while they cry.

GRANT.



404 8s, 7s. D.

What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Every thing to God in prayer.

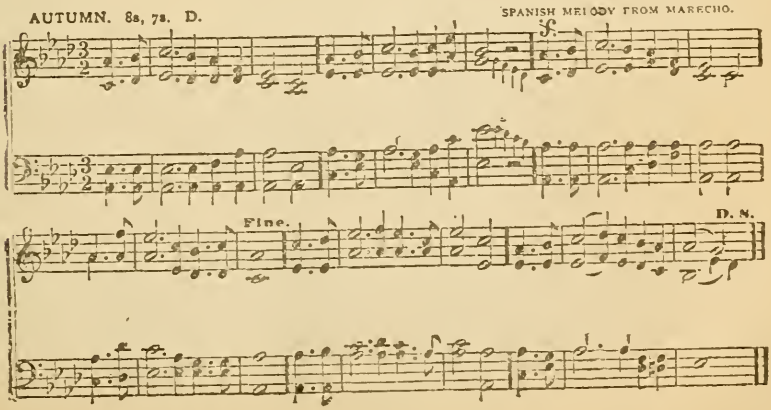
2

Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3

Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee;
Thou wilt find a solace there.

UNKNOWN.



405 L. M.

Be still, my heart! these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;
They cast dishonor on the Lord,
And contradict his gracious word.

2

Brought safely by his hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
How canst thou want, if he provide,
Or lose thy way with such a guide?

3

Did ever trouble yet befall,
And he refuse to hear thy call?
He, who has helped thee hitherto,
Will help thee all thy journey through.

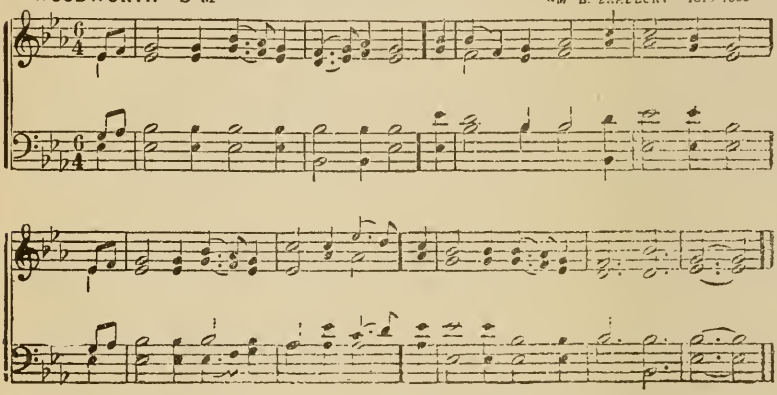
4

Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home apace to God.
Then count thy present trials small,
For heaven will make amends for all.

NEWTON.

WOODWORTH L M

WM B. BRADBURY 1810–1868.



406 L. M.

Lord, through the desert drear and wide,
Our erring footsteps need a guide;
Keep us, oh, keep us near thy side;
Let us not fall; let us not fall.

2

We have no fear that thou shouldst lose
One whom eternal love could choose;
But we would ne'er this grace abuse.
Let us not fall; let us not fall.

3

All thy good work in us complete,
And seat us daily at thy feet;
Thy love, thy words, thy name, how sweet.
Let us not fall; let us not fall.

BOWLY.

407 C. M.

There is no sorrow, Lord, too light
To bring in prayer to thee;
There is no anxious care too slight
To awake thy sympathy.

2

Thou who hast trod the thorny road
Wilt share each small distress;
The love which bore the greater load
Will not refuse the less.

3

There is no secret sigh we breathe
But meets thine ear divine;
And every cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord, of thine.

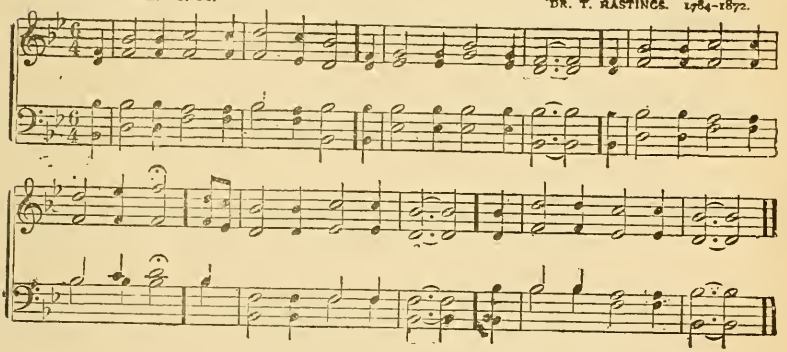
4

Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow,
But for that love which died for sin,
That love which wept with woe.

CREWDSON.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

DR. T. HASTINGS. 1784-1872.



408 C. M.

O Lord, behold us at thy feet,
A needy, sinful band;
As suppliants round thy mercy-seat,
We come at thy command.

2

'Tis for our children we would plead,
The offspring thou hast given;
Where shall we go, in time of need,
But to the God of heaven?

3

We ask not for them wealth or fame,
Amid the worldly strife;
But, in the all-prevailing Name,
We ask eternal life.

4

We seek the Spirit's quickening grace
To make them pure in heart,
That they may stand before thy face,
And see thee as thou art.

409 C. M.

Oh, that the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!
Oh, that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!

2

From folly turn away my eyes
Let no corrupt design
Nor coveteous desire arise
Within this soul of mine.

3

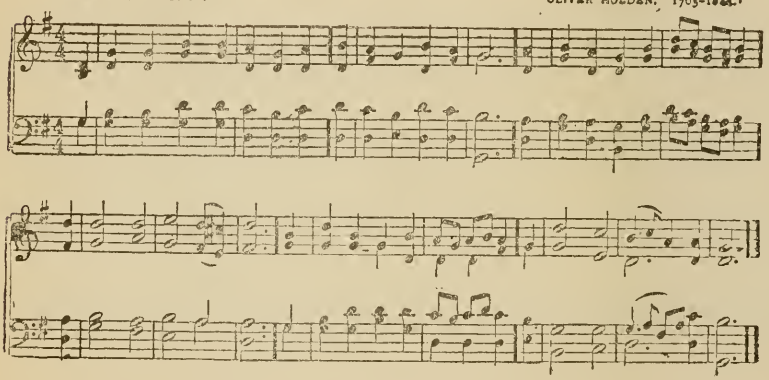
Direct my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear

4

Make me to walk in thy commands,—
'Tis a delightful road,—
Nor let my head nor heart nor hands
Offend against my God.

WATTS.

CORONATION C. M. OLIVER HOLDEN, 1765-1844.



410 C. M.

Our souls, by love together knit,
Cemented, mixed in one,
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heaven on earth begun.

2

Our hearts have often burned within,
And glowed with sacred fire
While Jesus spoke and fed, and blessed,
And filled the enlarged desire.

3

And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And sett'st thy starry crown;
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaimed by thee thine own;—

4

May we, a little band of love,
We sinners, saved by grace,
From glory unto glory changed,
Behold thee face to face.

MILLER

411 C. M.

The saints of old, in Stephen's day,
Who firmly took a stand;
Were driven out in ev'ry way,
And marked with fiery-brands.

2

'Neath God's protecting mighty hand,
They sought a hiding place;
And as they wandered through the land,
They found his sovereign grace.

3

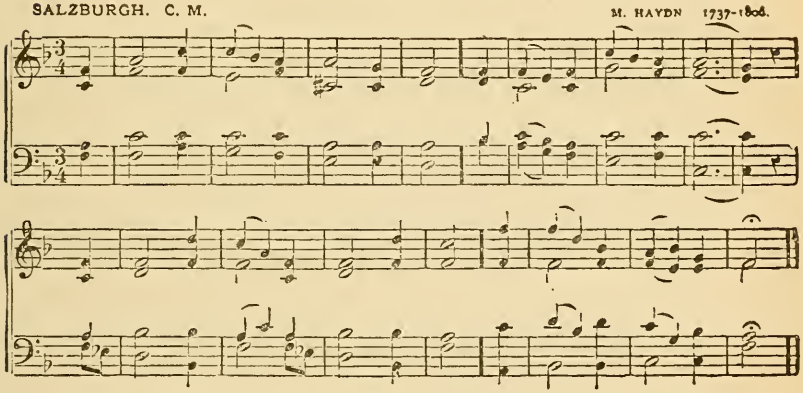
Mark'd, though it be with fiery brands,
His light did always shine
Where'er they went, led by that hand—
The hand of love divine.

4

To-day Saint Stephen is no more,
His ways our souls aspire;
A faith like this we do implore,
Lord fill our soul's desire.

PARKS.

SALZBURGH. C. M. M. HAYDN 1737-1806.



412 C. M.

Among all men of truth and might,
Almighty God doth stand;
And orders judgment just and right,
By judges of the land.

2

Protects the orphans and the weak,
Defends the poor, distress'd;
And brings deliv'rance for the meek,
By lawless power oppress'd.

3

Though judges do not understand
God's ways they do not know;
And yet, by his own loving hand
They onward, onward go.

4

Arise, O God! assert thy rights!
Pronounce thy just decree;
The heritage of earth and might,
Belongs, O Lord, to thee.

FIELDS.

413 C. M.

With tears of anguish I lament,
Here, at thy feet, my God,
My passion, pride, and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.

2

Sure there was ne'er a heart so base
So false as mine has been;
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to every sin.

3

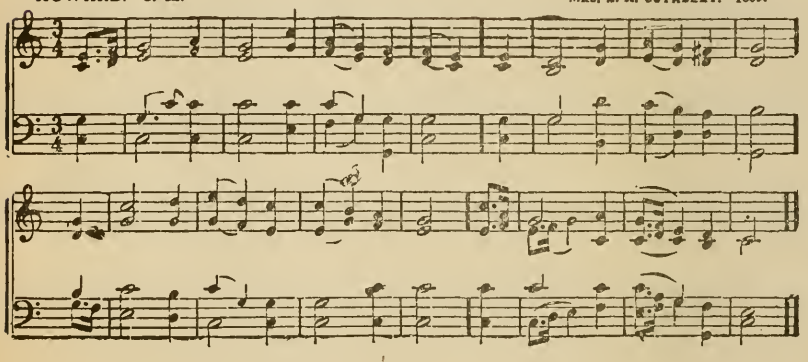
How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
These struggles in my breast?
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
And give my conscience rest?

4

Break, sovereign grace, oh, break the charm
And set the captive free;
Reveal, almighty God, thine arm,
And haste to rescue me.

STENNETT.

HOWARD. C. M. MRS. R. H. CUTHBERT. 1809.



414 C. M.

Save me, O God, the swelling flood,
Breaks in upon my soul:
I sink in sorrows; o'er my head
The mighty waters roll.

2

I've cried till all my tears are gone,
And waited for the day;
My God! behold my trembling form,
O shorten the delay.

3

They hate my soul without a cause;
And still their number grows;
More than the hairs upon my head;
And many are my foes.

4

Grief like a garment clothed me round,
And sackcloth was my dress
My tongue proclaims the joyful sound
Of all His righteousness.

JONES.

415 C. M.

How oft, alas, this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!

2

Yet sovereign Mercy calls, "Return!"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
Oh, take the wanderer home!

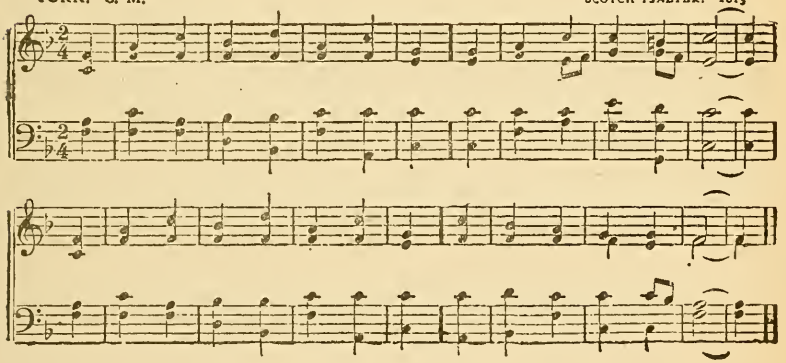
3

And canst thou, wilt thou, yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love?

4

Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Blest Saviour, I adore;
Oh, keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more!

ANNA STEELE.

YORK. C. M. SCOTCH PSALTER. 1615

416 C. M.

Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2

Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3

Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4

Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

WATTS.

417 C. M.

Awake, my soul; stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2

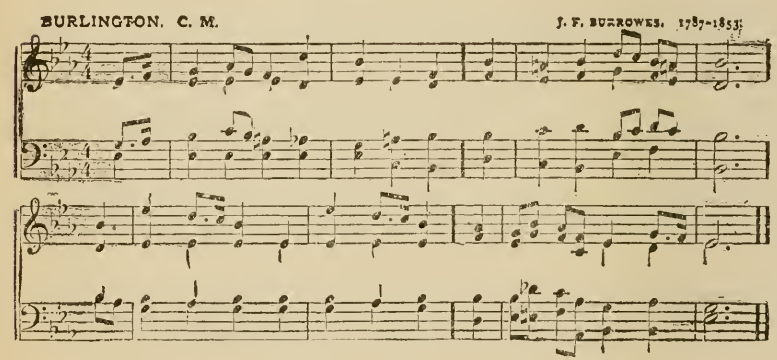
A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3

'Tis God's all animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye;—

4

That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

DODDRIDGE.

418 C. M.

The Saviour bids us watch and pray.
Through life's brief, fleeting hour;
And gives the Spirit's quickening ray
To those who seek his power.

2

The Saviour bids us watch and pray,
Maintain a warrior's strife.
Help, Lord, to hear thy voice to-day;
Obedience is our life.

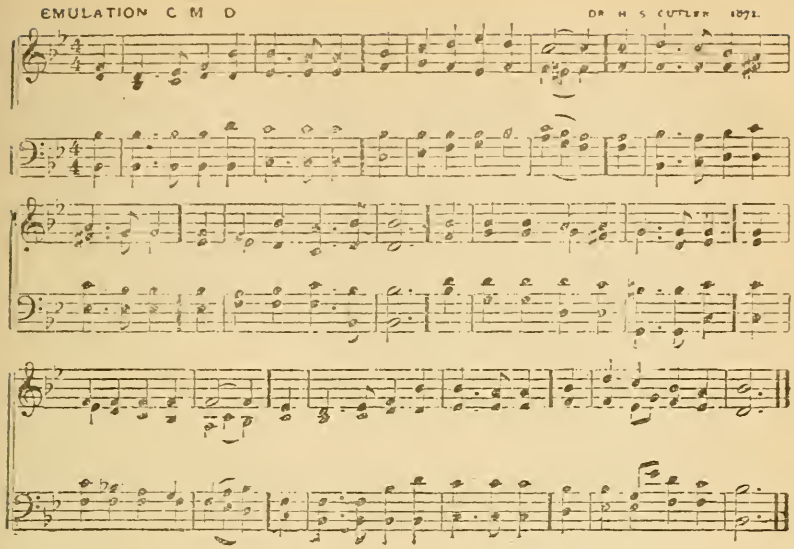
3

The Saviour bids us watch and pray;
For soon the hour will come
That calls us from the earth away
To our eternal home.

4

O Saviour, we would watch and pray,
And hear thy sacred voice,
And walk, as thou hast marked the way,
To heaven's eternal joys.

HASTINGS.



419 C. M. D.

The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain:
His blood-red banner streams afar,—
Who follows in his train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe
Triumphant over pain;
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in his train.

2

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his master in the sky,
And called on him to save:
Like him with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in his train?

3

A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed:
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain.
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!

HEBER.

420 L. M.

The billows swell; the winds are high;
Clouds overcast my wintry sky;
Out of the depths to thee I call;
My fears are great, my strength is small.

2

O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the storm;
Defend me from each threatening ill;
Control the waves; say, "Peace, be still."

3

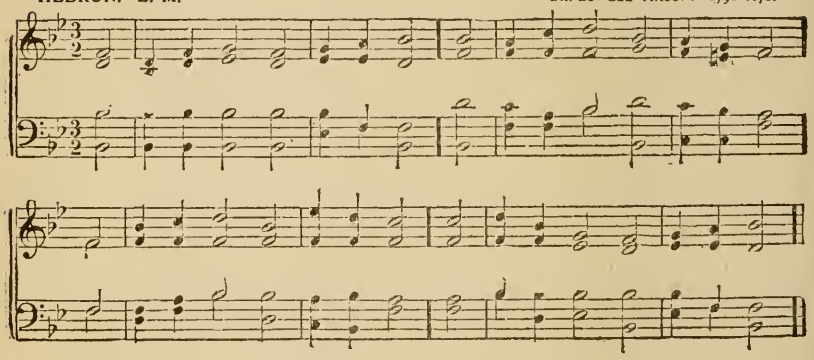
Dangers of every shape and name
Attend the followers of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful shore;
And leave it to return no more.

4

Though tempest-tossed, and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek;
Let neither winds nor stormy rain
Force back my shattered bark again.

COWPER.

HEBRON. L. M. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792-1872.



421 L. M.

Take up thy cross, the Saviour said
If thou wouldst my disciple be;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after me.

2

Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

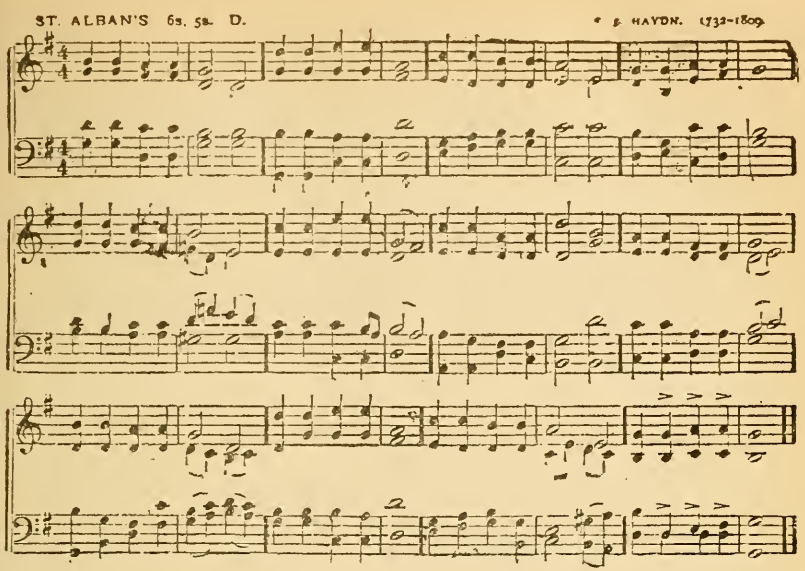
3

Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame;
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel;
Thy Lord for thee the cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.

4

Take up thy cross, and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross,
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

EVEREST.



422 6s, 5s. D.

Forward! be our watchword,
Steps and voices joined;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind.
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By our Captain led?
Forward through the desert,
Through the toil and fight:
Jordan flows before us,
Zion beams with light!

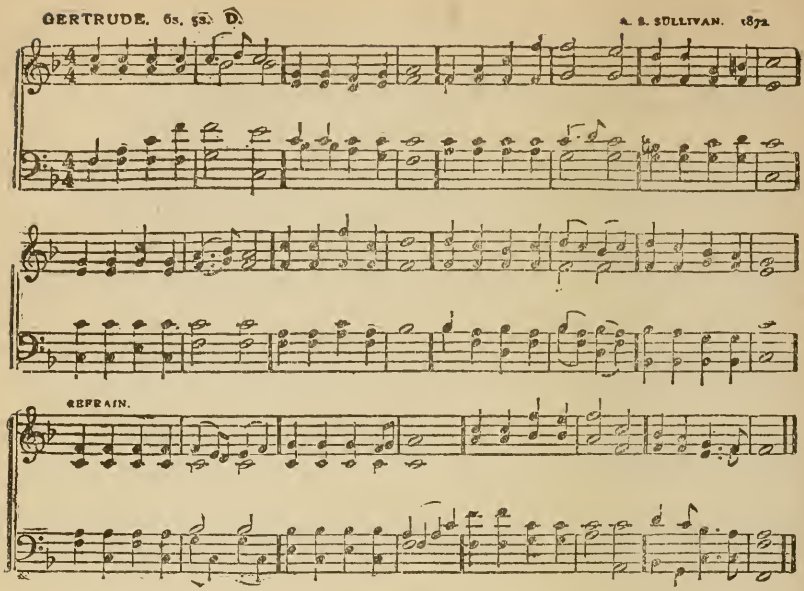
2

Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth;
That fair home is ours:
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold;
Flows the gladdening river,
Shedding joys untold;
Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirit's might:
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light!

3

Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared.
By the souls that love him,
One day to be shared:
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought of speech a word;
Forward, marching eastward,
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the vail be lifted,
Till our faith be sight!

ALFORD.



423 6s, 5s. D.

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus,
Going on before.
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See his banners go.

REF.—Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus,
Going on before.

2

Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that can not fail.

3

Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honor,
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.

GOULD.

424 L. M

Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2

Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell,
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

3

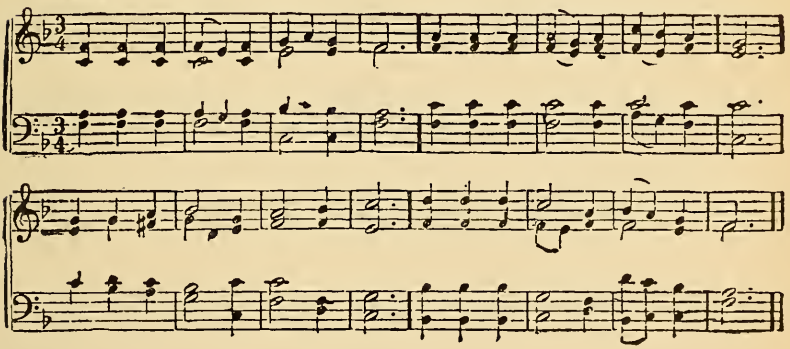
Should I distribute all my store
To feed the hungry, clothe the poor;
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name,--

4

If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain;
Nor tongues nor gifts nor fiery zeal
The work of love can e'er fulfill.

WATTS.

HURSLEY. L. M.



425 L. M.

So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2

Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God,
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3

Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Ambition, envy, lust, and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love
Our inward piety approve.

4

Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

WATTS.

426 L. M.

Forth in thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labor to pursue,
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

2

The task thy wisdom hath assigned,
Oh, let me cheerfully fulfill;
In all my works thy presence find,
And prove thy good and perfect will.

3

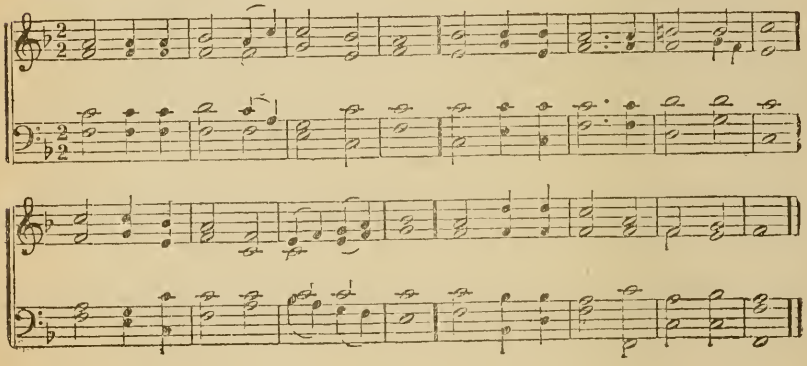
Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see;
And labor on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.

4

For thee delightfully employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

WESLEY.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M. H. K. OLIVER. 1800—



427 L. M.

Go, labor on; spend and be spent;
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went.
Should not the servant tread it still?

2

Go, labor on; 'tis not for nought;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises,—what are men?

3

Go, labor on; enough while here
If he shall praise thee; if he deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer;
No toil for him shall be in vain.

4

Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal: "Behold, I come!"

BONAR.

428 C. M.

Happy the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2

Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

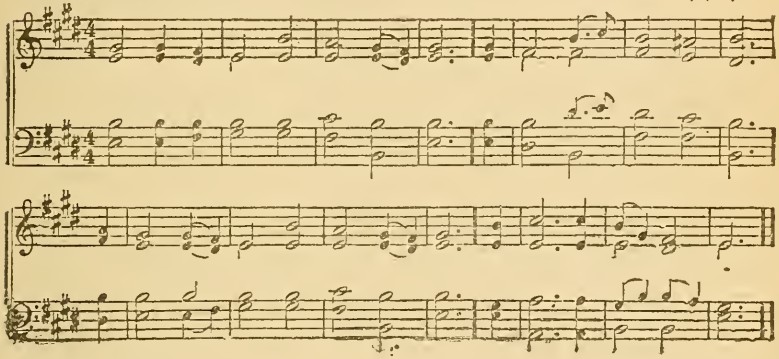
3

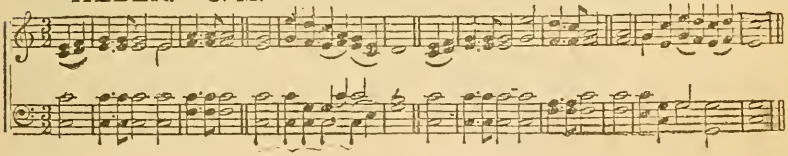
'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move;
The devils know, and tremble too,
But they can never love.

4

This is the grace that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In brightest realms of bliss.

WATTS.

HAVEN. C. M. DR. P. HASTINGS. 1784-1872.

HEBER. C. M. GEO. KINGSLEY.



429 C. M.

How sweet, how heavenly the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And thus fulfill his word;—

2

When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart;—

3

When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love.

4

Love is the golden chain that binds,
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

SWAIN.

430 S. M.

O Lord, thou art my Lord,
My portion and delight;
All other lords I now reject,
And cast them from my sight.

2

Thy sovereign right I own,
Thy glorious power confess;
Thy law shall ever rule my heart,
While I adore thy grace.

3

Too long my feet have strayed
In sin's forbidden way;
But since thou hast my soul reclaimed,
To thee my vows I'll pay.

4

My soul, to Jesus joined
By faith and hope and love,
Now seeks to dwell among thy saints,
And rest with them above.

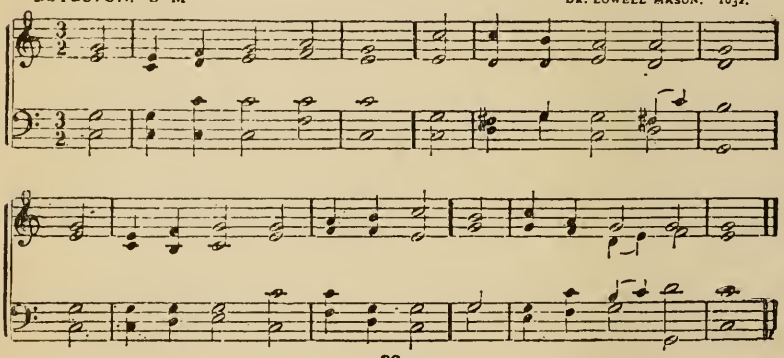
5

Accept, O Lord, my heart;
To thee myself I give;
Nor suffer me from hence to stray,
Or cause thy saints to grieve.

BEDDOME.

BOYLSTON. S M

DR. LOWELL MASON. 1832.



38

431 S. M.

I bless the Christ of God
I rest on love divine;
And with unfaltering lip and heart,
I call this Saviour mine.

2

His cross dispels each doubt;
I bury in his tomb
Each thought of unbelief and fear,
Each lingering shade of gloom.

3

I praise the God of grace;
I trust his truth and might;
He calls me his, I call him mine
My God, my joy, my light.

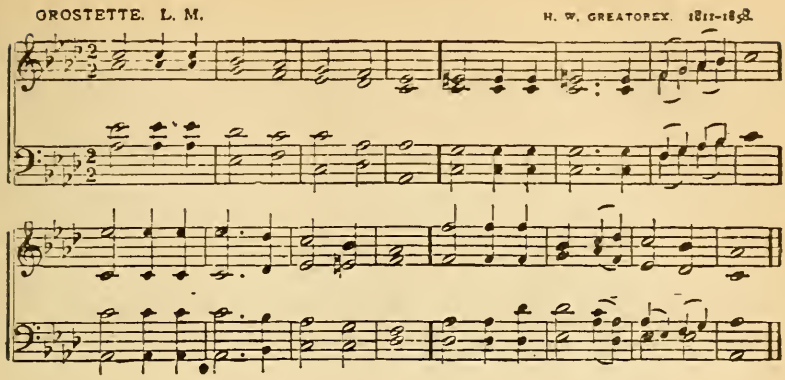
4

'Tis he who saveth me,
And freely pardon gives;
I love because he loveth me,
I live because he lives.

5

My life with him is hid,
My death has passed away,
My clouds have melted into light,
My midnight into day.

BONAR.



432 L. M.

Whither, oh, whither should I fly,
But to my loving Saviour's breast,
Secure within thine arms to lie.
And safe beneath thy wings to rest?

2

I have no skill the snare to shun,
But thou, O Christ, my wisdom art;
I ever into ruin run,
But thou art greater than my heart.

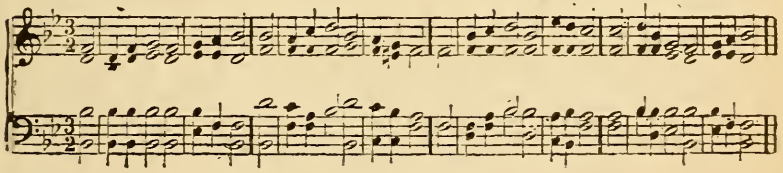
3

I have no might t' oppose the foe,
But everlasting strength is thine;
Show me the way that I should go,
Show me the path I should decline.

4

Foolish and impotent and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me where I my heaven may find;
The heaven of loving thee alone.

WESLEY.



433 L. M.

Thou only refuge of my heart,
My refuge, my almighty friend,
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend.

2

Whither, ah, whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford?

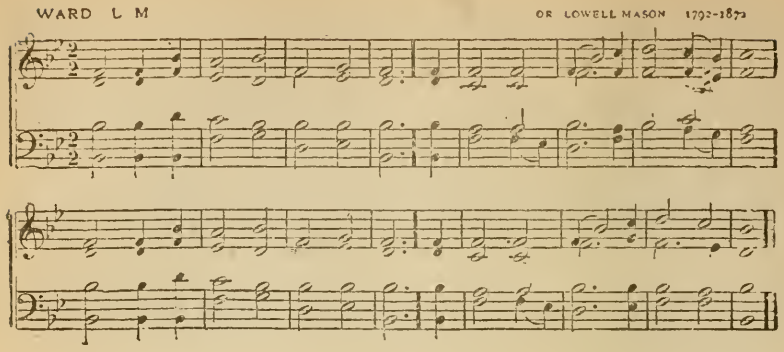
3

Eternal life thy words impart;
On these my fainting spirit lives;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart
Than all the round of nature gives.

4

Let earth's alluring joys combine;
While thou art near, in vain they call;
One smile, one blissful smile, of thine
My gracious Lord, outweighs them all.

ANNE STEELE.



434 L. M.

When sins and fears, prevailing, rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
To thee, O Lord, I lift my eyes;
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

2

Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort, die?
'Tis fixed on thine almighty word;
That word which built the earth and sky.

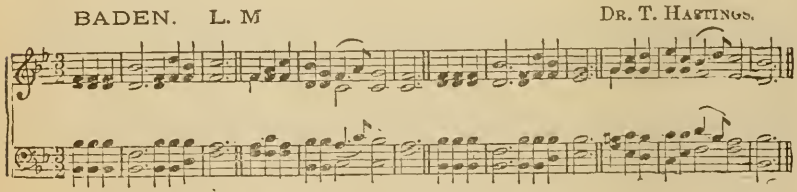
3

If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives;
Here I may build and rest secure.

4

Here, O my soul, thy trust repose;
If Jesus is forever mine,
Not death itself, that last of foes,
Shall break a union so divine.

ANNA STEELE.



435 L. M.

How blest the sacred tie that binds,
In sweet communion, kindred minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose heart, whose faith, whose hopes are one.

2

To each the soul of each how dear!
What tender love, what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

3

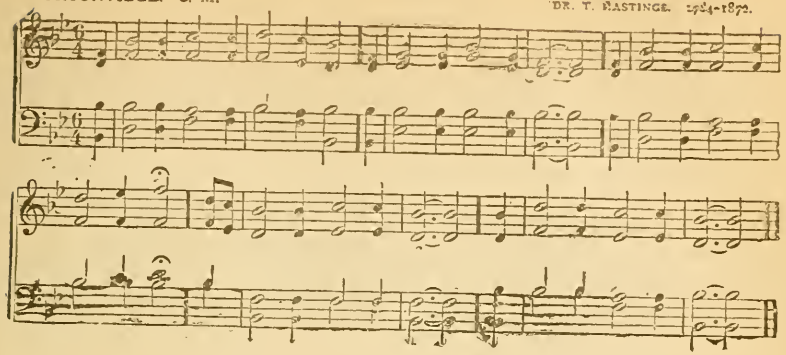
Their streaming tears together flow,
For human guilt and human woe;
Their ardent prayers united rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4

Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
When dimly burns frail nature's fire;
Then shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy, a heaven of love.

ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD.

ORTONVILLE. C. M. DR. T. HASTINGS. 1784-1872.



436 C. M.

And must I part with all I have,
My dearest Lord, for thee?
It is but right, since thou hast done
Much more than this for me.

2

Yes, let it go; one look from thee
Will more than make amends
For all the losses I sustain
Of honor, riches, friends.

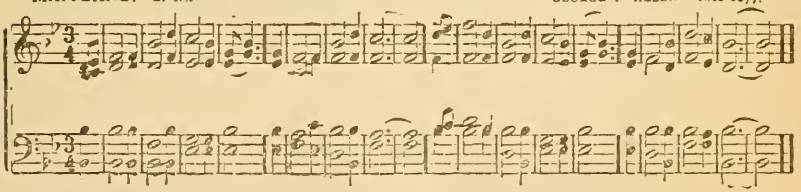
3

Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives
How worthless they appear,
Compared with thee,—supremely good,
Divinely bright and fair.

4

Saviour of souls, could I from thee
A single smile obtain,
The loss of all things I could bear
And glory in my gain.

BEDDOME.

MAITLAND. C. M. GEORGE N. ALLEN 1812-1877.

437 C. M.

Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No: there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2

How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3

The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me

ALLEN.

438 S. M.

Dear Saviour, we are thine
By everlasting bands;
Our hearts, our souls we would resign,
Entirely to thy hands.

2

To thee we still would cleave
With ever growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
Oh, let them ne'er prevail.

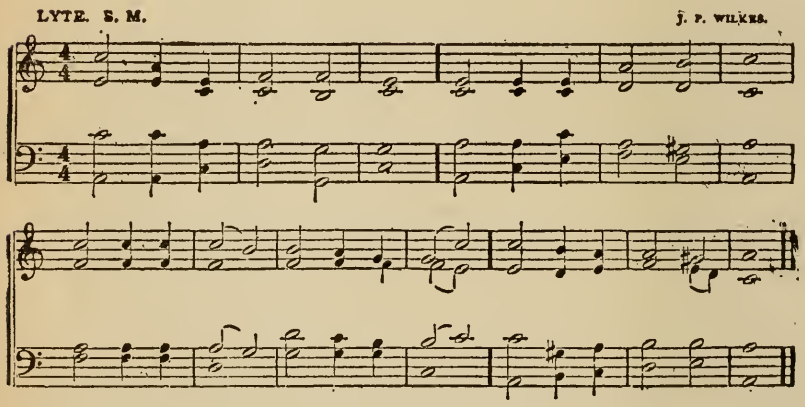
3

Thy spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee, our Head;
Shall form us to thy image bright,
And teach thy paths to tread.

4

Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
If he in heaven hath fixed his throne,
He'll fix his members there.

DODDRIDGE.



439 S. M.

We give thee but thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be:
All that we have is thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from thee.

2

To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angel's work below.

3

The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring;
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

4

And we believe thy word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto thee.

How.

440 S. M.

Ye servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait;
With joy obey his heavenly word,
And watch before his gate.

2

Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3

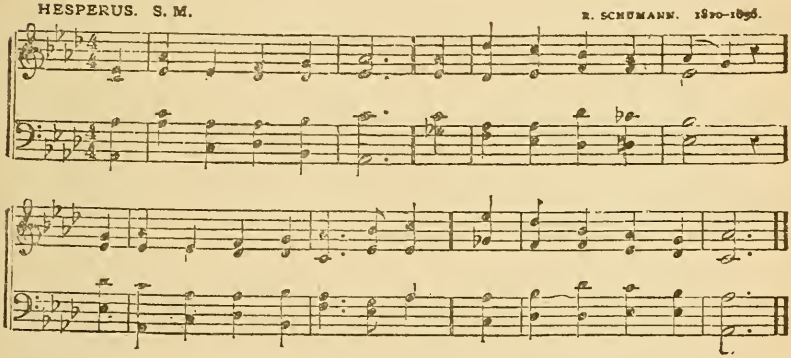
Watch!—'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak he's near:
Mark every signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4

Oh, happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

DODDRIDGE.

HESPERUS. S. M. R. SCHUMANN. 1810–1856.



441 S. M.

Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be;
Oh, lead me by thine own right hand!
Choose out the path for me.

2

I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might;
But choose thou for me, O my God,
So shall I walk aright.

3

Take thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill;
As ever best to thee may seem,
Choose thou my good and ill.

4

Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be thou my guide, my guard, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all.

BONAR.

442 S. M.

Oh, what, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be,
When we have borne the cross.

2

Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood
Christ's sufferings shared below.

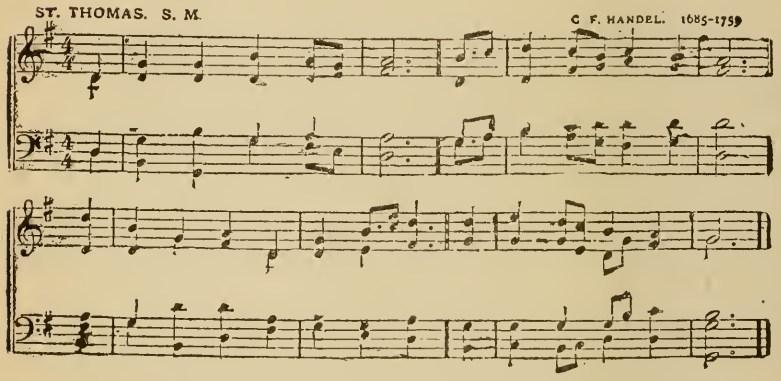
3

Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

2

Lord, may that grace of ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain
May be our portion here.

BAKER.



443 S. M.

Not to ourselves again,
Not to the flesh we live;
Not to the world henceforth shall we
Our strength, our being give.

2

Our life is hid with Christ,
With Christ in God above;
Upward our heart would go to him,
Whom, seeing not, we love.

3

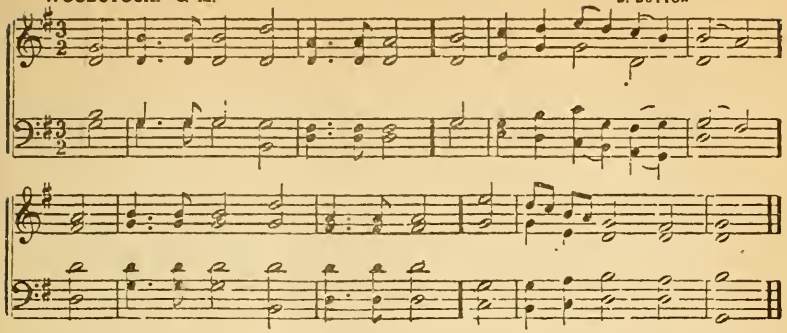
Not to ourselves we live,
Not to ourselves we die;
Unto the Lord we die or live,
With him are we on high.

4

We seek the things above,
For we are only his;
Like him we soon shall be, for we
Shall see him as he is.

BONAR.

WOODSTOCK. C. M. D. DUTTON



444 C. M.

Let worldly minds the world pursue;
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired its trifles, too,
But grace has set me free.

2

Its pleasures now no longer please,
Nor more content afford;
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have seen the Lord.

3

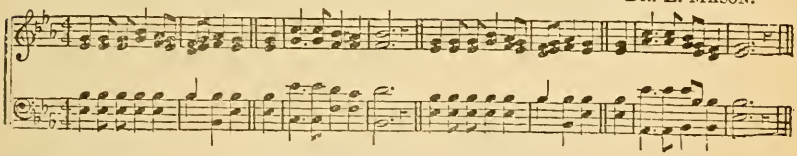
As by the light of opening day
The stars are all concealed;
So earthly pleasures fade away
When Jesus is revealed.

4

Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart;
His name and love and gracious voice
Have fixed my roving heart.

NEWTON.

NAOMI. C. M. DR. L. MASON.



445 C. M.

Lord, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this my grace must give.

2

If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?

3

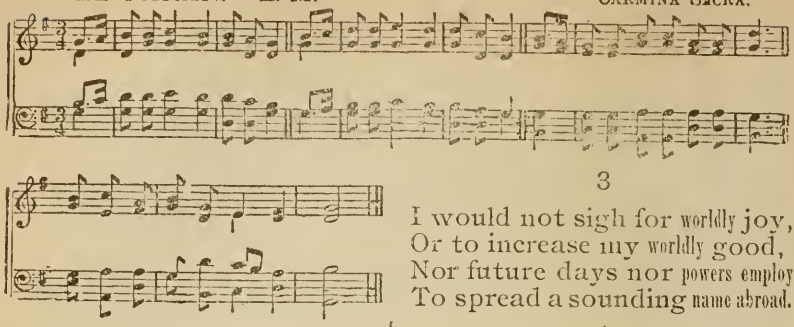
Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before;
No one into his kingdom comes,
But through his opened door.

4

Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be?

BAXTER.

EL PARAN. L. M. CARMINA SACRA.



446 L. M.

My gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates, and obey.

2

What is my being but for thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
'Tis my delight thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a friend.

3

I would not sigh for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good,
Nor future days nor powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

4

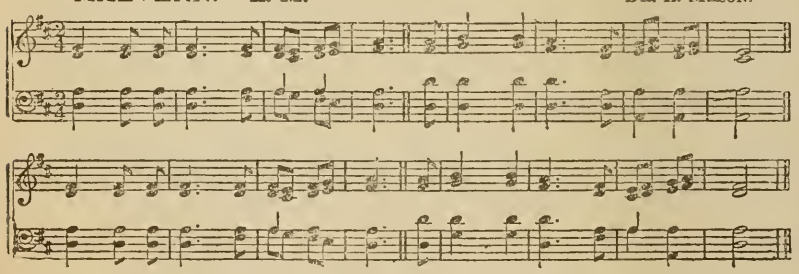
'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.

5

His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His saving love, his glorious power.

DODDRIDGE.

MALVERN. L. M. DR. L. MASON.



447 L. M.

I send the joys of earth away;
Away, ye tempters of the mind;
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

2

Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of dark despair;
And, while I listened to your song,
Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.

3

Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warned me of that dark abyss
That drew me from those treacherous seas
And bade me seek superior bliss.

4

Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands and glance my eyes:
Oh, for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies!

WATTS.

448 S. M.

My times are in thy hand!
My God I wish them there!
My life, my soul, my all, I leave
Entirely to thy care.

2

My times are in thy hand,
Whatever they may be,
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to thee.

3

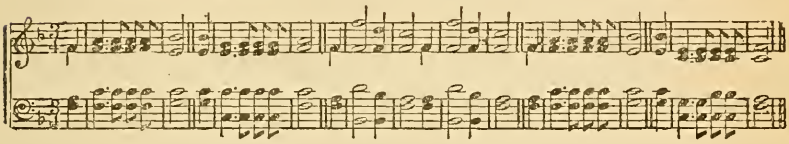
My times are in thy hand;
Why should I doubt or fear?
My father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4

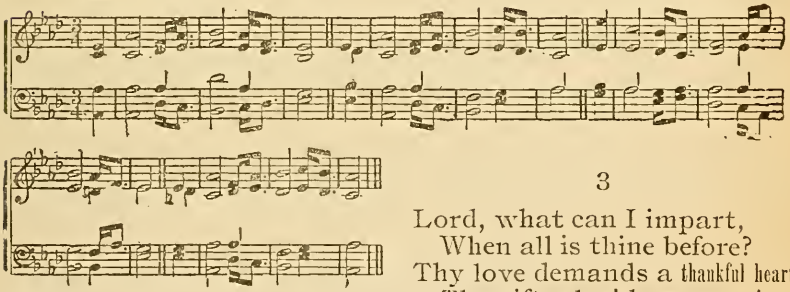
My times are in thy hand,
Jesus, the crucified;
The hand my many sins have pierced
Is now my guard and guide.

LLOYD

PURVES. S. M. GEO. KINGSLEY



KENTUCKY. S. M. OLD MELODY.



449 S. M.

My Maker and my King,
To thee my all I owe;
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
Whence all my blessings flow.

2

The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live
My God, thy benefit demand
More praise than I can give.

3

Lord, what can I impart,
When all is thine before?
Thy love demands a thankful heart
The gift, alas! how poor!

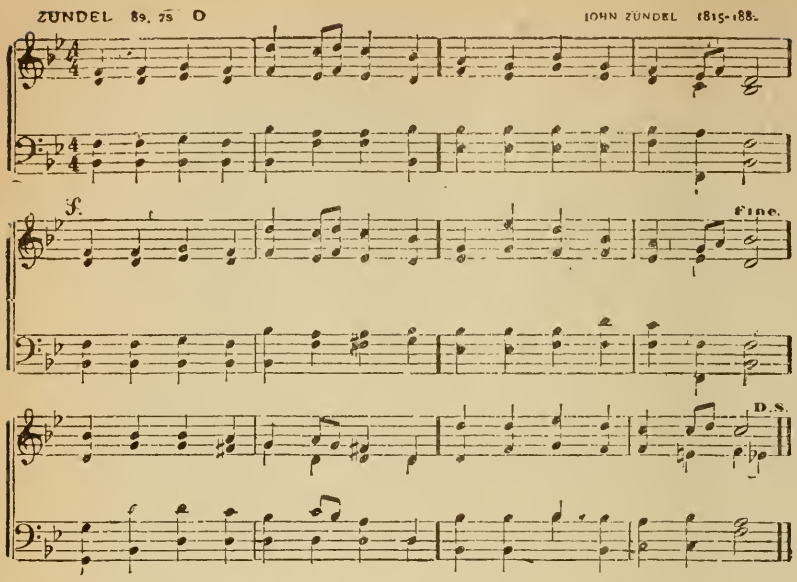
4

Shall I withhold my due!
And shall my passion rove?
Lord, from this wretched heart anew,
And fill it with thy love.

5

Oh, let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

ANNA STEELE.



450 8s, 7s. D.

Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shall be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought and hoped and known,
Yet how rich is my condition—
God and heaven are still my own.

2

Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like man, untrue;
And, while thou shalt smile upon me
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me
Show thy face, and all is bright.

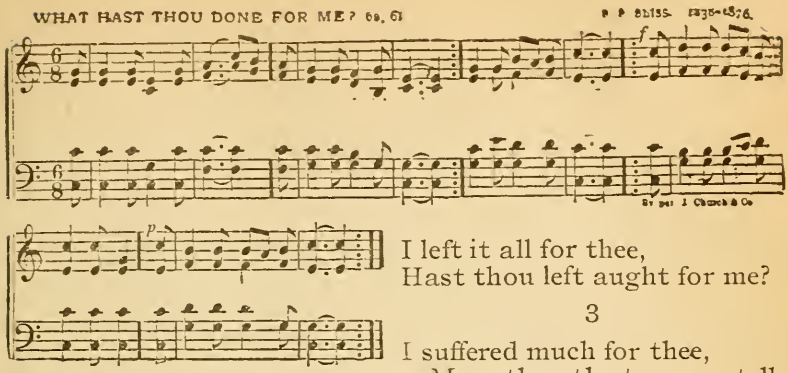
3

Man may trouble and distress me;
'Twill but drive me to thy breast:
Life with trials hard may press me;
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

4

Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
In thy service pain is pleasure;
With thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called thee, "Abba, Father;"
I have stayed my heart on thee:
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

LYTE.



451 6s. 6l.

I gave my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
I gave my life for thee,
What hast thou done for me?

2

My Father's house of light,
My glory-circled throne,
I left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone.
I left it all for thee,
Hast thou left aught for me?

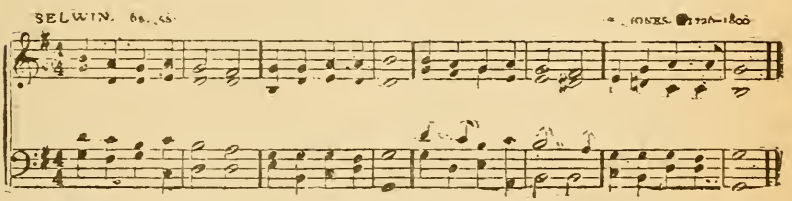
3

I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I've borne it all for thee,
What hast thou borne for me?

4

And I have brought to thee,
Down from my home above
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love;
I bring rich gifts to thee,
What hast thou brought to me?

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.



452 6s. 5s.

Where the mourner weeping
Sheds the secret tear,
God his watch is keeping,
Though none else be near.

2

Jesus ne'er will leave thee,
All thy wants he knows,
Feels the pains that grieve thee,
Sees thy hidden woes.

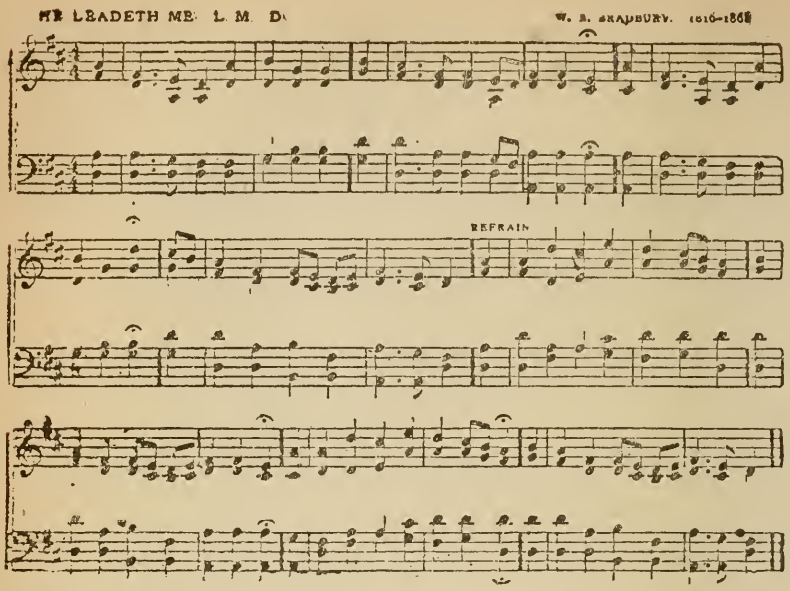
3

When in grief we languish,
He will dry the tear,
Who his children's anguish
Soothes with succor near.

4

All our woe and sadness
In this world below,
Balance not the gladness
We in heaven shall know.

FRANCES ELIZABETH COX.



453 L. M. D.

He leadeth me! oh, blessed thought!
Oh, words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

REF.—He leadeth me! he leadeth me!
By his own hand he leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

2

Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me!

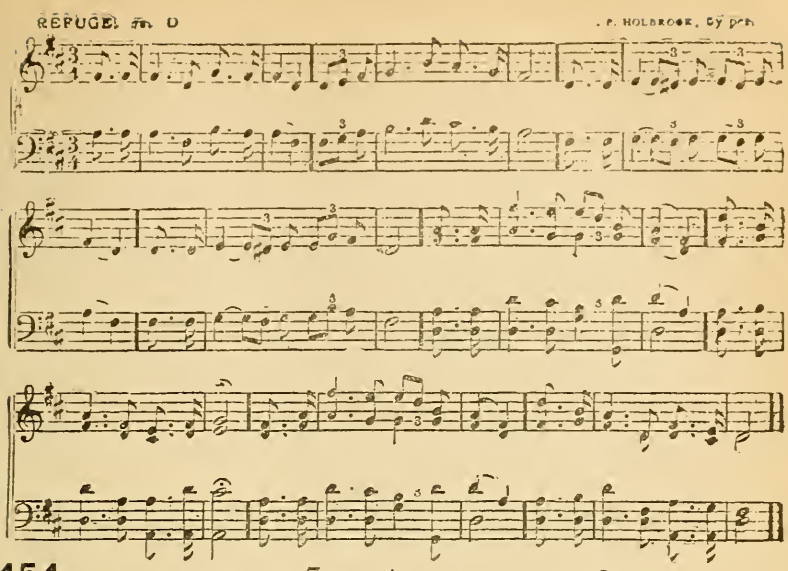
3

Lord! I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine;
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me!

4

And when my task on earth is done,
When by thy grace the victory's won,
Even death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

GILMORE.



454 7s. D.

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

2

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring:
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

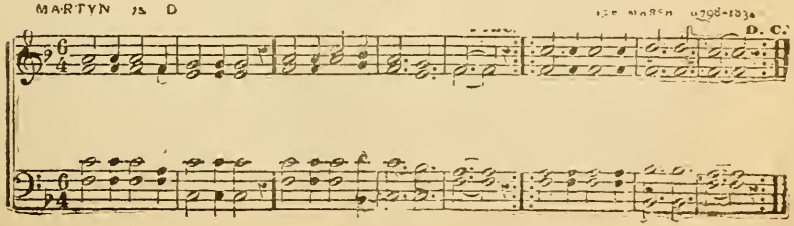
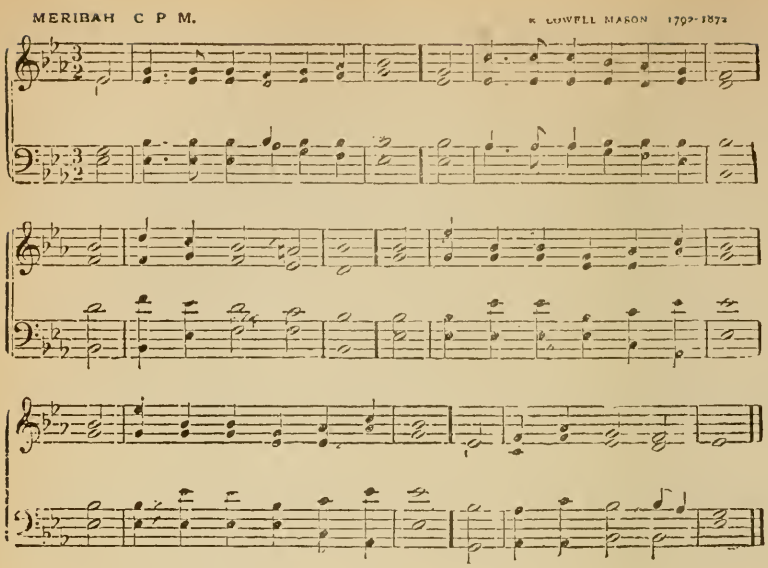
3

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am:
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

WESLEY.



455 C. P. M.

O Lord, how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on thee;
If we from self could rest,
And feel at heart that One above
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best!

2

How far from this our daily life,
How oft disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden wild alarms;
Oh, could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On thine almighty arms.

3

Could we but kneel and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God,
Then rise with lightened cheer;
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear.

456 C. P. M.

O Lord, our strength and righteousness,
Our hope and refuge in distress,
Our Saviour and our God,
See here, a helpless sinner see;
Weak and in pain, he looks to thee,
For healing in thy blood.

2

In sickness make thou all his bed,
Thy hands support his fainting head,
His feeble soul defend;
Teach him on thee to cast his care,
And all his grief and burden bear,
And love him to the end.

3

Oh, let him look to thee alone;
That all thy will on him be done
His only pleasure be,
Alike resigned to live or die,
As most thy name may glorify,
To live or die to thee.

457 L. M. 61.

Jesus, thou source of calm repose,
All fulness dwells in thee divine;
Our strength, to quell the proudest foes;
Our light, in deepest gloom to shine;
Thou art our fortress, strength, and tower,
Our trust and portion, evermore.

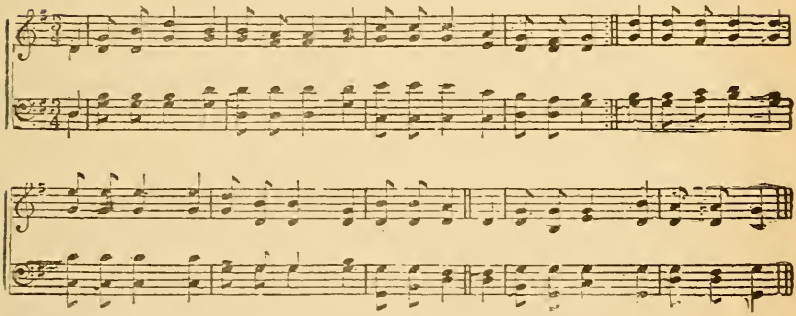
2

Jesus, our Comforter thou art;
Our rest in toil, our ease in pain;
The balm to heal each broken heart
In storms our peace, in loss our gain;
Our joy beneath the worldling's frown
In shame our glory and our crown.

3

In want, our plentiful supply,
In weakness, our almighty power;
In bonds, our perfect liberty;
Our refuge in temptation's hour;
Our comfort, midst all grief and thrall;
Our life in death; our all in all.

SOLID ROCK. L. M. 6 lines. WM. B. BRADBURY



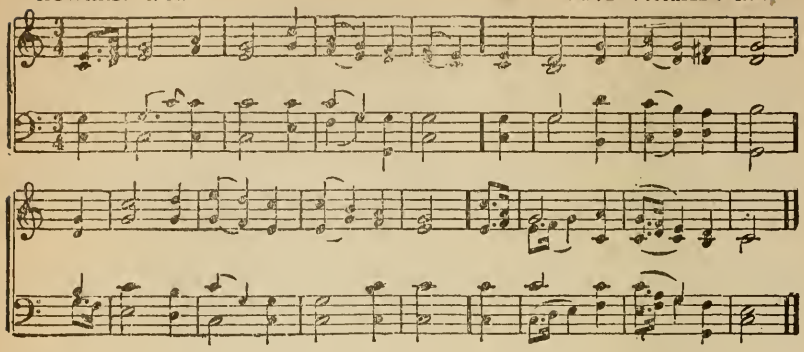
458 L. M. 61.

Oh, let my trembling soul be still,
While darkness veils this mortal eye,
And wait thy wise, thy holy will,
Wrapped yet in tears and mystery;
I cannot, Lord, thy purpose see;
Yet all is well, since ruled by thee.

2

So trusting in thy love, I tread
The narrow path of duty on;
What though some cherished joys are fled?
What though some flattering dreams are gone?
Yet purer, brighter joys remain;
Why should my spirit, then, complain?

HOWARD. C. M. MRS. R. H. CUTHBERT. 1809.



459 C. M.

Dear refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2

To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3

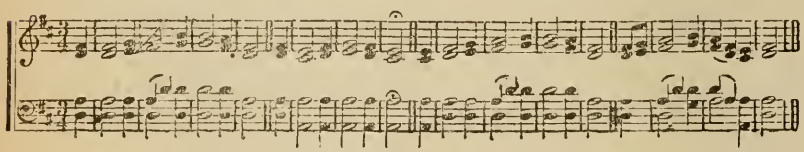
But, oh, when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4

Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

ANNE STEELE.

PHILLIPS C. M. I. B. WOODBURY



460 C. M.

Lord Jesus, are we one with thee?
Oh, height! Oh, depth of love!
With thee we died upon the tree,
In thee we live above.

2

Such was thy grace, that for our sake
Thou didst from heaven come down,
Our mortal flesh and blood partake,
In all our misery one.

3

Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,
Confessed and borne by thee;
The gall, the curse, the wrath, were thine,
To set thy members free.

4

Ascended now, in glory bright,
Still one with us thou art;
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
Thy saints and thee can part.

DECK.

461 7s.

Wait, my soul, upon the Lord,
To his gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon his word,
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

2

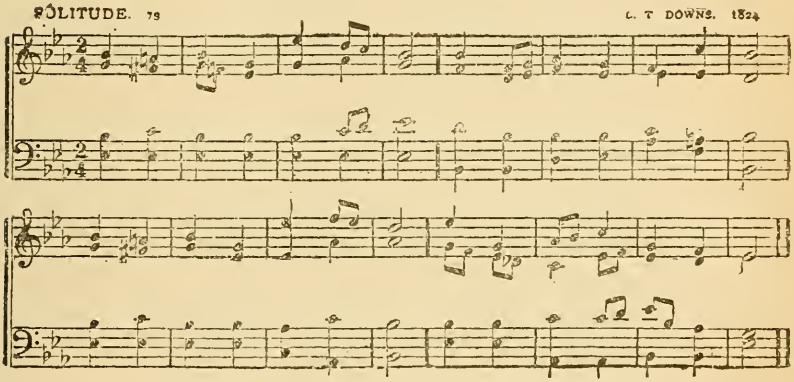
If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promised needful grace,
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

3

Days of trial, days of grief,
In succession thou mayst see,
This is still thy sweet relief,
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

4

Rock of ages, I'm secure,
With thy promise full and free,
Faithful, positive, and sure—
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

LLOYD.

462 7s.

Lord, my times are in thy hand;
All my fondest hopes have planned,
To thy wisdom I resign,
And would make thy purpose mine.

2

Thou my daily task shall give;
Day by day to thee I live:
So shall added years fulfill,
Not my own, my Father's will.

3

Fond ambition, whisper not;
Happy is my humble lot;
Anxious, busy cares, away;
I'm provided for to-day.

4

Oh, to live exempt from care,
By the energy of prayer,
Strong in faith, with mind subdued,
Yet elate with gratitude.

CONDER.

463 C. M.

When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2

Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

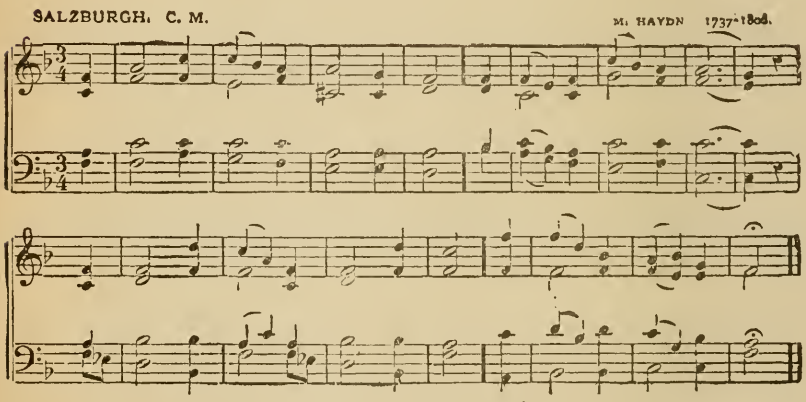
3

Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall!
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4

There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

WATTS.



464 C. M.

I waited patient for the Lord;
He bowed to hear my cry;
He saw me resting on his word,
And brought salvation nigh.

2

He raised me from a gloomy pit,
Where, mourning, long I lay,
And from my bonds released my feet,—
Deep bonds of miry clay.

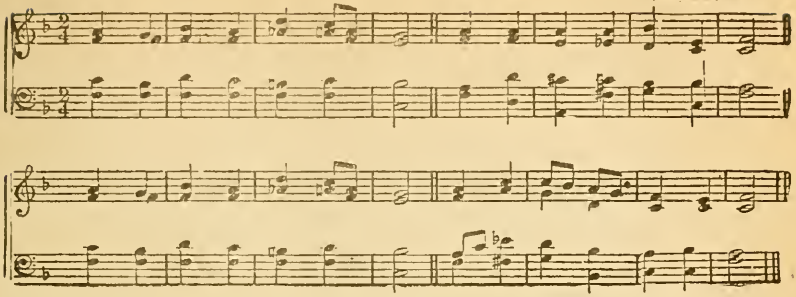
3

Firm on a rock he made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praise the wonders of his hand,
In new and thankful song.

4

How many are thy thoughts of love!
Thy mercies, Lord, how great!
We have not words nor hours enough
Their numbers to repeat.

WATTS.

SEYMOUR 7s. GREATOREX.

465 7s.

Cast thy burden on the Lord;
Lean thou only on his word:
Ever will he be thy stay,
Though the heavens shall melt away.

2

Ever in the raging storm,
Thou shalt see his cheering form,
Hear his pledge of coming aid:
"It is I; be not afraid."

3

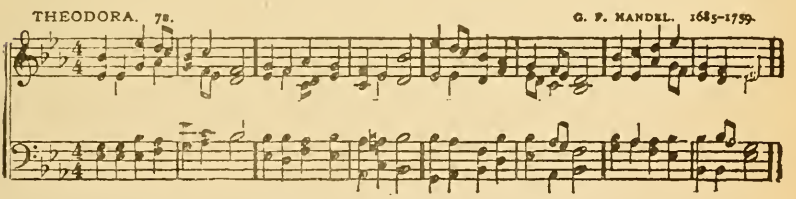
Cast thy burden at his feet;
Linger near his mercy-seat:
He will lead thee by the hand
Gently to the better land.

4

He will gird thee by his power,
In thy weary, fainting hour:
Lean, then, loving on his word;
Cast thy burden on the Lord.

RAWSON.

THEODORA. 7s. G. F. HANDEL. 1685–1759.



466 7s.

Jesus, merciful and mild,
Lead me as a helpless child;
On no other arm but thine
Would my weary soul recline;

2

Thou art ready to forgive,
Thou canst bid the sinner live—
Guide the wanderer day by day,
In the straight and narrow way.

3

Thou canst fit me by thy grace
For the heavenly dwelling-place;
All thy promises are sure,
Ever shall thy love endure.

4

Then what more could I desire,
How to greater bliss aspire?
All I need, in thee I see;
Thou art all in all to me.

HASTINGS.

467 L. M.

Welcome to me the darkest night,
If there the Saviour's presence bright
Beam forth upon the soul dismayed,
And say, "'Tis I, be not afraid."

2

Welcome the fiercest waves that roll
Their deepening floods to whelm my soul,
If he rebuke the storm of ill,
And bid the tempest, "Peace, be still."

3

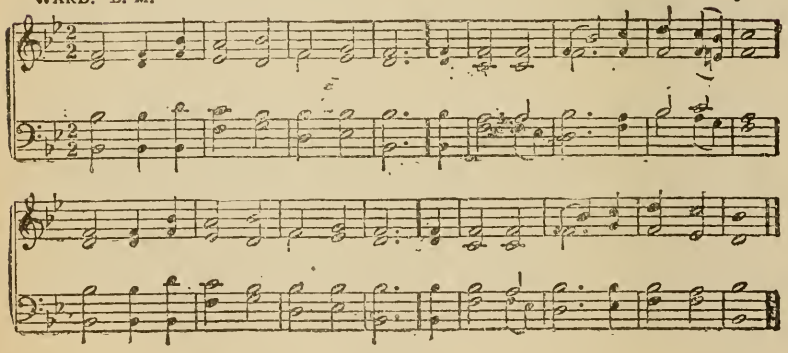
Welcome the thorniest path, if there
The print-marks of his feet appear;
If in his footsteps we may tread,
And follow where our Lord hath led.

4

I will not ask what else is mine,
If thou, O Lord, account me thine;
For what but joy can be my lot,
If God, my God, reject me not?

HOLMES.

WARD. L. M. DR. LOWELL MASON. 183[illegible]



468 L. M.

O Love divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain while thou art near.

2

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, thou art near.

3

When drooping pleasure turns to grief
And trembling faith is changed to fear
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us thou art near.

4

On thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love divine, for ever dear;
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living or dying, thou art near.

ELLIOTT.

469 S. M.

Our times are in thy hand,
Father, we wish them there,
Our life, our soul, our all, we leave
Entirely to thy care.

2

Our times are in thy hand,
Whatever they may be,
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to thee.

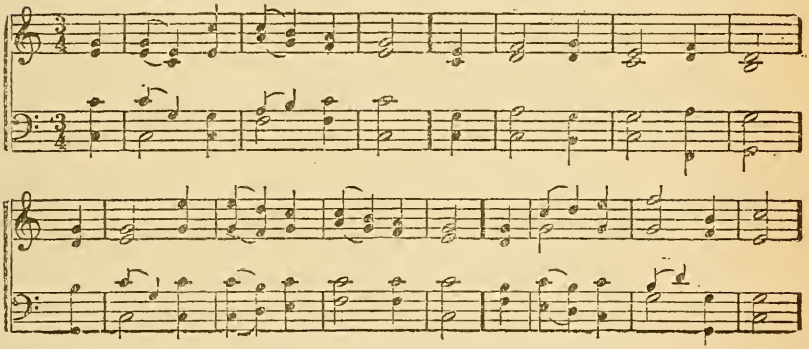
3

Our times are in thy hand,
Why should we doubt or fear?
A Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4

Our times are in thy hand,
We'll always trust in thee,
Till we have left this weary land,
And all thy glory see.

LLOYD.

FERGUSON. S. M. GEO. KINGSLEY. 1811.

470 S. M.

How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord
And trust his constant care.

2

Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up,
Shall guard his children well.

3

Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And peace and comfort find.

4

His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

DODDRIDGE.

471 C. M.

When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pain
And long to fly away;

2

Sweet to look inward and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.

3

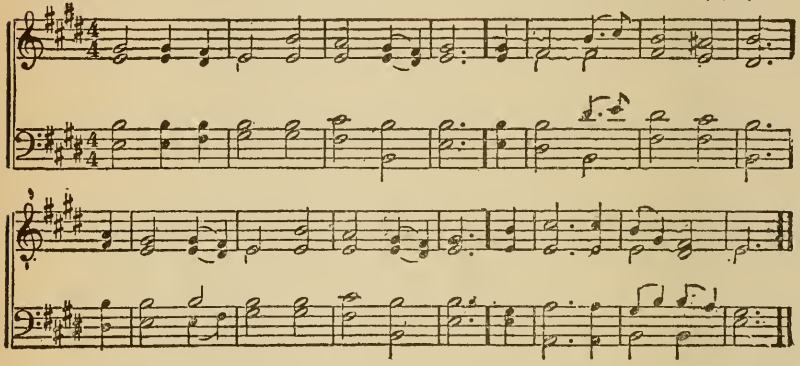
Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own;

4

Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on the promise of his grace
For all things to depend.

TOPLADY.

HAVEN. C. M. DR. T. HASTINGS. 1784-1872.



472 C. M.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest:
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast."

2

I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad.

3

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink and live."

4

I came to Jesus and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

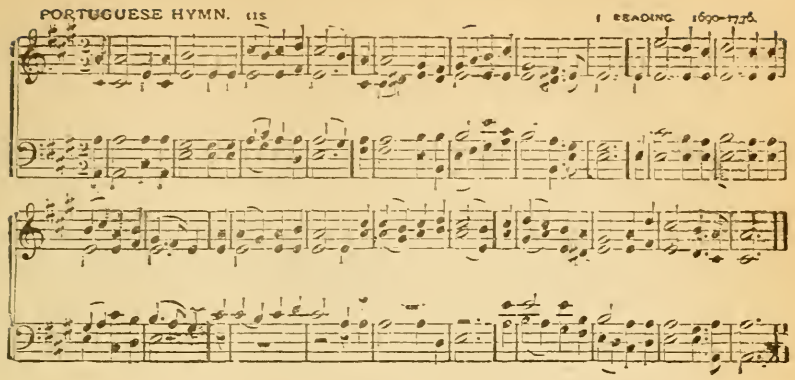
5

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."

6

I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
So in the Light of life I'll walk
Till traveling days are done.

BONAR.



473 **11s.**

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word;
What more can he say than to you he hath said,—
To you who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

2

"Fear not, I am with thee; oh, be not dismayed!
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

3

"When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4

"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

474 S. M.

The church has waited long
Her absent Lord to see;
And still in loneliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she.

2

How long, O Lord our God,
Holy and true and good,
Wilt thou not judge thy suffering church,
Her sighs and tears and blood?

3

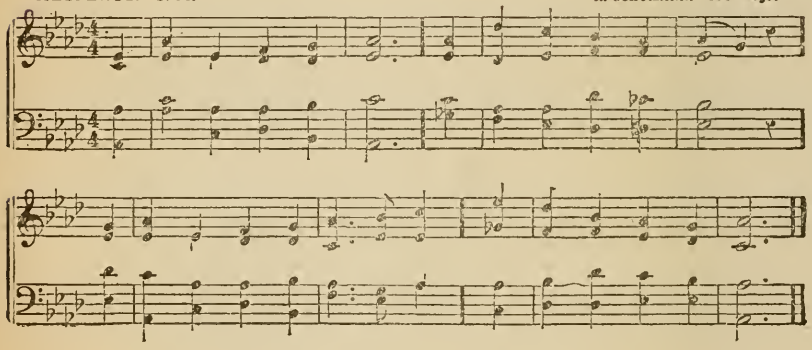
We long to hear thy voice,
To see thee face to face,
To share thy crown and glory then,
As now we share thy grace.

4

Come, Lord and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.

BONAR.

HESPERUS. S. M. R. SCHUMANN. 1810–1856.



475 S. M

When, overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2

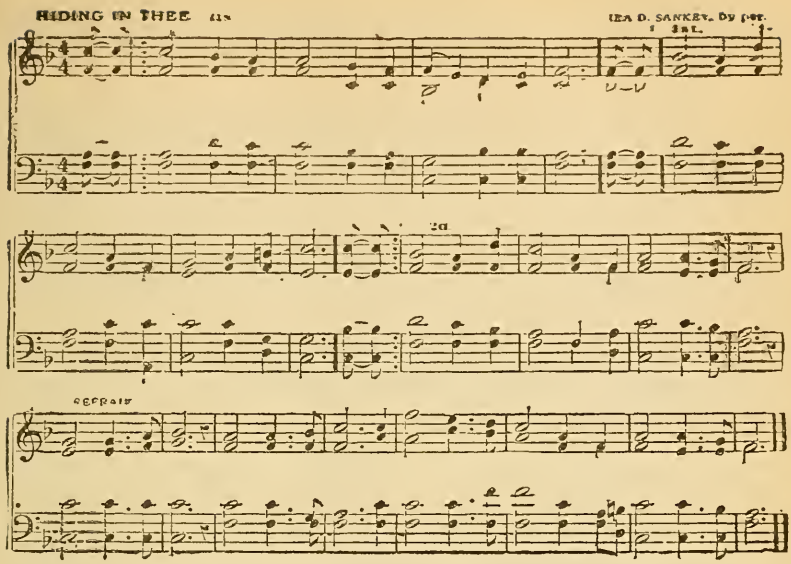
Oh, lead me to the Rock
That's high above my head,
And make the cover of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3

Within thy presence, Lord,
Forever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defense,
The refuge where I hide.

4

Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name.
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

WATTS

476 11s

Oh, safe to the Rock that is higher than I,
My soul, in its conflict and sorrows would fly;
So sinful, so weary, thine, thine would I be;
Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in thee.

REF.—Hiding in thee, hiding in thee,
Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in thee.

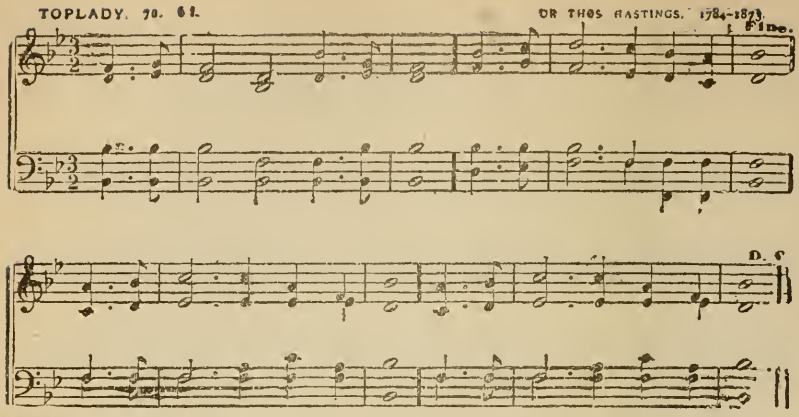
2

In the calm of the noontide, in sorrow's lone hour,
In times when temptation cast o'er me its power;
In the tempests of life, on its wide, heaving sea,
Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in thee.

3

How oft in the conflict, when pressed by the foe,
I have fled to my refuge and breathed out my woe!
How often when trials, like sea-billows roll,
Have I hidden in thee, O thou Rock of my soul!

CUSHING.



477 7s. 6l.

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2

Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfill thy laws demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone.

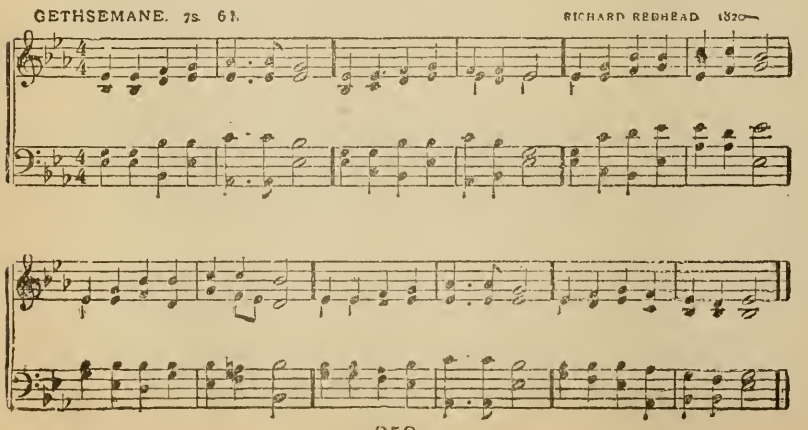
3

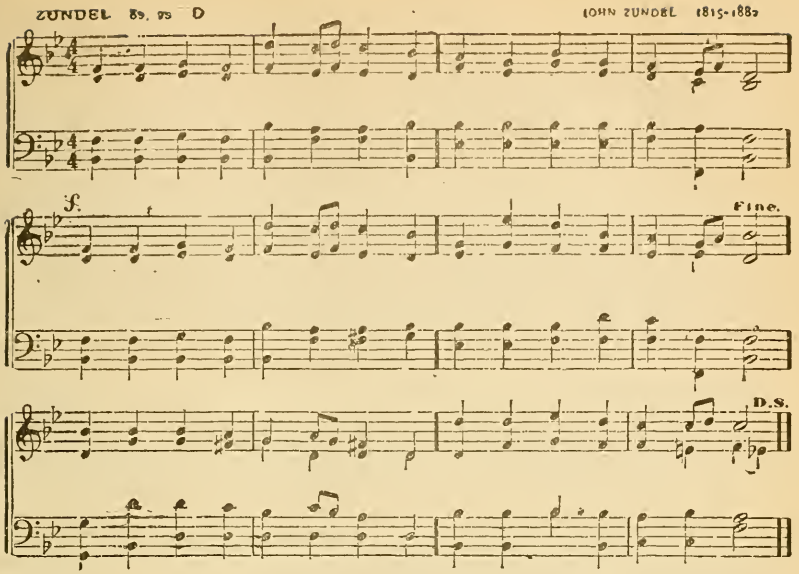
Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Vile, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,—
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

TOPLADY.





478 8s, 7s. D.

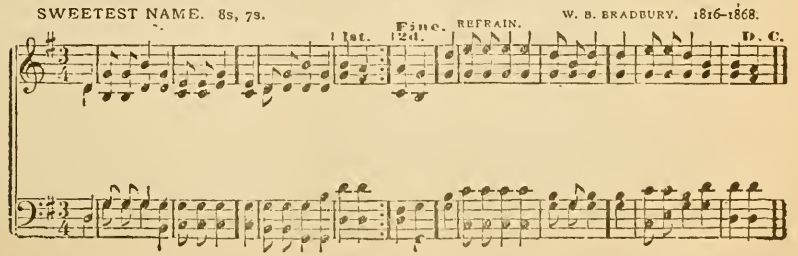
I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!
He loved me ere I knew him;
He drew me with the cords of love,
And thus he bound me to him.
And round my heart still closely twine
Those ties which naught can sever;
For I am his, and he is mine,
Forever and forever.

2

I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!
He bled, he died to save me;
And not alone the gift of life,
But his own self he gave me.
Naught that I have my own I call,
I hold it for the Giver;
My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
Are his, and his forever.

3

I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!
So kind and true and tender;
So wise a Counselor and Guide,
So mighty a Defender!
From him who loves me now so well,
What power my soul shall sever?
Shall life or death, shall earth or hell?
No; I am his forever.

SMALL.

479 L. M.

God in his earthly temple lays
Foundations for his heavenly praise;
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Zion loves to dwell.

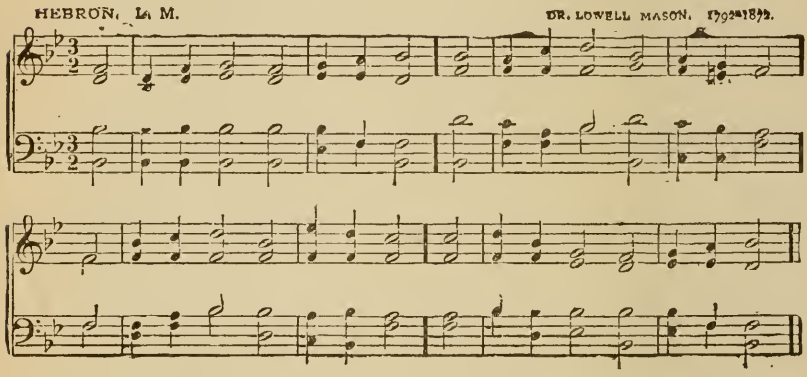
2

His mercy visits every house
That pay their night and morning vows,
But makes a more delightful stay
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

3

What glories are described of old!
What wonders are of Zion told!
Thou city of our God below,
Thy frame shall Tyre and Egypt know.

WATTS.



480 L. M.

Happy the church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace;
Thine holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God.

2

Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
A guard of heavenly warriors wait;
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
Fixed on his counsels and his love.

3

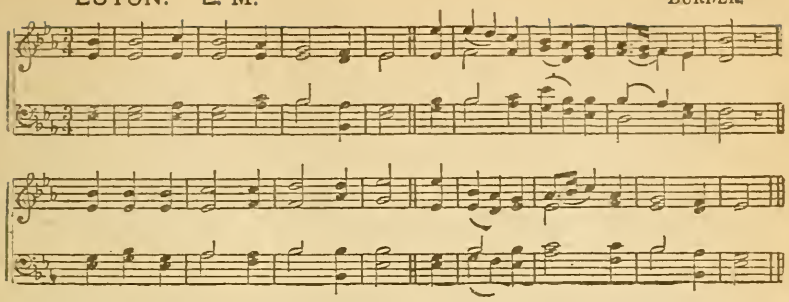
Thy foes in vain designs engage;
Against thy throne in vain they rage:
Like rising waves with angry roar,
That dash and die upon the shore.

4

God is our shield, and God our sun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brightest praise.

WATTS

LUTON. L. M. BURDER.



481 L. M.

Triumphant Zion! lift thy head
From dust and darkness and the dead;
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with the Saviour's strength.

2

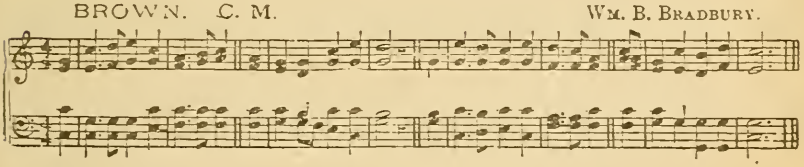
Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thine excellence be known;
Decked in the robe of righteousness,
The world thy glories shall confess.

3

No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread,
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

DODDRIDGE.

BROWN. C. M. WM. B. BRADBURY.



482 C. M.

A mother may forgetful be,
For human love is frail;
But thy Creator's love to thee,
O Zion, cannot fail.

2

No, thy dear name engraven stands,
In characters of love,
On thy almighty Father's hands
And never shall remove.

3

Before his ever-watchful eye
Thy mournful state appears,
And every groan, and every sigh,
Divine compassion hears.

4

O Zion, learn to doubt no more,
Be every fear compressed;
Unchanging truth and love and power
Dwell in thy Saviour's breast.

ANNE STEELE.

483 S. M.

Far as thy name is known
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne,
Their songs of honor raise.

2

With joy thy people stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

3

Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Survey with care thine holy ground,
And mark the building well,—

4

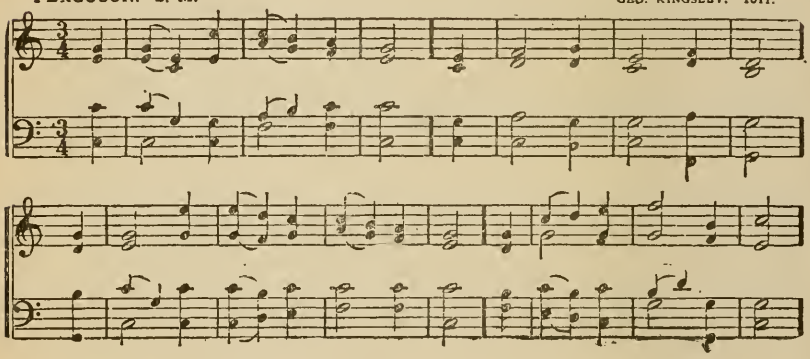
The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.

5

How decent, and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorned with gold.

WATTS.

FERGUSON. S. M. GEO. KINGSLEY. 1811.



484 S. M.

Far down the ages now,
Much of her journey done,
The pilgrim church pursues her way,
Until her crown be won.

2

The story of the past
Comes up before her view
How well it seems to suit her still,—
Old, and yet ever new.

3

No wider is the gate,
No broader is the way,
No smoother is the ancient path,
That leads to life and day.

4

No slacker grows the fight,
No feebler is the foe,
No less the need of armor-tried,
Of shield and spear and bow.

BONAR.

485 8s, 7s.

Jesus, mighty King in Zion,
Thou alone our Guide shalt be
Thy commission we rely on;
We would follow none but thee.

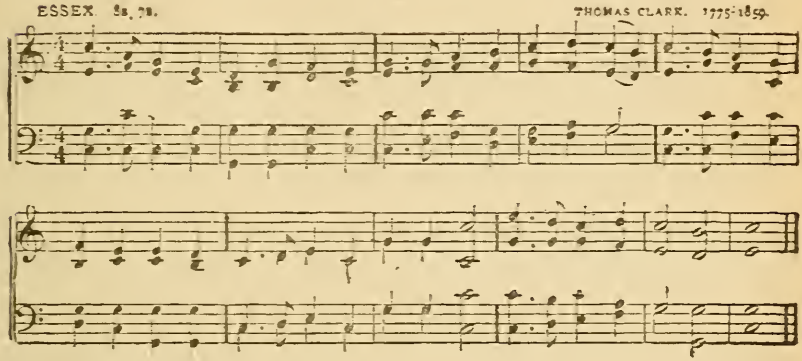
2

As an emblem of thy passion,
And thy victory o'er the grave,
We, who know thy great salvation
Are baptized beneath the wave.

3

Fearless of the world's despising,
We the ancient path pursue,
Buried with our Lord, and rising
To a life divinely new.

FELLOWS.



486 8s, 7s.

Humble souls, who seek salvation
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood
Hear the voice of revelation,
Tread the path that Jesus trod.

2

Hear the blest Redeemer call you,
Listen to his heavenly voice;
Dread no ills that can befall you,
While you make his way your choice.

3

Jesus says, "Let each believer
Be baptized in my name;"
He himself, in Jordan's river,
Was immersed beneath the stream.

4

Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
Follow him without delay;
Gladly his command embracing,
Lo! your Captain leads the way.

FAWCETT.

487 C. M.

Planted in Christ, the living vine,
This day, with one accord,
Ourselves, with humble faith and joy,
We yield to thee, O Lord.

2

Joined in one body may we be;
One inward life partake;
One be our heart; one heavenly hope
In every bosom wake.

3

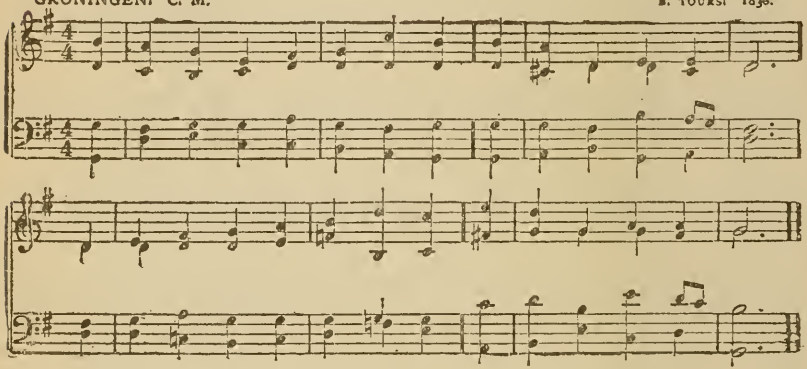
In prayer, in effort, tears, and toils,
One wisdom be our guide;
Taught by one Spirit from above,
In thee may we abide.

4

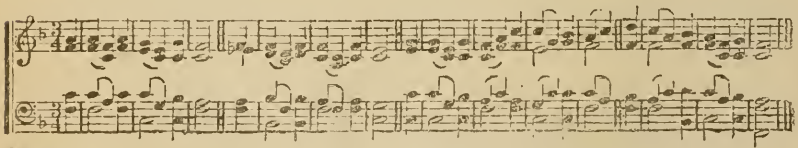
Complete in us, whom grace hath called,
Thy glorious work begun,
O thou, in whom the church on earth
And church in heaven are one.

SMITH.

GRONINGEN. C. M. B. TOURS. 1838.



DENNIS. S. M.



488 S. M.

With willing hearts we tread
The path the Saviour trod;
We love th' example of our head,
The glorious Lamb of God.

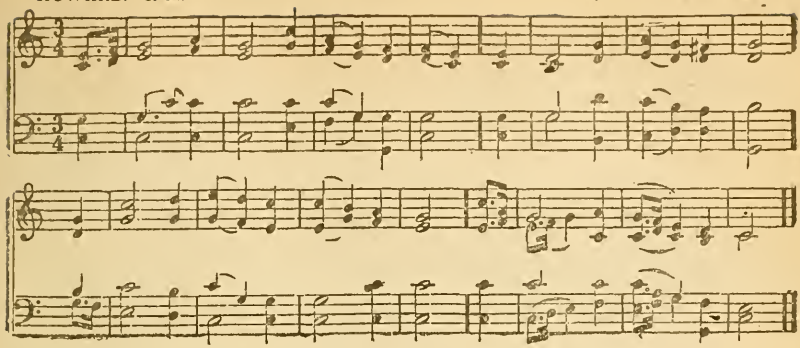
2

On thee, on thee alone,
Our hope and faith reply,
O thou who didst for sin atone,
Who didst for sinners die.

3

We trust thy sacrifice;
To thy dear cross we flee
Oh, may we die to sin, and rise
To life and bliss in thee.

SMITH.

HOWARD. C. M. MRS. E. H. CUTHBERT. 1869.

489 C. M.

'Tis God the Father we adore
In this baptismal sign;
'Tis his whose voice on Jordan's shore
Proclaimed the Son divine.

2

The Father owned him, let our breath
In answering praise ascend,
As, in the image of his death,
We own our heavenly Friend.

3

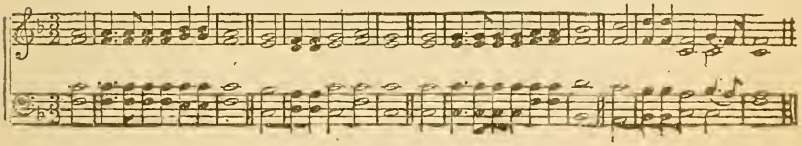
We seek the consecrated grave
Along the path we trod:
Receive us in the hallowed wave,
Thou holy Son of God.

4

Let earth and heaven our zeal record,
And future witness bear
That we to Zion's mighty Lord
Our full allegiance swear.

MARIA GRACE SAFFERY.

BYEFIELD. C. M. DR. T. HASTINGS.



490 C. M.

While in this sacred rite of thine,
We yield our spirits now,
Shine o'er the waters, Dove divine,
And seal the cheerful vow.

2

All glory be to him whose life
For ours was freely given,
Who aids us in the Spirit's strife
And makes us meet for heaven.

3

To thee we gladly now resign
Our life and all our powers;
Accept us in this rite divine,
And bless these hallowed hours.

SMITH.

491 S. M.

I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2

I love thy church, O God;
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3

For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

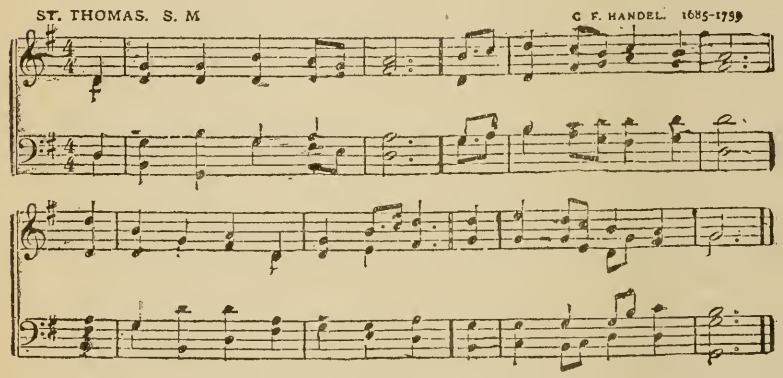
4

Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5

Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

DWIGHT.



492 S. M.

Behold, the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2

But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3

How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just,
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
And we securely trust.

4

My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given!
Oh, may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

493 C. M.

O Lord, and will thy pardoning love
Embrace a wretch so vile?
Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,
And bless me with thy smile?

2

Hast thou the cross for me endured,
And all its shame despised?
And shall I be ashamed, O Lord,
With thee to be baptized?

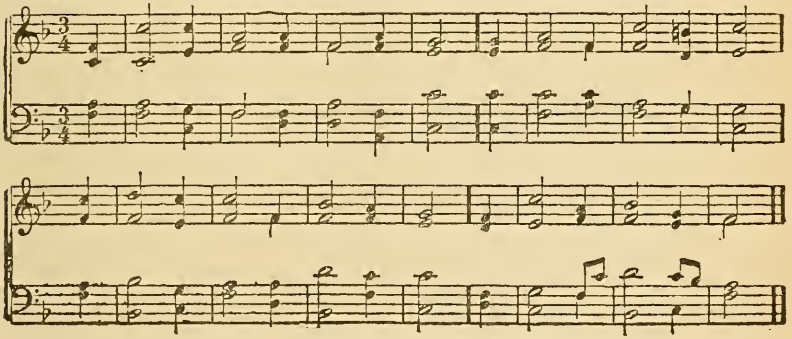
3

Didst thou the great example lead,
In Jordan's swelling flood?
And shall my pride disdain the deed
That's worthy of my God?

4

O Lord, the ardor of thy love
Reproves my cold delays;
And now my willing footsteps move
In thy delightful ways.

FELLOWS.

MEAR. C. M. WELSH AIR. A. WILLIAMS. 1762.

494 C. M.

Ye men and angels, witness now,—
Before the Lord we speak;
To him we make our solemn vow,—
A vow we dare not break,—

2

That long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

3

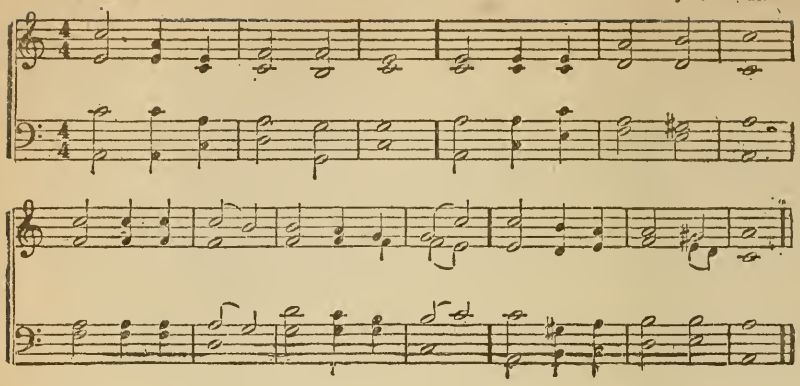
We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely;
May he, with our returning wants,
All needful aid supply.

4

Oh, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways;
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

REDDOME.

LYTE. S. M. J. P. WILKES.



495 S. M.

Blest feast of love divine!
'Tis grace that makes us free
To feed upon this bread and wine,
In memory, Lord, of thee.

2

That blood which flowed for sin,
In symbol here we see,
And feel the blessed pledge within
That we are loved by thee.

3

Oh, if this glimpse of love
Be so divinely sweet,
What will it be, O Lord, above,
Thy gladdening smile to meet?

DENNY.

496 S. M.

Jesus invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardoned rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2

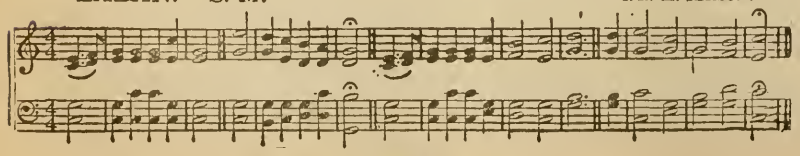
This holy bread and wine
Maintain our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And interest in his death.

3

Let all our powers be joined
His glorious name to raise;
Let holy love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

WATTS.

LABAN. S. M. DR. L. MASON.



497 C. M.

In all my Lord's appointed ways
My journey I'll pursue;
"Hinder me not," ye much-loved saints,
For I must go with you.

2

Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes;
"Hinder me not," shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

3

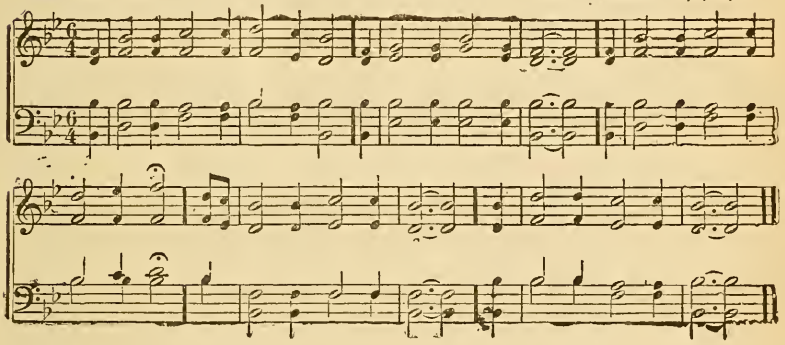
Through duties, and through trials too,
I'll go at his command;
"Hinder me not;" for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

4

And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be—
"Hinder me not;" come, welcome, death;
I'll gladly go with thee.

RYLAND.

ORTONVILLE. C. M. DR. T. HASTINGS. 1784-1872.



498 C. M.

Meekly in Jordan's holy stream
The great Redeemer bowed;
Bright was the glory's sacred beam
That hushed the wondering crowd.

2

Thus God descended to approve
The deed that Christ had done;
Thus came the emblematic Dove,
And hovered o'er the Son.

3

So, blessed Spirit, come to-day
To our baptismal scene;
Let thoughts of earth be far away,
And every mind serene.

4

This day we give to holy joy;
This day to heaven belongs;
Raised to new life, we will employ
In melody our tongues.

SMITH.

499 S. M.

Here, O ye faithful, see,
Your Lord baptized in woe,
Immersed in seas of agony,
Which all his soul o'erflow.

2

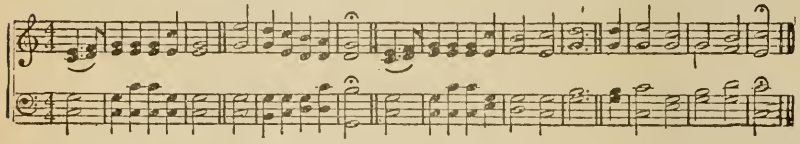
Here we behold the grave
Which held our buried Head;
We claim a burial in the wave,
Because with Jesus dead.

3

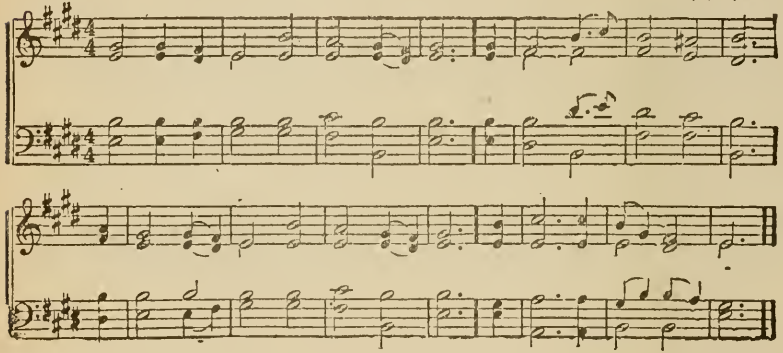
Here, too, we see him rise,
And live no more to die;
And one with him by sacred ties,
We rise to live on high.

SPURGEON.

LABAN. S. M. DR. L. MASON.



HAVEN. C. M. DR. T. HASTINGS. 1784-1872.



500 C. M.

Buried beneath the yielding wave,
The great Redeemer lies;
Faith views him in the watery grave,
And thence beholds him rise.

2

Thus it becomes his saints to-day
Their ardent zeal t' express;
And, in the Lord's appointed way,
Fulfill all righteousness.

3

With joy we in his footsteps tread,
And would his cause maintain;
Like him be numbered with the dead,
And with him rise and reign.

4

Now we, dear Jesus, would to thee
Our grateful voices raise;
Washed in the fountain of thy blood,
Our lives shall be thy praise.

BEDDOME.

501 S. M.

Great is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2

In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone,
Through all her palaces!

3

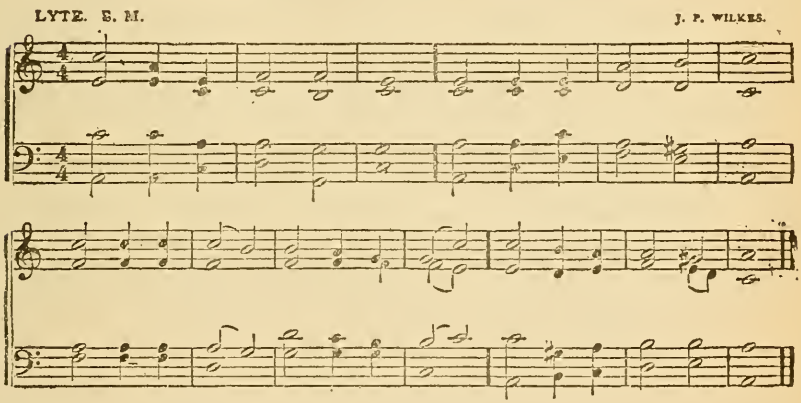
When kings against her joined
And saw the Lord was there,
In wild confusion of the mind,
They fled with hasty fear.

4

Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been.

5

In every new distress
We'll to his house repair;
We'll call to mind his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

WATTS.

502 S. M.

Down to the sacred wave
The Lord of life was led;
And he who came our souls to save
In Jordan bowed his head.

2

He taught the solemn way;
He fixed the holy rite;
He bade his ransomed ones obey,
And keep the path of light.

3

Blest Saviour, we will tread
In thy appointed way;
Let glory o'er these scenes be shed,
And smile on us to-day.

SMITH.

503 L. M.

Come, Holy Spirit, Dove divine,
On these baptismal waters shine,
And teach our hearts, in highest strain,
To praise the Lamb, for sinners slain.

2

We love thy name, we love thy laws,
And joyfully embrace thy cause;
We love thy cross, the shame, the pain,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain.

3

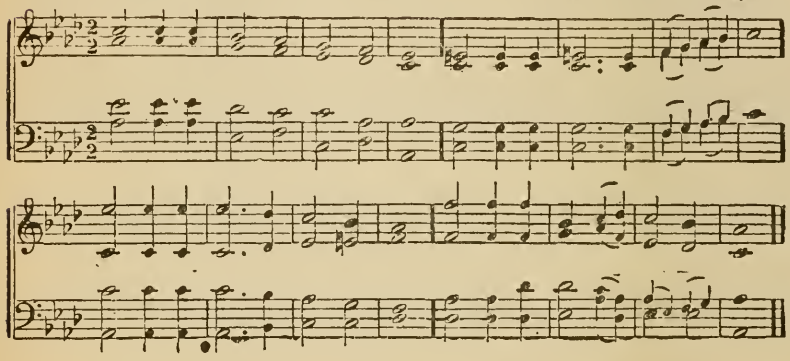
We sink beneath thy mystic flood;
Oh, bathe us in thy cleansing blood;
We die to sin, and seek a grave,
With thee, beneath the yielding wave.

4

And as we rise, with thee to live,
Oh, let the Holy Spirit give
The sealing unction from above,
The breath of life, the fire of love.

WATTS.

GROSTETTE. L. M. H. W. GREATOREX. 1811-1858.



504 L. M.

O Father, Lord of earth and heaven,
O Son incarnate, Christ our King!
O Spirit for our guidance given!
Hear and accept the vow we bring.

2

We own thee, Saviour, crucified,
We own thee, Saviour, raised to heaven;
With thee our souls to sin have died,
But now would rise as thou art risen.

3

Thy gospel, Lord, we would obey,
We follow, and thy hand shall guide:
We seek through Jordan's wave the way
That leads thy loved ones to thy side.

4

Now in immersion,—wondrous sign!—
We dedicate ourselves to thee;
Now seal the covenant divine,
And own us thine eternally.

WILLMARTH.

505 C. M.

Immersed beneath the closing wave,
We're into death baptized;
And enter thus our Saviour's grave,
Buried with him that died.

2

With Christ we die, that, freed from sin,
With Christ we may arise;
New thoughts, new hopes, new lives to win,
To fit us for the skies.

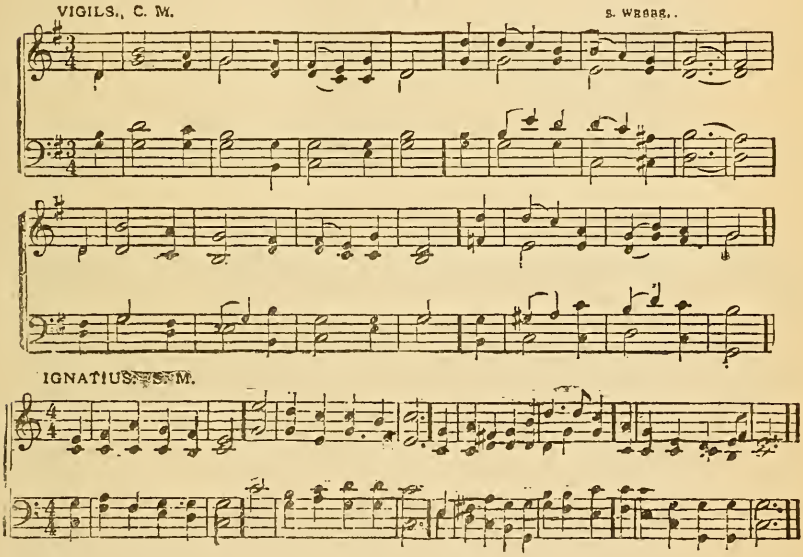
3

O Holy Ghost, to us be given;
And all our converse here
Be waiting for the Lord from heaven,
Till Christ, our Life appear.

4

And grant our faith the majesty,
The present joy and crown,
With Christ, e'en now, to live on high,
And there with him sit down.

RAWSON.



506 S. M.

Baptized into the name
Of my redeeming Lord;
Inspired with loftiest, holiest aim
That grace can man accord;

2

To thee, my God, I raise
A spirit glad and free,
And dedicate once more my days
With firm resolve to thee.

3

I bless the love divine,
That hath thy servant found;
And would for evermore be thine,
And light diffuse around.

DAVIS.

507 L. M.

Behold the grave where Jesus lay,
Before he shed his precious blood.
How plain he marked the humble way
To sinners through the mystic flood!

2

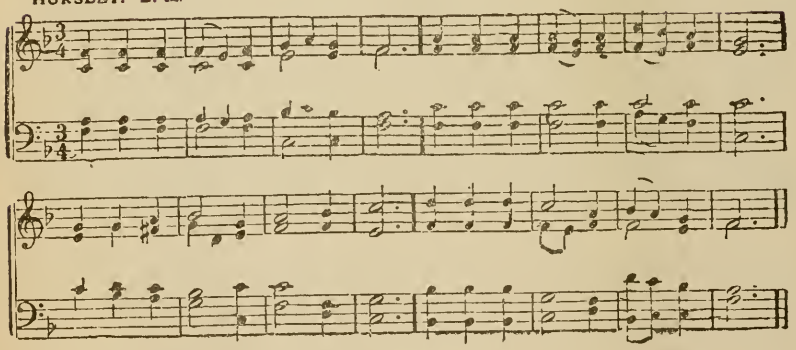
Come, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Come, and obey his sacred word;
He died; and rose again for you;
What more could the Redeemer do?

3

Eternal Spirit, heavenly Dove,
On these baptismal waters move;
And grant that we through grace divine,
May have the substance with the sign.

STENNETT AND BEDDOME.

HURSLEY. L. M.



508 L. M.

Amidst us our Beloved stands,
And bids us view his pierced hands;
Points to the wounded feet and side,
Blest emblems of the crucified.

2

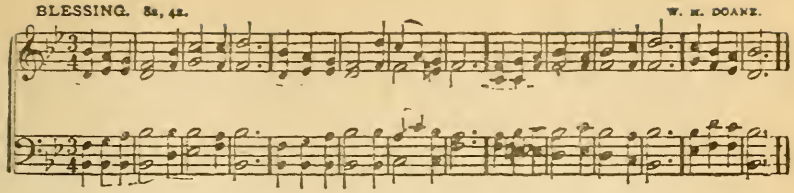
What food luxurious loads the board,
When at his table sits the Lord!
The wine how rich, the bread how sweet,
When Jesus deigns the guests to meet!

3

If now, with eyes defiled and dim,
We see the signs, but see not him,
Oh, may his love the scales displace,
And bid us see him face to face!

SPURGEON.

BLESSING. 8s, 4s. W. H. DOANE.



509 8s, 4s.

By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,
We keep the memory adored,
And show the death of our dear Lord,
Until he come.

2

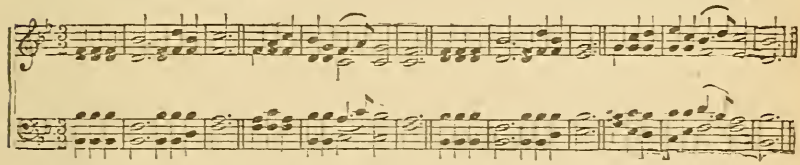
His body broken in our stead,
Is here in this memorial bread;
And so our feeble love is fed;
Until he come.

3

Oh, blessed hope! with this elate
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But, strong in faith, in patience wait
Until he come.

RAWSON.

BADEN. L. M DR. T. HASTINGS.



510 L. M.

When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to his blood,

3

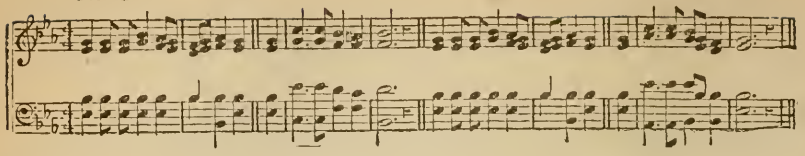
See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4

Were all the realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

WATTS.

NAOMI. C. M. Dr. L. Mason.



511 C. M.

How sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!

2

While all our hearts and every song,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries, with thankful tongue,
"Lord, why was I a guest?"

3

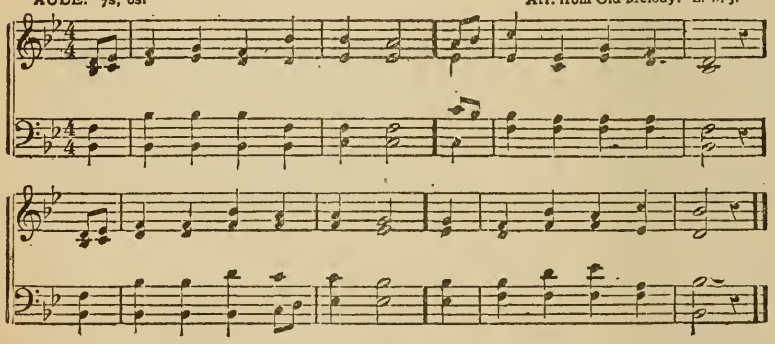
'Twas the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly forced us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perish in our sin.

4

Pity the nations, O our God;
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

WATTS.

AULÉ. 7s, 6s. Arr. from Old Melody. E. H. J.



512 7s, 6s.

Sit down beneath his shadow,
And rest with great delight;
The faith that now beholds him
Is pledge of future sight.

2

Our Master's love remember,
Exceeding great and free;
Lift up thy heart in gladness,
For he remembers thee.

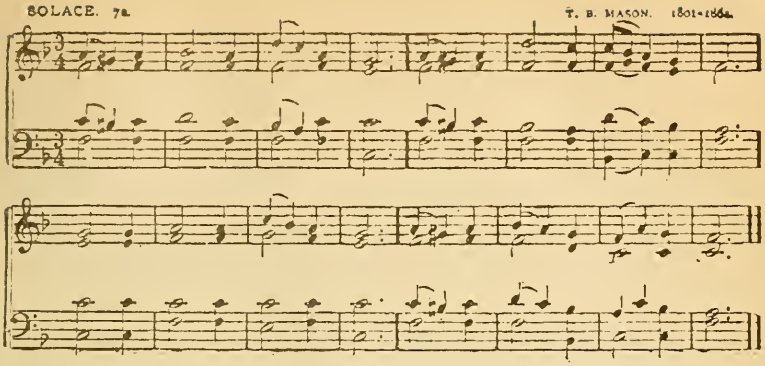
3

A little while though parted,
Remember, wait, and love,
Until he comes in glory,
Until we meet above.

4

Till in the Father's kingdom
The heavenly feast is spread,
And we behold his beauty,
Whose blood for us was shed.

HAVERGAL.



513 7s.

Bread of heaven, on thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed:
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living bread.

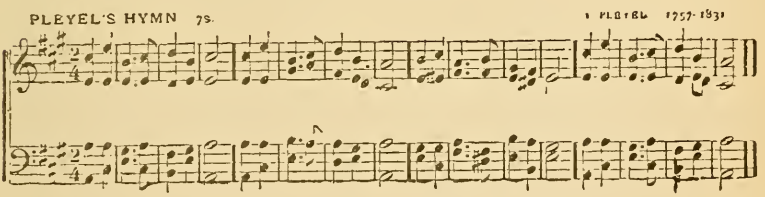
2

Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice:
Lord, thy wounds our healing give,
To thy cross we look and live.

3

Day by day, with strength supplied
Through the life of him who died,
Lord of life, oh, let us be
Rooted, grafted, built in thee!

CONDER.



514 7s.

People of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.

2

Now to you my spirit turns,—
Turns, a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
Oh, receive me into rest.

3

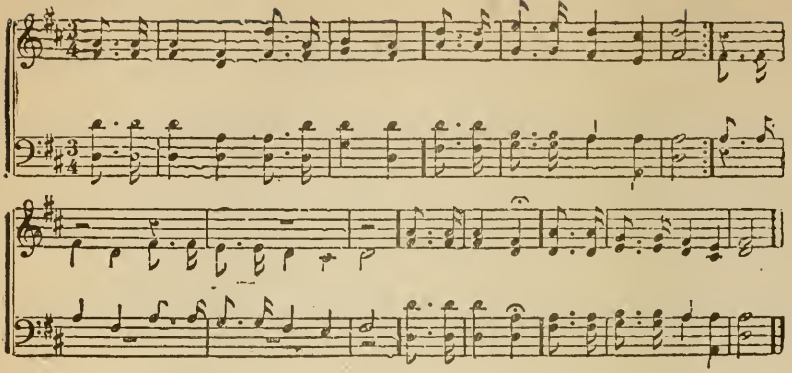
Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave.

4

Mine the God whom you adore;
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more;
Every idol I resign.

MONTGOMERY.

ZION. 8s, 7s, 4. DR. THOS. HASTINGS 1784-1872



515 8s, 7s, 4s.

Enter, Jesus bids thee welcome
In the fullness of his grace;
With this hand of love we give thee
In our hearts the warmest place:
Hence together
Let us run the Christian race.

2

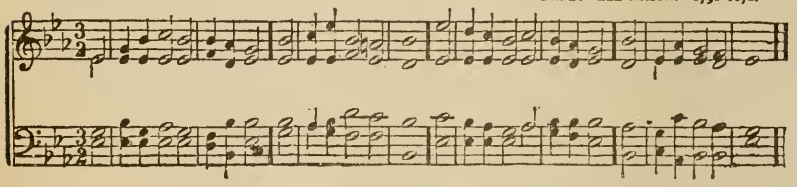
Trials hard may oft beset thee,
Crosses fill the path you trace,
But a victor's palm awaits thee;
Slacken not thy heavenward pace:
Firm together
Let us run the Christian race!

3

Welcome then to joys and sorrows,
Every foe and danger face;
God is with us, we shall triumph,—
Hallelujah to his grace!
Oh, what glory
Crowns the blessed Christian race!

DYER.

DOWNS. C. M. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792-1872.



516 C. M.

Here at thy table, Lord, we meet,
To feed on food divine;
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine.

2

Here peace and pardon sweetly flow;
Oh, what delightful food!
We eat the bread and drink the wine,
But think on nobler good.

3

Sure, there was never love so free,
Dear Savior,—so divine;
Well thou mayst claim that heart of me,
Which owes so much to thine.

STENNETT.

517 C. M.

Oh, love divine! oh, matchless grace!
Which in this sacred rite
Shines forth so full, so free in rays
Of purest living light.

2

Oh, wondrous death! oh, precious blood,
For us so freely spilt,
To cleanse our sin-polluted souls
From every stain of guilt.

3

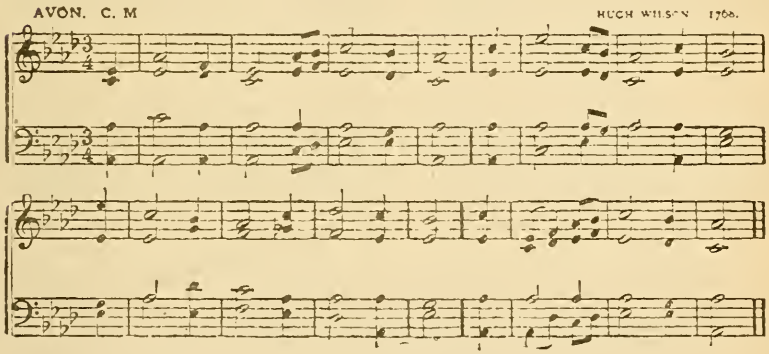
Oh, covenant of life and peace,
By blood and suffering sealed.
All the rich gifts of gospel grace
Are here to faith revealed.

4

Jesus, we bow our souls to thee,
Our Life, our Hope, our All,
While we, with thankful, contrite hearts,
Thy dying love recall.

5

Oh, may thy pure and perfect love
Be written on our minds;
Nor earth nor self nor sin obscure
The ever-radiant lines.

TURNEY.

518 C. M.

Lord, at thy table we behold
The wonders of thy grace,
But most of all admire that we
Should find a welcome place!—

2

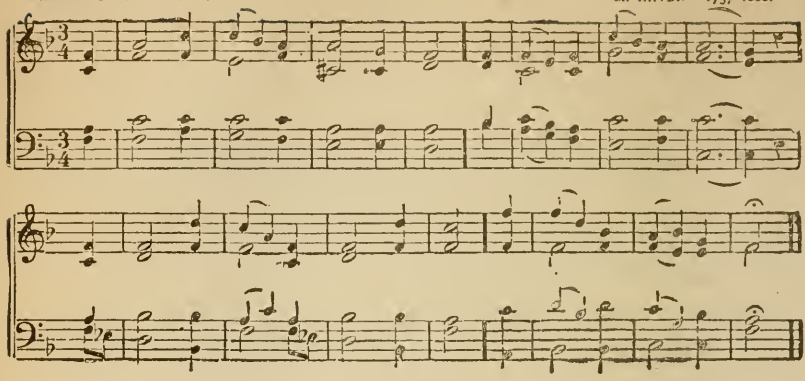
We, who were all defiled with sin,
And rebels to our God;
We, who have crucified thy Son,
And trampled on his blood.

3

What strange, surprising grace is this,
That we, so lost, have room!
Jesus our weary souls invites,
And freely bids us come.

STENNETT.

SALZBURGH. C. M. M. HAYDN 1737-1808.



519 C. M.

Let Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their solemn charge receive.

2

'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.

3

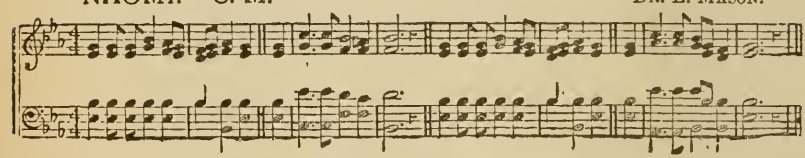
They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego,—
For souls, which must forever live,
In rapture or in woe.

4

May they that Jesus whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

DODDRIDGE.

NAOMI. C. M. DR. L. MASON.



520 C. M.

O Jesus, in this solemn hour,
Be with thy people here;
Let thine authority and power
To rule thy church appear.

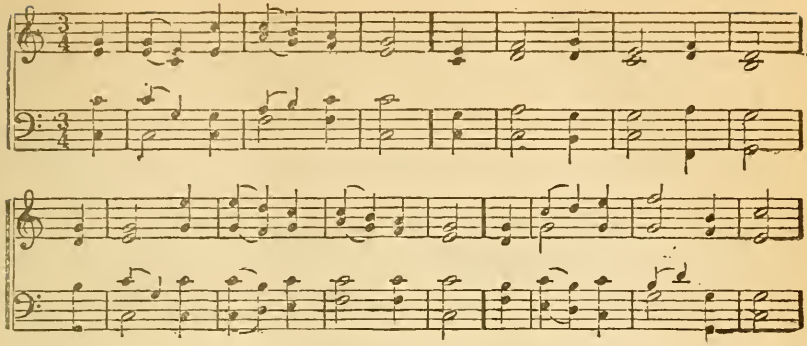
2

Oh, may the choice which we have made
By thee be ratified;
Thy servants' fitness be displayed,
As they are further tried.

3

With faithfulness may they fulfill
The office in their hands,
And seek to know and do thy will
In all that will demands.

COLLYER.

FERGUSON. S. M. GEO. KINGSLEY. 1811.

521 S. M.

How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.

2

How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here."

3

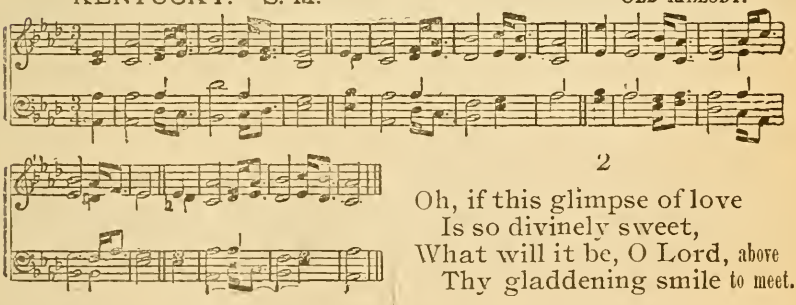
The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

4

The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

WATTS.

KENTUCKY. S. M. OLD MELODY.



522 S. M.

Sweet feast of love divine;
'Tis grace that makes us free
To feed upon this bread and wine,
In memory, Lord, of thee.

2

Oh, if this glimpse of love
Is so divinely sweet,
What will it be, O Lord, above
Thy gladdening smile to meet.

3

To see thee face to face,
Thy perfect likeness wear,
And all thy ways of wondrous grace
Through endless years declare?

DENNY.

523 L. M.

We bid thee welcome in the name
Of Jesus, our exalted Head:
Come as a servant: so he came;
And we receive thee in his stead.

2

Come as a shepherd: guard and keep
This fold from Satan and from sin;
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep,
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.

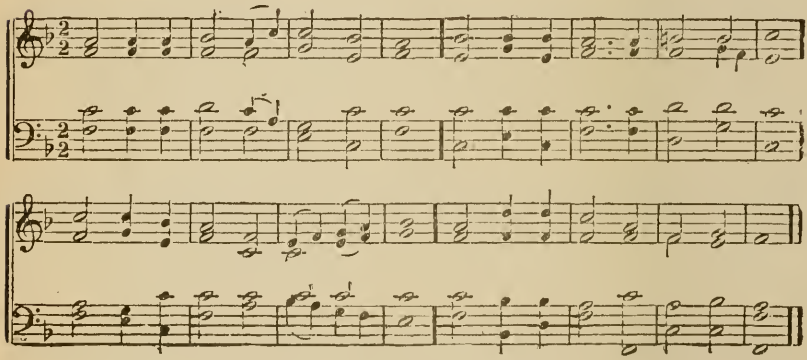
3

Come as a teacher sent from God,
Charged his whole counsel to declare,
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.

4

Come as a messenger of peace,
Filled with the Spirit, filled with love;
Live to behold our large increase,
And die to meet us all above.

MONTGOMERY.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M. H. K. OLIVER. 1800—

524 L. M.

Father of mercies, bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer;
We plead for those who plead for thee,
Successful pleaders may they be.

2

Oh, clothe with energy divine
Their words; and let those words be thine
To them thy sacred truth reveal;
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

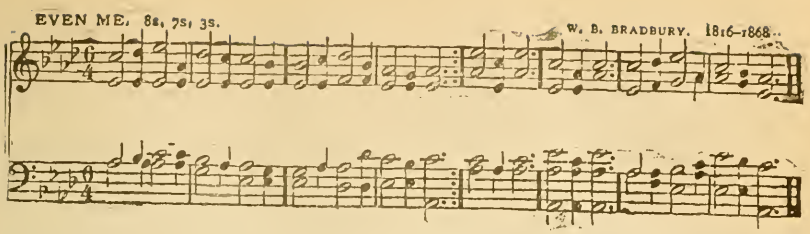
3

Teach them to sow the precious seed;
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain,—
And thus reward their toil and pain.

4

Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy Spirit's living power.

BEDDOME.



525 8s, 7s, 3s.

Lord, I hear of showers of blessings,
Thou art scattering full and free;
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me.
Even me.

2

Pass me not, O God, our Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st curse me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me.
Even me.

3

Pass me not, oh, gracious Saviour,
Let me live and cling to thee;
For I am longing for thy favor;
Whilst thou'rt calling, oh, call me.
Even me.

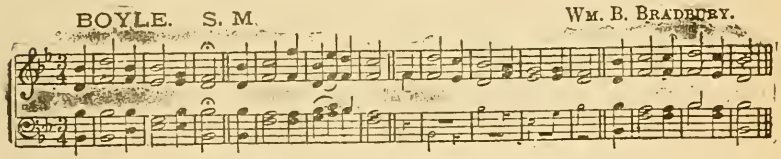
4

Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak some word of power to me.
Even me.

5

Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich, so free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless;
Magnify it all in me.
Even me.

ELIZABETH CODNER.



526 S. M.

Lord God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power.

2

Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind:
One soul, one feeling breathe.

3

The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray and praise and love.

4

Spirit of light, explore
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day.

MONTGOMERY.

527

L. M.

Lord of the harvest, bend thine ear,
In Zion's heritage appear;
Oh! send forth laborers filled with zeal,
Swift to obey their Master's will.

2

Our lifted eyes, O Lord, behold
The ripening harvest tinged with gold;
Wide fields are opening to our view,
The work is great, the laborers few.

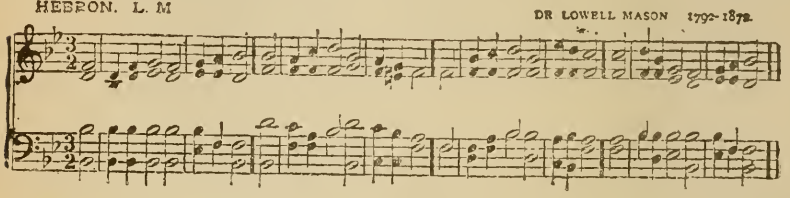
3

Led by thine own almighty hand,
Let Zion's sons, in many a band,
Arise to bless the dying race,
As heralds of redeeming grace.

HASTINGS.

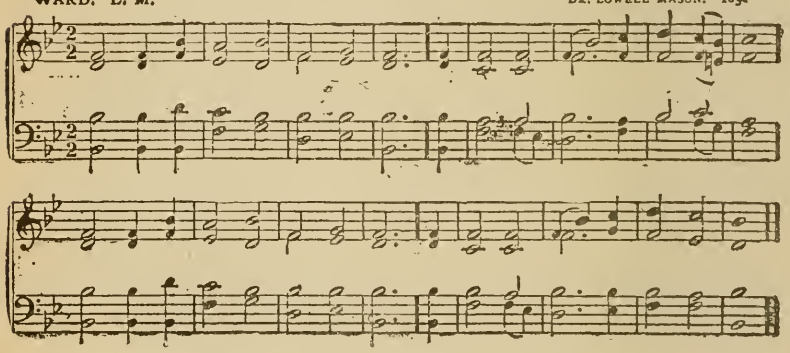
HEBRON. L. M

DR LOWELL MASON 1792-1872



WARD. L. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON. 1834



528

L. M.

Great King of saints, enthroned on high,
Under thy care thy churches live;
Thou dost their various wants supply,
And well-appointed elders give.

2

For pastors may thy name be blest,
Who teach the doctrines of the Lord;
On deacons may thy favor rest,
Chosen according to thy word.

3

While they their works assigned fulfill,
Oh, may their souls with grace be crowned
And patience, sympathy, and zeal,
With meekness, in their lives abound.

4

And when their service here is done,
Their labors and their conflicts o'er,
Then may they wait before thy throne,
In heaven to praise thee evermore.

CONDER.

529 L. M.

Hear, gracious Sovereign, from thy throne
And send thy various blessings down:
While by thy children thou art sought,
Attend the prayer thy word hath taught.

2

Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love:
Oh, turn to flesh the flinty stone,
And let thy sovereign power be known.

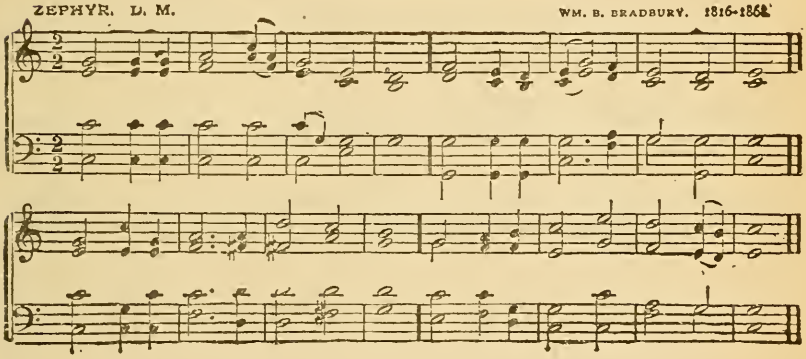
3

Speak thou, and from the haughtiest eyes
Shall floods of contrite sorrow rise;
While all their glowing souls are borne
To seek that grace which now they scorn.

4

Oh, let a holy flock await
In crowds around thy temple gate;
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to thee.

DODDRIDGE.

ZEPHYR. L. M. WM. B. BRADBURY. 1816-1868.

530 L. M.

Spirit of everlasting grace,
Infinite source of life, come down!
These tombs unlock, these dead upraise,
Thy glorious power and love make known.

2

Breathe o'er this valley of the dead,
Send forth thy quickening might abroad
Till rising from their tombs, they spread
In full array,—the host of God.

3

Thy heritage lies desolate,
And all thy pleasant places mourn;
Oh, look upon our low estate;
In loving-kindness, Lord, return.

4

Now let thy glory be revealed;
Now let thy presence with us rest;
Oh, heal us, and we shall be healed;
Oh, bless us, and we shall be blest,

BONAR.

531 S. M.

O Lord, thy work revive
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And let our dying graces live
By thy restoring power.

2

Oh, let thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer;
Their sacred vows again renew,
And walk in filial fear.

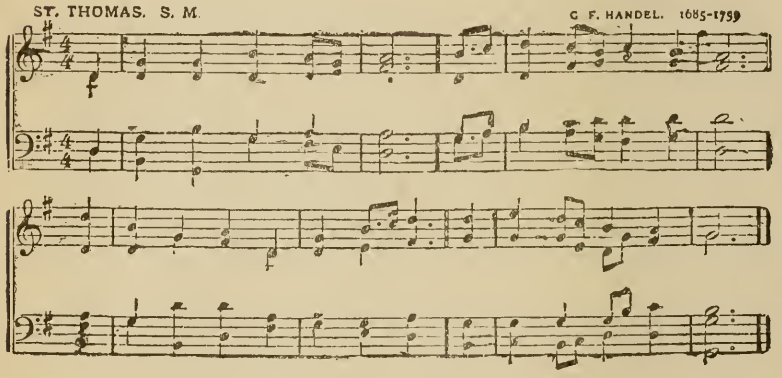
3

Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of feeble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,
Till rebels shall obey.

4

Now lend thy gracious ear;
Now listen to our cry;
Oh, come and bring salvation near,
Our souls on thee rely.

PHŒBE HINSDALE BROWN.



532 S. M.

Revive thy work, O Lord,
Thy mighty arm make bare;
Speak with the voice that wakes the dead
And make thy people hear.

2

Revive thy work, O Lord,
Create soul-thirst for thee,
And hungering for the bread of life,
Oh, may our spirits be!

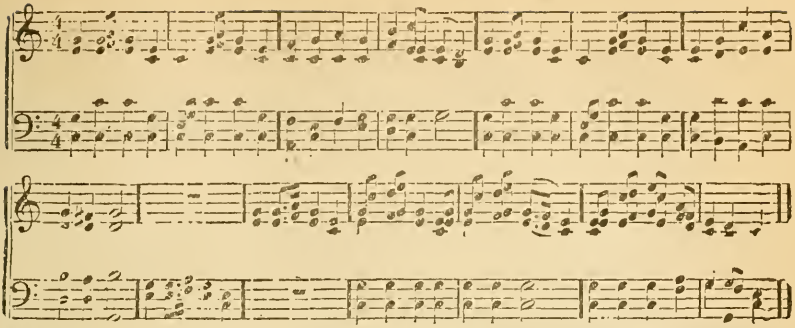
3

Revive thy work, O Lord,
Exalt thy precious name;
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For thee and thine inflame.

4

Revive thy work, O Lord,
And give refreshing showers,
The glory shall be all thine own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours.

MIDLANE.

OLIPHANT. 8s, 7s, 4s. DR. LOWELL MASON 1792–1871

533 8s, 7s, 4s.

Saviour, visit thy plantation;
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from thee.

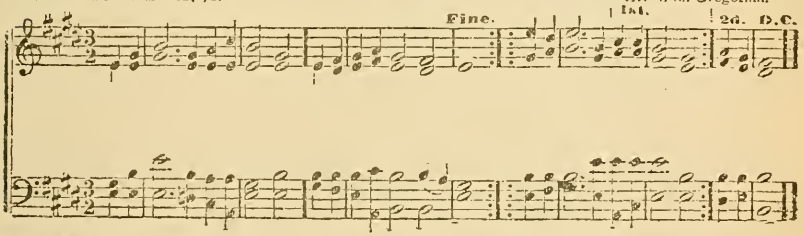
2

Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high;
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.
Lord, revive us; etc.

3

Let our mutual love be fervent;
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one, esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares.
Lord, revive us; etc.

NEWTON.

LOVE DIVINE 8s, 7s. Arr. from Gregorian.

534 8s, 7s, D.

Light of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death!
Rise on us, thy love revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath:
Thou, of heaven and earth Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise,—
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes.

2

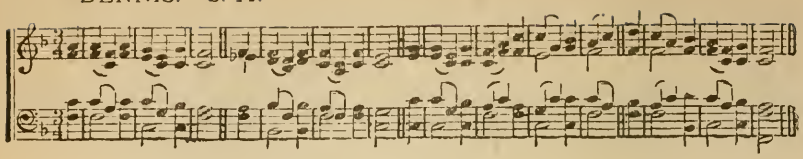
Still we wait for thine appearing,
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart:
Come, and manifest thy favor
To the ransomed, helpless race;
Come, thou glorious God and Saviour,
Come, and bring the gospel grace!

3

Save us, in thy great compassion,
O thou mild, pacific Prince!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins:
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burdened soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit,
Guide into thy perfect peace.

WESLEY.

DENNIS. S. M.



535 S. M.

Is this the kind return?
Are these the thanks we owe,
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow?

2

To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduced our mind!
What strange, rebellious wretches we!
And God as strangely kind.

3

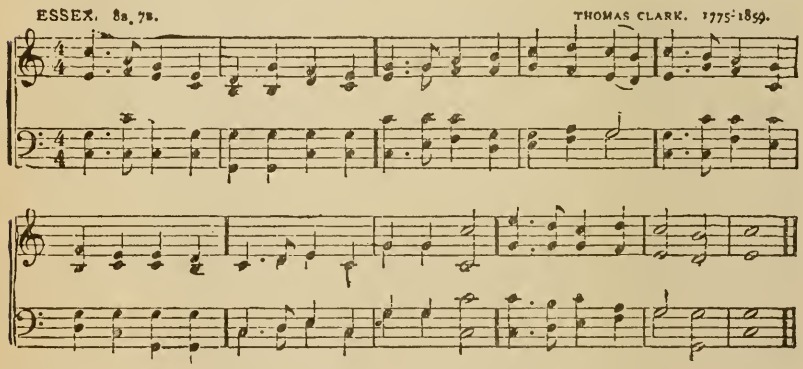
Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh;
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone
And give us hearts of flesh.

4

Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes,
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

WATTS.

ESSEX. 8s, 7s. THOMAS CLARK. 1775-1859.



536 8s, 7s.

Father, for thy promised blessing,
Still we plead before thy throne;
For the times of sweet refreshing,
Which can come from thee alone.

2

Blessed earnests thou hast given,
But in these we would not rest;
Blessings still with thee are hidden,
Pour them forth, and make us blest.

3

Prayer ascendeth to thee ever,
Answer, Father, answer prayer;
Bless, oh, bless each weak endeavor
Blood-bought pardon to declare.

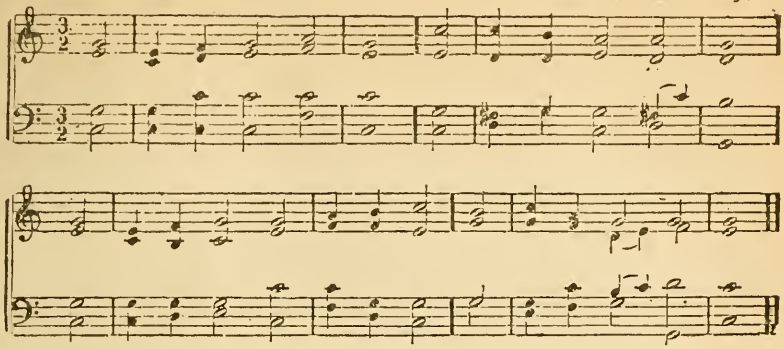
4

Give reviving, give refreshing,
Give the looked-for jubilee;
To thyself may crowds be pressing,
Bringing glory unto thee.

MIDLANE.

BOYLSTON. S M

DR. LOWELL MASON. 1832.



537 S. M.

The Saviour kindly calls
Our children to his breast;
He folds them in his gracious arms,
Himself declares them blest.

2

"Let them approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble claim;
The heirs of heaven are such as these,
For such as these I came."

3

With joy we bring them, Lord,
Devoting them to thee,
Imploring, that, as we are thine,
Thine may our off-spring be.

ONDERDONK.

538 S. M.

Great God, now condescend
To bless our rising race;
Soon may their willing spirits bend,
The subjects of thy grace.

2

Oh, what a pure delight
Their happiness to see;
Our warmest wishes all unite
To lead their souls to thee.

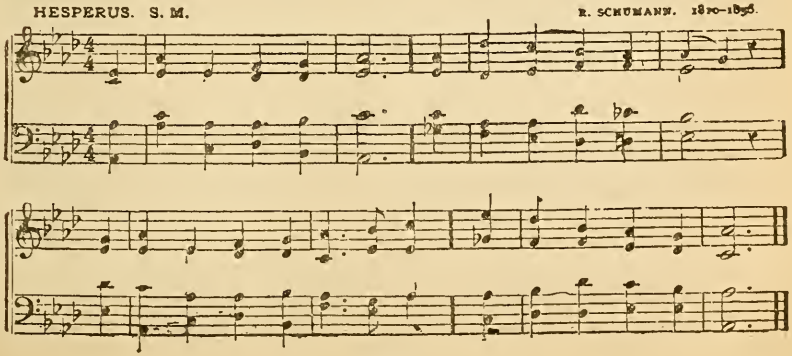
3

Now bless, thou God of love,
The word of truth divine;
Send thy good Spirit from above,
And make these children thine.

FELLOWS.

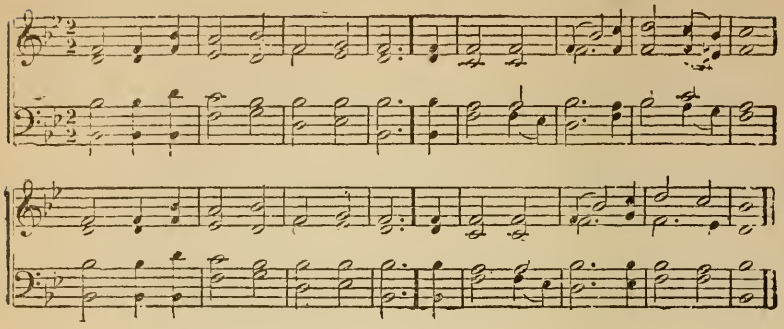
HESPERUS. S. M.

R. SCHUMANN. 1810–1856.



WARD L M

OR LOWELL MASON 1792-1872



539 L. M.

Great God, and wilt thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend?
I, a poor child, and thou, so high,
The Lord of earth and air and sky?

2

Art thou my Father? Let me be
A meek, obedient child to thee;
And try in word and deed and thought,
To serve and please thee as I ought.

3

Art thou my Father? I'll depend
Upon the care of such a Friend;
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to thee.

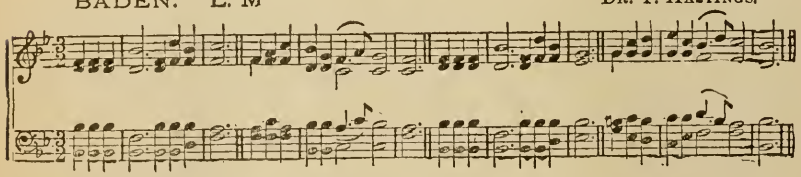
4

Art thou my Father? Then, at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me in thy love,
To be thy better child above. Amen.

ANN TAYLOR GILBERT.

BADEN. L. M

DR. T. HASTINGS.



540 L. M.

Jesus, to thy dear arms I flee,
I have no other help but thee;
For thou dost suffer me to come;
Oh, take a little wanderer home.

2

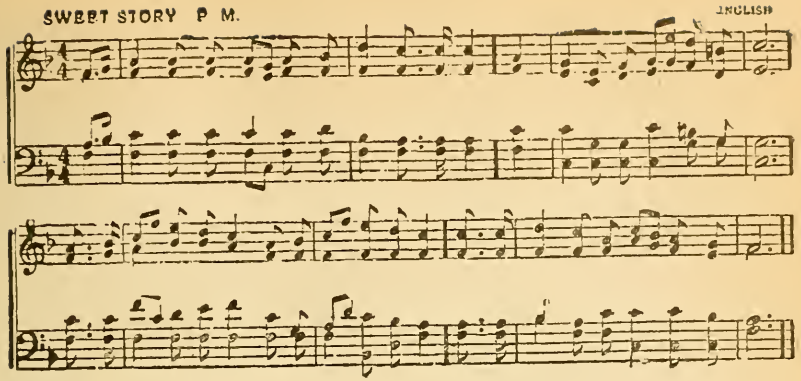
Jesus, I'll try my cross to bear,
I'll follow thee and never fear;
From thy dear fold I would not roam;
Oh, take a little wanderer home.

3

Jesus, I cannot see thee here,
Yet still I know thou'rt very near;
From thy dear fold I would not roam;
Oh, take a little wanderer home.

4

And now, dear Jesus, I am thine;
Oh, be thou, ever ever mine,
And let me never, never roam
From thee, the little wanderer's home.



541 P. M.

I think, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

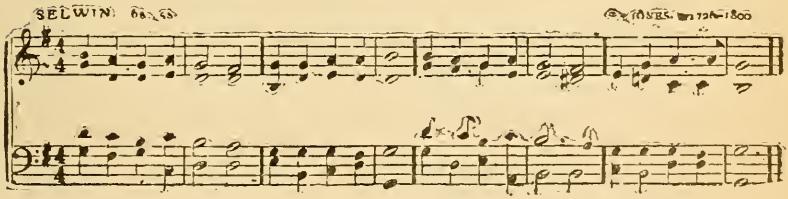
2

I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

3

Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below
I shall see him and hear him above.

JEMIMA LUKE.



542 6s, 5s.

Jesus Christ our Saviour,
Once for us a child,
In thy whole behavior
Meek, obedient, mild;

2

In thy footsteps treading,
We, thy lambs, will be,
Foe nor danger dreading
While we follow thee.

3

We thy children, raising
Unto thee our hearts,
In thy constant praising
Bear our duteous parts:

4

As thy love hath won us
From the world away,
Still thy hands put on us;
Bless us day by day.

WHITING.

543 8s, 7s, 4s.

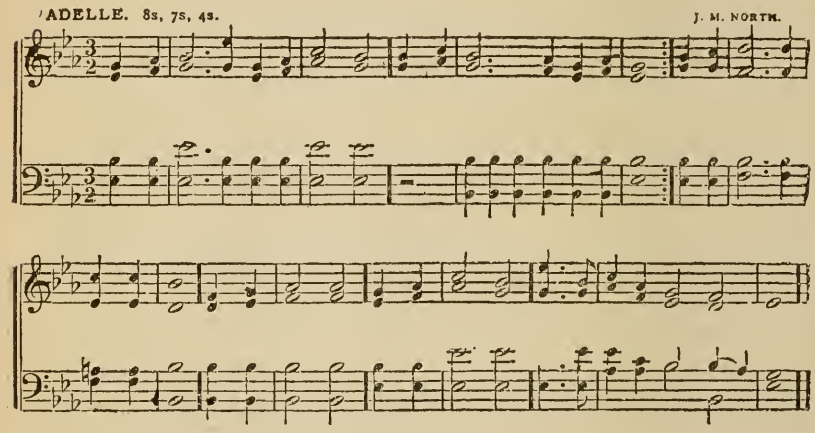
Saviour, like a shepherd lead us;
Much we need thy tenderest care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us;
For our use thy folds prepare:
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

2

Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to thee.

3

Early let us seek thy favor;
Early let us do thy will;
Blessed Lord, and only Saviour,
With thy love our bosom fill:
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

DOROTHY ANN THRUPP.

544 8s, 7s, 4s.

Once was heard the song of children,
By the Saviour, when on earth;
Joyful in the sacred temple
Shouts of youthful praise had birth;
And hosannas
Loud to David's Son broke forth.

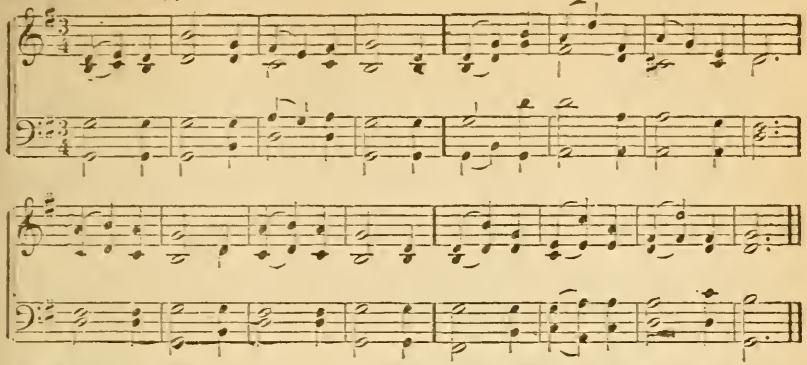
2

Palms of victory strewn around him,
Garments spread beneath his feet,
Prophet of the Lord they crowned him,
In fair Salem's crowded street;
While hosannas
From the lips of children greet.

3

God, o'er all in heaven reigning,
We this day thy glory sing;
Not with palms thy pathway strewing
We would loftier tribute bring:
Glad hosannas
To our Prophet, Priest, and King.

BOWRING. 8s, 7s.



545 Ss. 7s

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me;
Bless thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be thou near me.
Keep me safe till morning light.

2

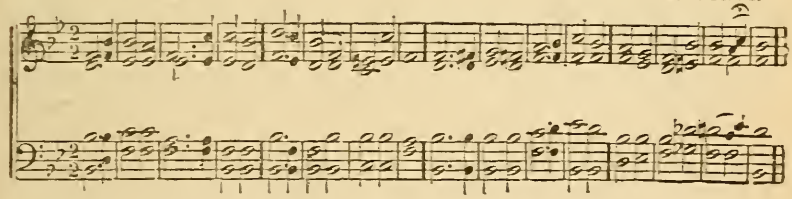
All this day thy hand hath led me,
And I thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer:

3

Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.

MARY LUNDIE DUNCAN.

ADORATION. 8s, 7s. W. H. DOANE.



546 Ss, 7s.

Saviour, who thy flock art feeding,
With the Shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share:

2

Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in thy gracious arm;
There, we know, thy word believing,
Only there secure from harm.

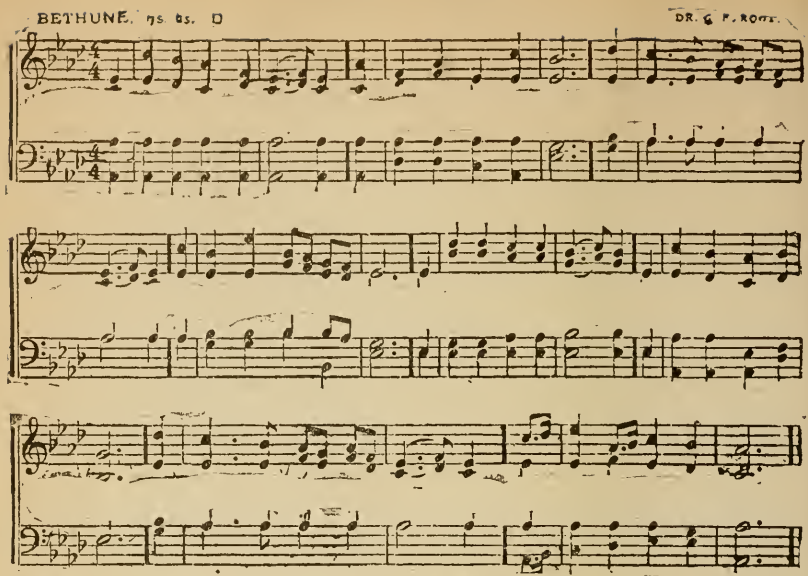
3

Never, from thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey,
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way.

4

Then, within thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

MUHLENBERG.



547 7s, 6s. D.

Come, let us sing of Jesus,
While hearts and accents blend;
Come, let us sing of Jesus,
The sinners only Friend:
His holy soul rejoices,
Amid the choirs above,
To hear our youthful voices
Exulting in his love.

2

We love to sing of Jesus,
Who died our souls to save;
We love to sing of Jesus,
Triumphant o'er the grave;
And in our hour of danger,
We'll trust his love alone,
Who once slept in a manger,
And now sits on the throne.

3

Then let us sing of Jesus,
While yet on earth we stay;
And hope to sing of Jesus
Throughout eternal day;
For those who here confess him,
He will in heaven confess,
And faithful hearts that bless him,
He will forever bless.

BETHUNE.

548 7s, 6s. D.

Glory and praise and honor
To thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.

REF.—Glory and praise and honor
To thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.

2

The people of the Hebrews
With palms before thee went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before thee we present.—Ref.

3

Thou wentest to thy passion
Amid their shouts of praise;
Thou reignest now in glory,
While we our anthems raise.—Ref.

4

Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King!—Ref.

NEALE.

549 C. M.

See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

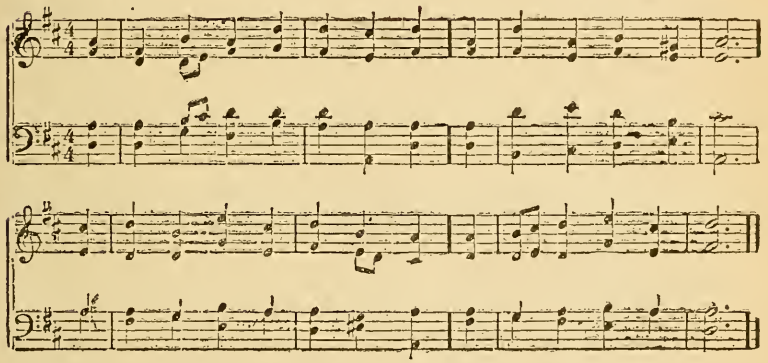
2

"Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came."

3

We bring them, Lord, by fervent prayer,
And yield them up to thee;
With humble trust that we are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

DODDRIDGE.

ST. ANN'S. C. M. DR. W. CROFT. 1677–1727.

550 C. M.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How fair the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2

Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace hath trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3

By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

5

O thou who givest life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

HEBER.

551 C. M.

Around the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand,
Children, whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band.

REFRAIN.

Singing glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high.

2

What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,—
Where all is peace and joy and love?
How came those children there?

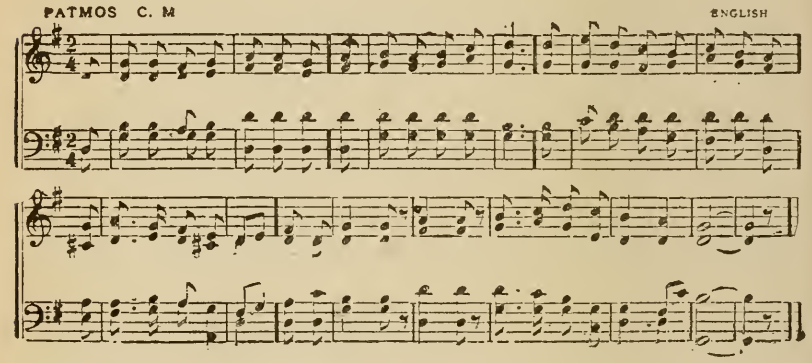
3

Because the Savior shed his blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood
Behold them white and clean!

ANNE SHEPHERD.

PATMOS C. M

ENGLISH



552 L. M.

Sovereign of worlds, display thy power;
Be this thy Zion's favored hour:
Oh, bid the morning star arise!
Oh, point the heathen to the skies!

2

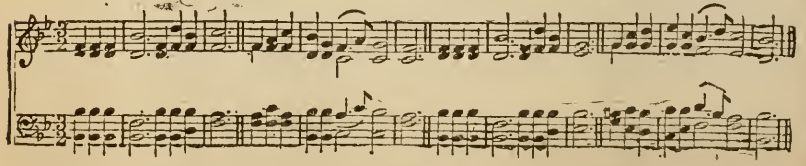
Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
In western wilds and eastern plains;
Far let the gospel's sound be known;
Make thou the universe thine own.

3

Speak, and the world shall hear thy voice;
Speak and the desert shall rejoice;
Dispel the gloom of heathen night;
Bid every nation hail the light.

BADEN. L. M.

DR. T. HASTINGS.



553 7s, 6s. D.

Go preach the blest salvation
To every sinful race,
And bid each guilty nation
Accept the Saviour's grace;
But bear, oh, quickly bear it
Where thronging millions roam,
And bid them freely share it,
Who dwell with us at home.

2

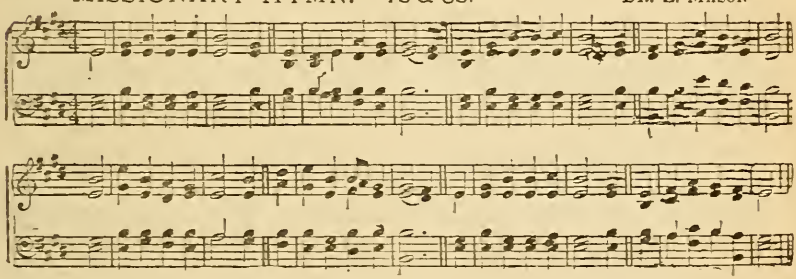
Where blooms the broad savanna,
Where mighty waters roll,
There let the gospel banner
Beam hope on every soul;
Go where the West is teeming,
And yet behold they come!
The richest fields are gleaming
For those who reap at home!

3

Our children there are dwelling,
Neglected and astray,
Whose hearts are often swelling
To learn of Zion's way.
Bear, bear to them the treasure,
And bid the exiles come;
There is no sweeter pleasure
Than preaching Christ at home.

DYER.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s. DR. L. MASON



554 7s, 6s. D.

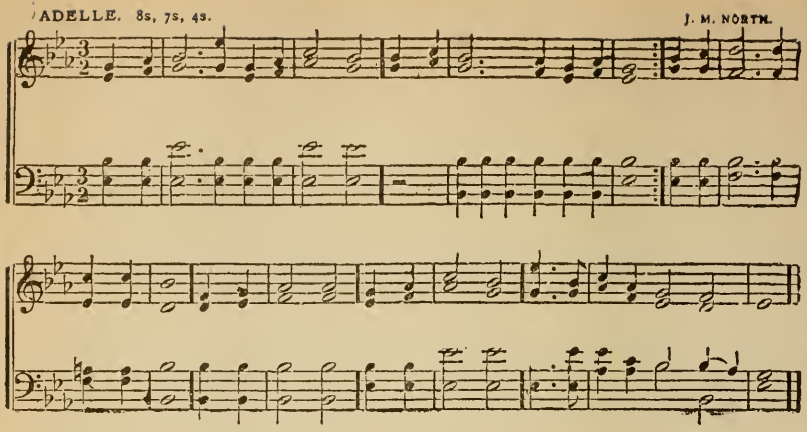
Our country's voice is pleading,
Ye men of God, arise!
His providence is leading,
The land before you lies;
Day gleams are o'er it brightening,
And promise clothes the soil;
Wide fields for harvest whitening,
Invite the reaper's toil.

2

Go where the waves are breaking,
On California's shore,
Christ's precious gospel taking,
More rich than golden ore;
On Alleghany's mountains,
Through all the Western vale,
Beside Missouri's fountains,
Rehearse the wondrous tale.

3

The love of Christ unfolding,
Speed on from east to west,
Till all, his cross beholding,
In him are fully blest.
Great Author of salvation,
Haste, haste the glorious day,
When we, a ransomed nation,
Thy sceptre shall obey.

ANDERSON.

555 8s, 7s. 4s.

O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
See the promises advancing
To a glorious day of grace;
Blessed jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2

Let the dark, benighted pagan,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtained on Calvary:
Let the gospel,
Loud resound from pole to pole.

3

Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
Now, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night:
Let redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

4

Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel;
Win and conquer,—never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply and still increase:
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

WILLIAMS.

556 8s, 7s, 4s.

On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,—
Zion, long in hostile lands;
Mourning captive,
God himself will loose thy bands.

2

Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3

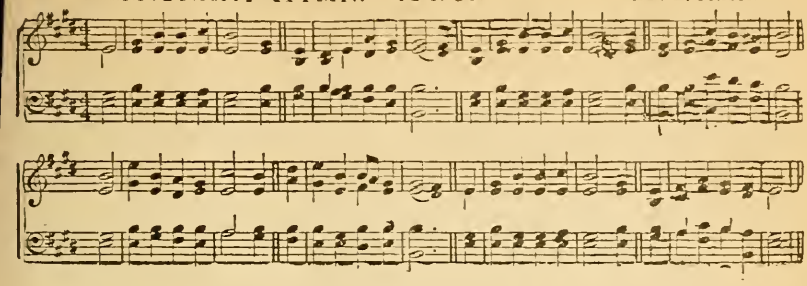
God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

4

Enemies no more shall trouble,
All thy wrongs shall be redressed;
For thy shame thou shalt have double;
In thy Maker's favor blessed;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

KELLY.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s. DR. L. MASON



557 7s, 6s. D.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3

Can we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

HEBER.

558 7s, 6s. D.

The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2

Rich dews of grace come o'er us
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour:
Each cry to heaven going,
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

3

See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,—
A nation in a day.

SMITH.

559 7s. D.

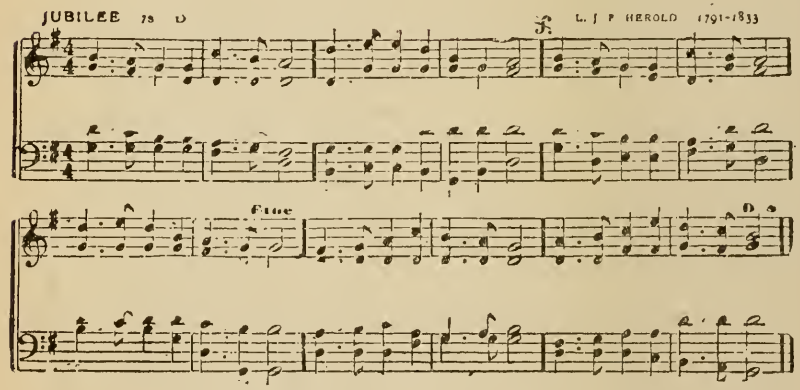
Hark! the song of jubilee;
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fullness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore:
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2

Hallelujah! hark! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banner furled:
Sheathed his sword; he speaks,—'tis done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3

He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away:
Then the end; beneath his rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ is God,
God in Christ is all in all.

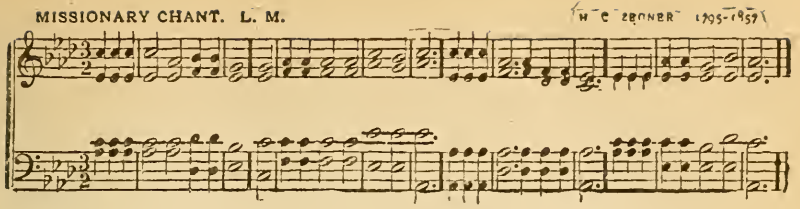
MONTGOMERY.

560 7s. D.

Hasten Lord, the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.
Mightiest kings his power shall own,
Heathen tribes his name adore;
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

2

Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness and joy and peace,
Undisturbed shall ever reign.
Bless we then our gracious Lord;
Ever praise his glorious name;
All his mighty acts record,
All his wondrous love proclaim.

HARRIET AUBER.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

561 L. M.

Look from thy sphere of endless day,
O God mercy and of might!
In pity look on those who stray,
Benighted in this land of light.

2

In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from thee?

3

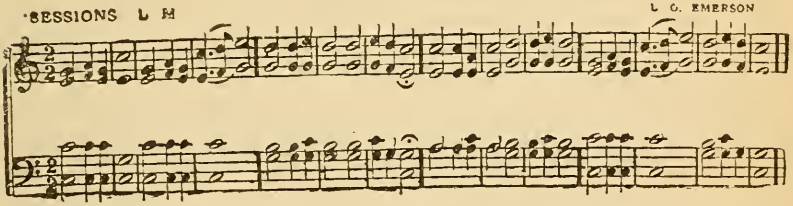
Send forth thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to thy peaceful fold.

4

Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
That makes us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

BRYANT.

SESSIONS L. M.



562 L. M.

Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim
Salvation in Immanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the Rose of Sharon there.

2

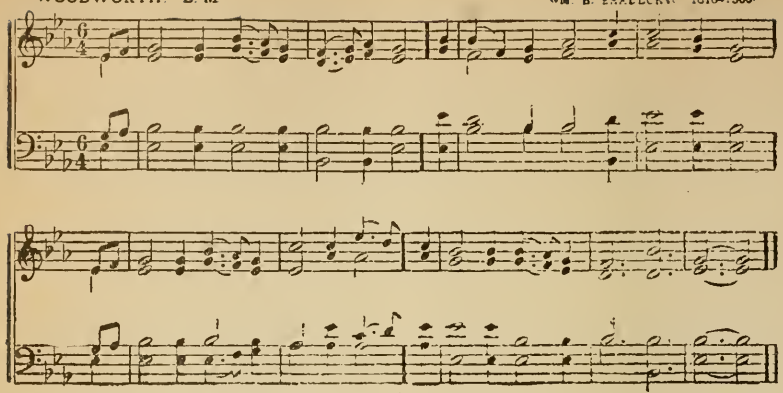
He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With holy zeal your hearts inspire;
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And calm the savage beast to peace.

3

And when our labors all are o'er,
Then shall we meet to part no more;
Meet with the blood-bought throng to fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

DRAPER.

WOODWORTH. L. M. WM. B. BRADBURY. 1816–1868.



563 L. M.

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun,
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2

For him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3

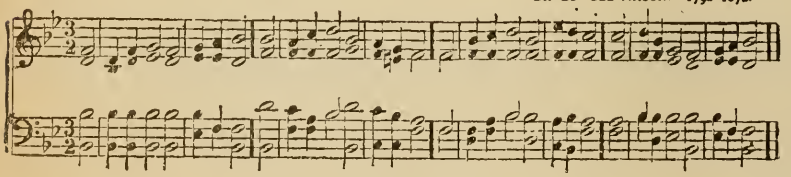
People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

WATTS.

HEBRON. L. M. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



564 L. M.

Arise in all thy splendor, Lord;
Let power attend thy gracious word,
Unveil the beauties of thy face,
And show the glories of thy grace.

2

Diffuse thy light and truth abroad,
And be thou known th' almighty God;
Make bare thy arm, thy power display,
While truth and grace thy sceptre sway.

3

Send forth thy messengers of peace;
Make Satan's reign and empire cease;
Let thy salvation, Lord, be known,
That all the world thy power may own.

SARAH SLINN.

565 C. M.

Lord, lead the way the Saviour went,
By lane and cell obscure;
And let our treasures still be spent,
Like his, upon the poor.

2

Like him, through scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their gloomy loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

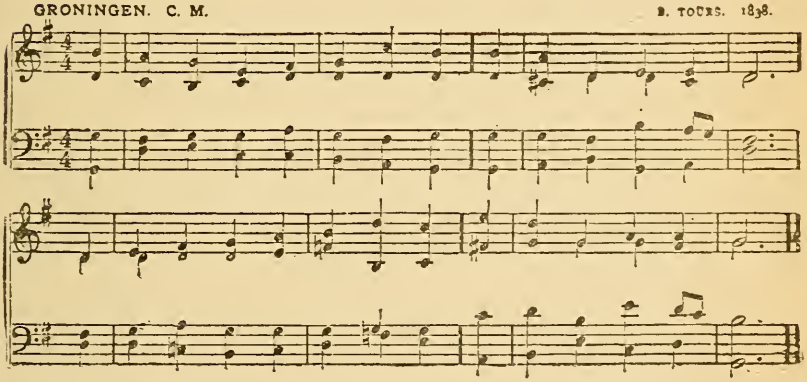
3

For thou hast placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill;
And that thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

4

Small are the offerings we can make;
Yet thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

CROSWELL.

GRONINGEN. C. M. B. TOURS. 1838.

566 C. M.

Daughter of Zion, from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust;
He calls thee from the dead.

2

Awake, awake; put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.

3

Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the South, "Give up thy charge!"
And "Keep not back, O North!"

4

They come! they come! thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

MONTGOMERY.

567 L. M.

Uplift the banner! Let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
The sun shall light its shining folds,
The cross on which the Saviour died.

2

Uplift the banner! Angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love divine.

3

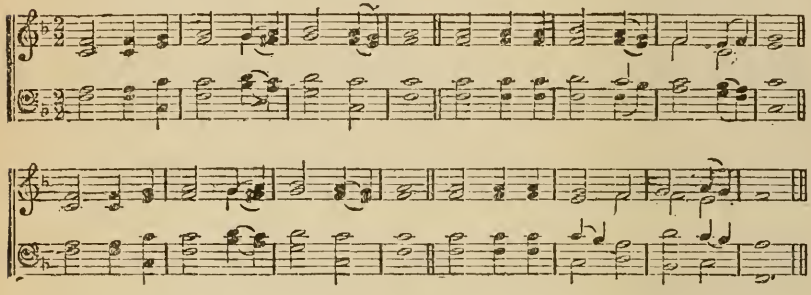
Uplift the banner! Heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, gathering at the call,
Their spirits kindle in its light.

4

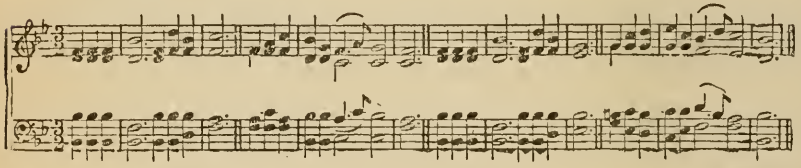
Uplift the banner! Let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
Our glory only in the cross,
Our only hope the Crucified.

DOANE.

HAMBURG. L. M. GREGORIAN.



BADEN. L. M DR. T. HASTINGS.



568 L. M.

Arm of the Lord, awake, awake;
Put on thy strength, and nations shake;
Now let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

2

Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
"I am Jehovah, God alone:"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3

Let Zion's time of favor come;
Oh, bring the tribes of Israel home!
Soon may our wandering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

4

Almighty God, thy grace proclaim
Through every clime, of every name,
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

SHRUBSOLE.

569 C. M.

Builder of mighty worlds on worlds,
How poor the house must be,
That with our human, sinful hands,
We may erect for thee!

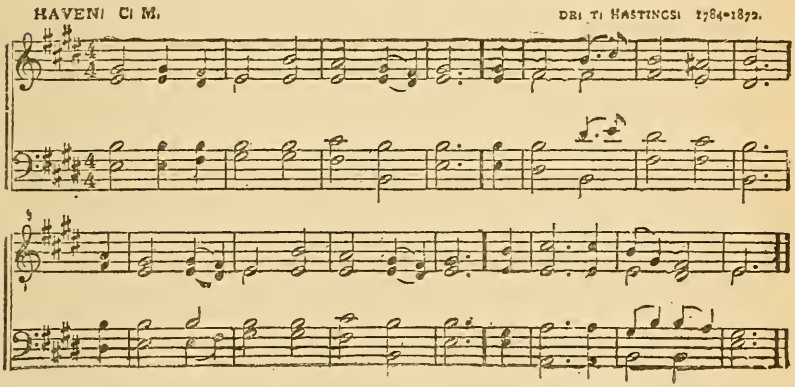
2

O Christ, thou art our Corner-stone,
On thee our hopes are built;
Thou art our Lord, our light our life,
Our sacrifice for guilt.

3

In thy blest name we gather here,
And consecrate the ground:
The walls that on this rock shall rise
Thy praises shall resound.

4

May many a soul, from death redeemed
In heavenly regions fair,
With joy exclaim, "I learned the path
To God and glory there."

570 C. M.

Spirit divine, attend our prayer,
And make this house thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious power;
Oh, come, Great Spirit, come!

2

Come as the light,—to us reveal
Our sinfulness and woe;
And lead us in the path of life,
Where all the righteous go.

3

Come as the fire, and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame;
Let every soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4

Come as the dove, and spread thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love·
And let the church on earth becom
Blest as the church above.

REED

571 C. M.

Let all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book;
Great God, if once compared with thine,
How mean their writings look.

2

Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could show one sin forgiven,
Nor lead a step beyond the grave;
But thine conduct to heaven.

3

I've seen an end of what we call
Perfection here below,—
How short the powers of nature fall
And can no further go.

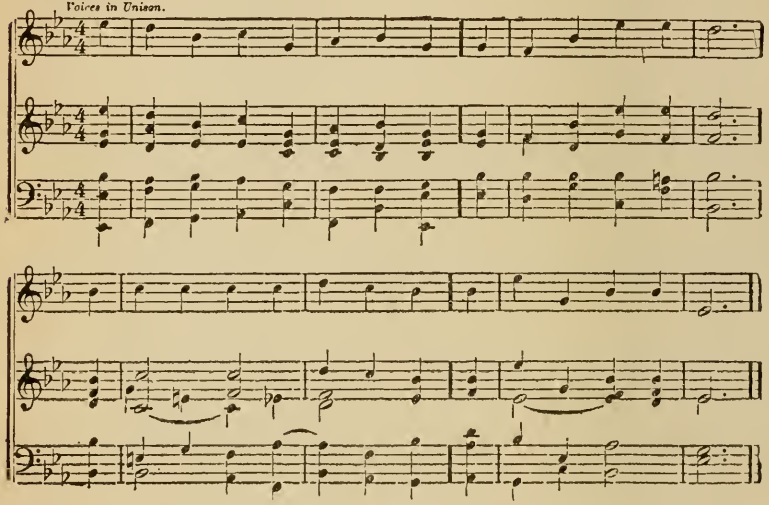
4

Our faith and love and every grace
Fall far below thy word;
But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

WATTS.

SUTHER. C. M. REV. WALTER LEIGH.

Voices in Unison.



572 C. M.

To thee this temple we devote,
Our Father and our God;
Accept it thine, and seal it now
Thy Spirit's blest abode.

2

Here may the prayer of faith ascend,
The voice of praise arise;
Oh, may each lowly service prove
Accepted sacrifice.

3

Here may the sinner learn his guilt,
And weep before his Lord;
Here, pardoned, sing a Saviour's love
And here his vows record.

4

Here may affliction dry the tear
And learn to trust in God,
Convinced it is a Father smites,
And love that guides the rod.

5

Peace be within these sacred walls;
Prosperity be here;
Long smile upon thy people, Lord,
And evermore be near.

SCOTT.

573 C. M.

O thou, whose own vast temple stands,
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship thee.

2

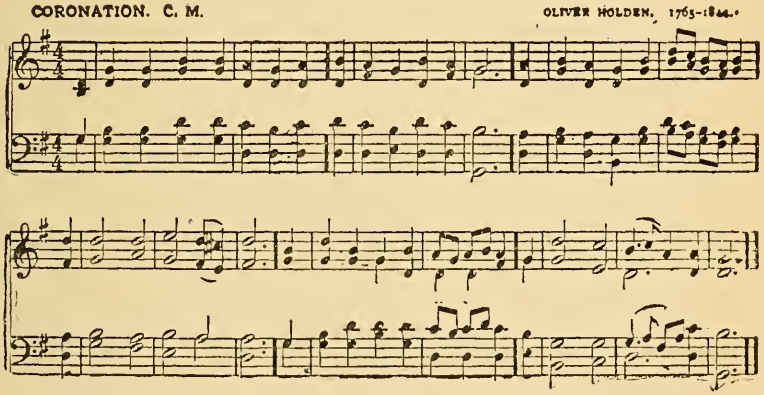
Lord, from thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth without end,
Serenely by thy side!

3

May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

4

May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

BRYANT.

574 C. M.

Dear Shepherd of thy people! here
Thy presence now display;
As thou hast giv'n a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

2

Within these walls let holy peace,
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

3

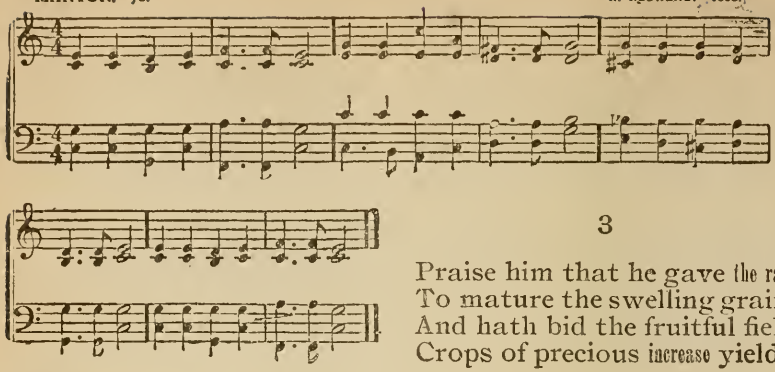
The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

4

May we in faith receive the word
In faith present our prayers;
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

NEWTON.

MANTON. 7s. R. REDHEAD, 1820.



575 7s.

Praise, oh, praise our God and King!
Hymns of adoration sing;
For his mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2

Praise him that he made the sun
Day by day his course to run;
And the silver moon by night,
Shining with her gentle light.

3

Praise him that he gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain;
And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield.

4

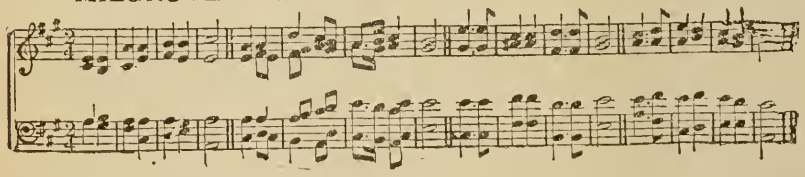
Praise him for our harvest-store,—
He hath filled the garner-floor,—
And for richer food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss.

5

Glory to our bounteous King!
Glory let creation sing;
Glory to the Father, Son,
And blest Spirit, Three in One.

BAKER.

MILGROVE. 7s.



576 7s.

Swell the anthem, raise the song;
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels, join to sing
Praises to the heavenly King.

2

Blessings from his liberal hand
Flow around this happy land;
Kept by him, no foes annoy;
Peace and freedom we enjoy.

3

Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
May we cheerfully obey;
Never feel oppression's rod:
Ever own and worship God.

4

Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

STRONG.

577 L. M.

O God the Father, Christ the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Accept the gift our hearts have sought,—
Our hands in Christian love have wrought.

2

Here may the light of gospel truth
Illumine age, enlighten youth:
In many hearts that grace begin,
Which saves from sorrow and from sin.

3

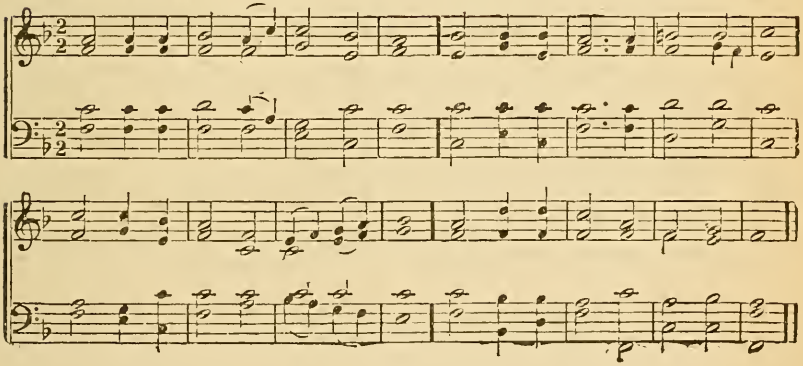
May Jesus here that power display
Which changes darkness into day,
And open wide those gates of love
That lead to blessedness above.

4

O Jesus Christ, our sovereign Lord,
By angels and by saints adored,
Accept this tribute of our praise,
And with thy glory fill this place.

UNKNOWN.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M. H. K. OLIVER. 1800—



578 L. M.

And wilt thou, O eternal God,
On earth establish thine abode?
Then look propitious from thy throne
And take this temple for thine own.

2

These walls we to thine honor raise;
Long may they echo in thy praise;
And thou, descending, fill the place
With the rich tokens of thy grace.

3

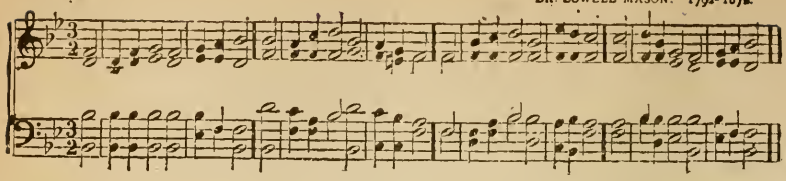
Here may the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train;
While power divine his word attends,
To conquer foes and cheer his friends.

4

And in the last decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey
May it before the world appear,
Thousands were born for glory here.

DODDRIDGE.

HEBRON. L. M. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792-1872.



579 L. M.

Great God, as seasons disappear,
And changes mark the rolling year,
Thy favor still doth crown our days,
And we would celebrate thy praise.

2

The harvest song we would repeat:
"Thou givest us the finest wheat:"
"The joy of harvest" we have known:
The praise, O Lord, is all thine own.

3

Our tables spread, our garners stored,
Oh, give us hearts to bless thee, Lord!
Forbid it, Source of light and love,
That hearts and lives should barren prove.

4

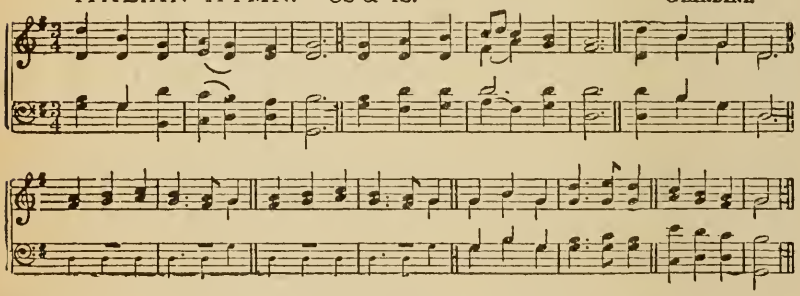
Another harvest comes apace:
Mature our spirits by thy grace,
That we may calmly meet the blow
The sickle gives to lay us low;—

5

That so, when angel reapers come
To gather sheaves to thy blest home,
Our spirits may be borne on high
To thy safe garner in the sky

BUTCHER.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s. GIARDINI.



580 6s, 4s.

The God of harvest praise
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart, and voice;
The valleys smile and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

2

Yea, bless his holy name,
And purest thanks proclaim
Through all the earth;
To glory in your lot
Is duty,—but be not
God's benefits forgot,
Amidst your mirth.

3

The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts, and voices raise,
With sweet accord;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

MONTGOMERY.

581 C. M.

'Tis thine alone, almighty Name,
To raise the dead to life,
The lost inebriate to reclaim
From passion's fearful strife.

2

What ruin hath intemperance wrought!
How widely roll its waves!
How many myriads hath it brought
To fill dishonored graves!

3

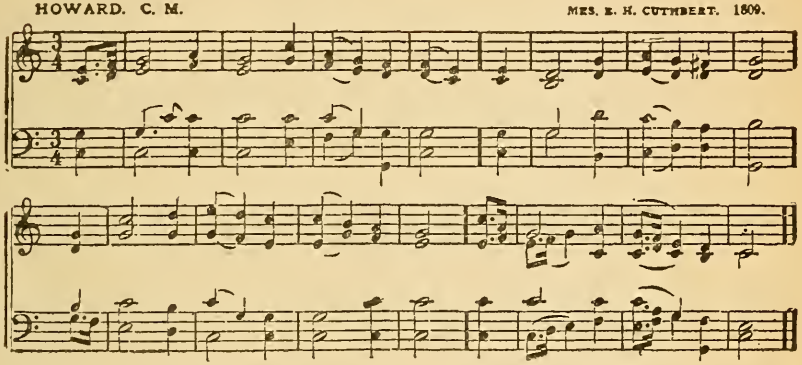
And see, O Lord, what numbers still
Are maddened by the bowl,
Led captive at the tyrant's will
In bondage, heart and soul.

4

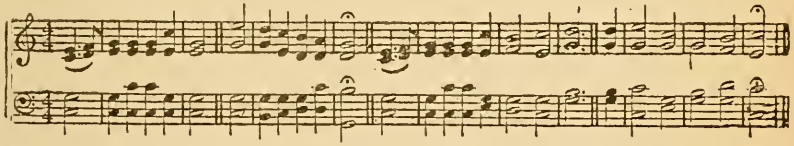
Stretch forth thy hand, O God, our King
And break the galling chain;
Deliverance to the captive bring,
And end th' usurpers reign.

HATFIELD.

HOWARD. C. M.

MRS. E. H. CUTHBERT. 1809.

LABAN. S. M.

DR. L. MASON.



582 S. M.

Mourn for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.

2

Mourn for the ruined soul,—
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.

3

Mourn for the lost,—but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun the dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.

4

Mourn for the lost,—but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

583 L. M.

How sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene,
And when the sun, with cloudless ray,
Sheds mellow lustre o'er the scene!

2

Such is the Christian's parting hour:
So peacefully he sinks to rest,
When faith, endued from heaven with power,
Sustains and cheers his languid breast.

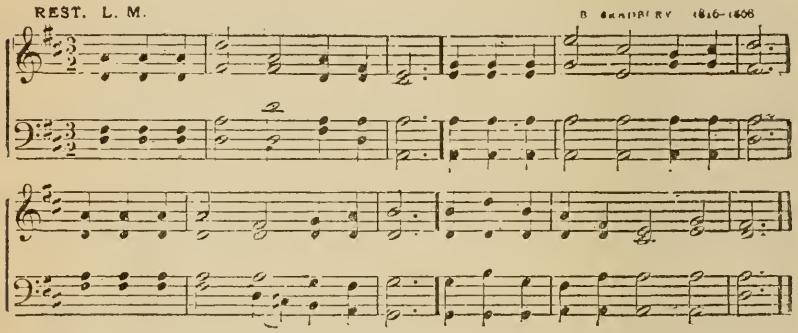
3

A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
The pilgrim on his gloomy road;
And angels are attending near,
To bear him to their bright abode.

4

Who would not wish to die like those
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless?
To sink into that soft repose,
Then wake to perfect happiness?

BATHURST.



584 L. M.

Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep,
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2

Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That Death has lost his venomed sting.

3

Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest:
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

MACKAY.

585 S. M.

Oh, for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
Oh, be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

2

Their bodies in the ground,
In silent hope may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

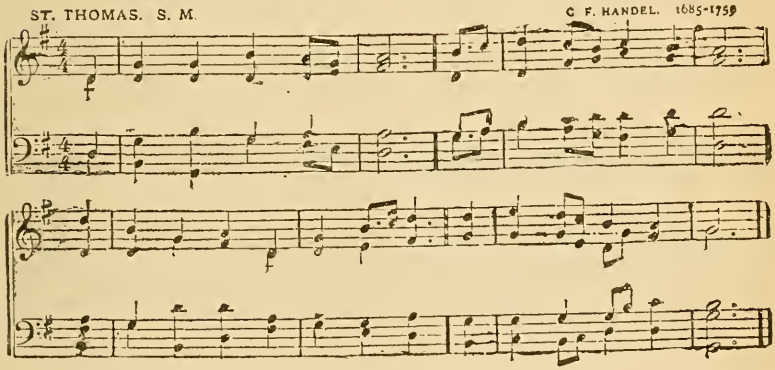
3

Their ransomed spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with him above.

4

Oh, for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
Oh, be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

MONTGOMERY.



586 S. M.

And must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

2

God, my Redeemer, lives,
And ever from the skies
Looks down and watches all my dust
Till he shall bid it rise.

3

Arrayed in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape and every face
Look heavenly and divine.

4

These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below
And sing his power above.

WATTS.

587 C. M.

If I must die, oh, let me die
With hope in Jesus blood,—
The blood that saves from sin and guilt,
And reconciles to God.

2

If I must die, oh, let me die
In peace with all mankind,
And change these fleeting joys below
For pleasures more refined.

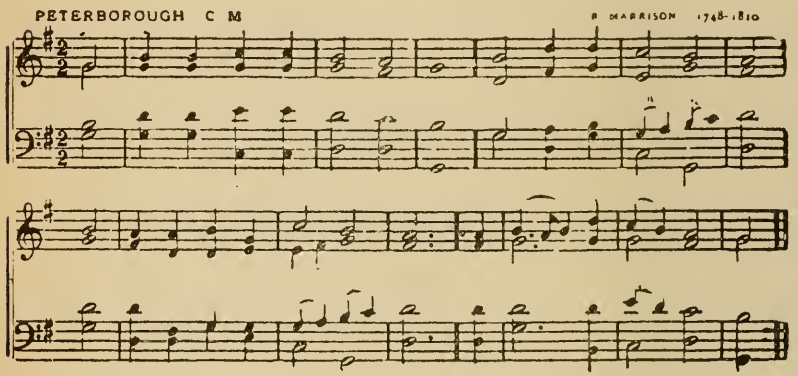
3

If I must die,—and die I must,—
Let some kind seraph come,
And bear me on his friendly wing
To my celestial home.

4

Of Canaan's land, from Pisgah's top,
May I but have a view;
Though Jordan should o'erflow its banks,
I'll boldly venture through.

BEDDOME.



588 C. M.

Why do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

2

Are we not tending upward, too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our love.

3

Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4

The graves of all the saints he blest,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest
But with their dying Head?

5

Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

6

Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

WATTS.

589 C. M.

Beneath our feet and o'er our head,
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
And far above is heaven.

2

Death rides on every passing breeze
And lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its perils every hour.

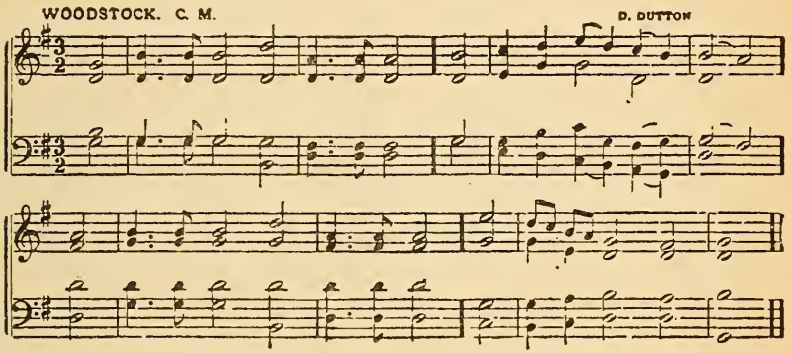
3

Turn, sinner, turn; thy danger know
Where'er thy feet can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead.

4

Turn, Christian, turn; thy soul apply
To truths which hourly tell
That they who underneath thee lie
Shall live in heaven,—or hell.

HEBER.



590 C. M.

Death cannot make our souls afraid,
If God be with us there;
We may walk through its darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.

2

I could renounce my all below
If my Redeemer bid;
And run, if I were called to go,
And die as Moses did.

3

Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promised land,
My flesh itself would long to drop,
And welcome the command.

4

Clasped in my heavenly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath,
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

WATTS.

591 C. M.

Lo! what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are passed away,
And the old rolling skies.

2

From the third heaven, where God resides—
That holy, happy place,—
The New Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.

3

Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,—
"Mortals! behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.

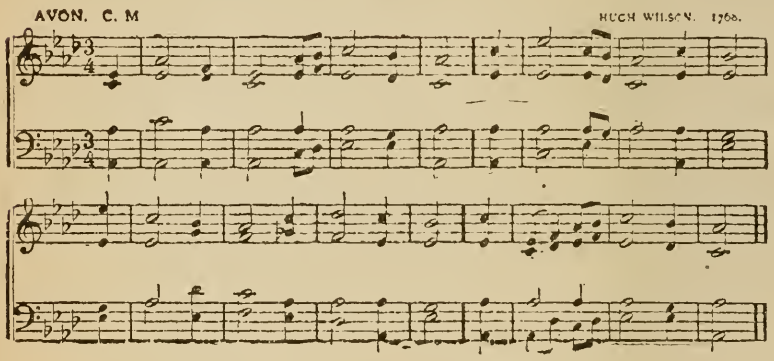
4

"His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains and groans and griefs and fears,
And death itself shall die!"

5

How long, dear Saviour, oh, how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

WATTS.



592 C. M.

How short and hasty is our life!
How vast our soul's affairs!
Yet foolish mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.

2

Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story or a song,
We pass our lives away.

3

God from on high invites us home;
But we march heedless on,
And, ever hastening to the tomb,
Stoop downward as we run.

4

Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

WATTS.

593 C. M.

Through sorrow's night and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, followers of our suffering Lord,
Are marching to the tomb.

2

Yet not thus hopeless, in the grave,
The vital spark shall lie:
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise
To seek its kindred sky.

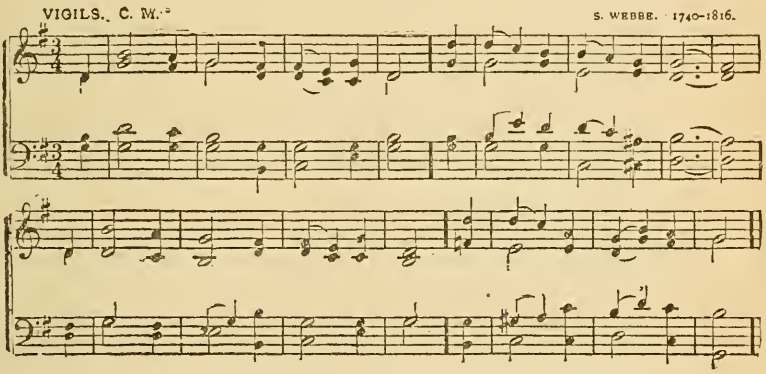
3

These ashes, too, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the archangel's trump shall break
The long and dreary sleep.

4

Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And the long-silent voice awake
With shouts of endless praise.

WHITE.



594 C. M.

Thee we adore, eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we.

2

The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we stray,
We're traveling to the grave.

3

Eternal joy or endless woe,
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!

4

Awake, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

WATTS.

595 L. M.

How blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

2

So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3

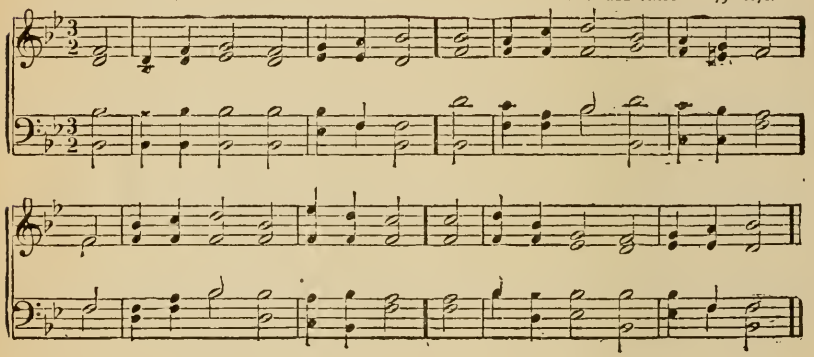
A holy quiet reigns around.
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4

Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD.

HEBRON. L. M. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792–1872.



596 L. M.

Why should we start and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gates of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2

The pains, the groans, and dying strife
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3

Oh, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4

Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

WATTS.

597 S. M.

"Servant of God, well done;
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won
Enter thy Master's joy."

2

The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame;
He fell, but felt no fear.

3

Tranquil amid alarms,
It found him on the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.

4

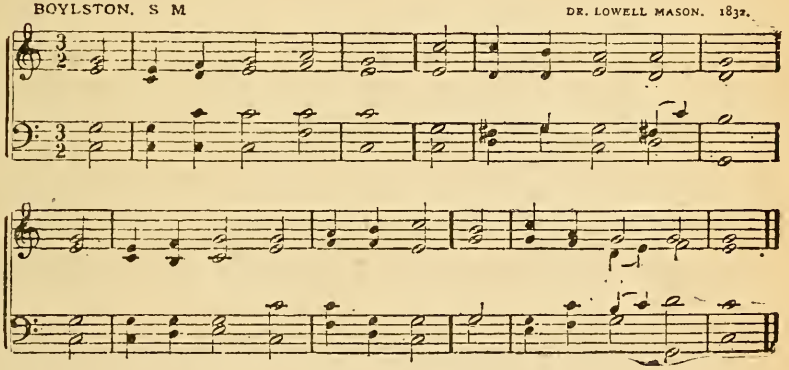
The pains of death are past;
Labor and sorrow cease;
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

5

Soldier of Christ, well done;
Praise be thy new employ;
And, while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

MONTGOMERY.

BOYLSTON. S M

DR. LOWELL MASON. 1832.

598 S. M.

And will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise,
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

2

How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven, before his face,
Astonished, shrink away?

3

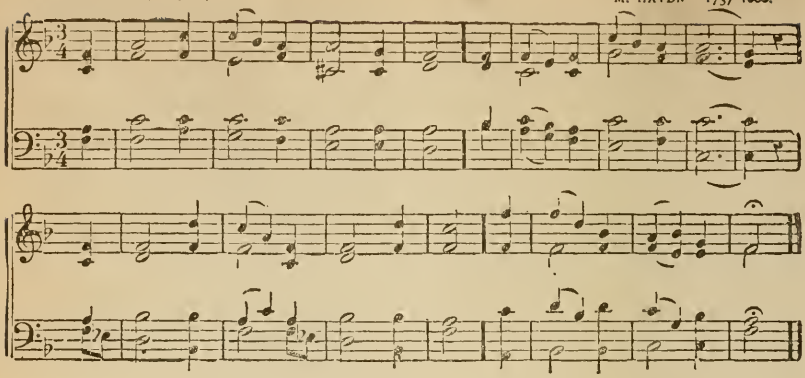
But, ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread!

4

Come, sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

DODDRIDGE.

SALZBURGH. C. M. M. HAYDN 1737-1806.



599 C. M.

Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead:
"Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2

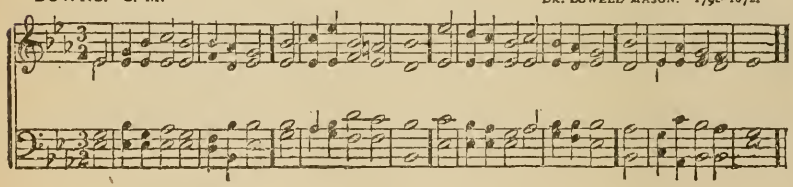
"They die in Jesus, and are blest;
How kind their slumbers are!
From suffering and from sin released
They're freed from every snare.

3

"Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward."

WATTS.

DOWNS. C. M. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1792-1872.



600 C. M.

That awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour make haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2

Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, "Depart!"

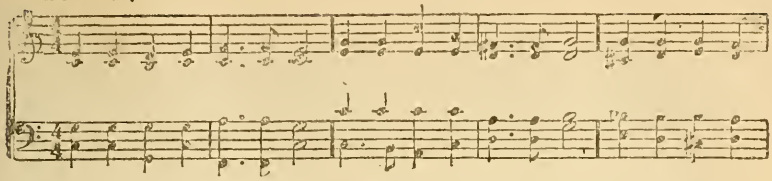
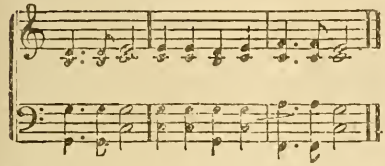
3

Jesus, I throw my arms around
And hang upon thy breast;
Without a gracious smile from thee,
My spirit cannot rest.

4

Oh, tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands!
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands!

WATTS.

MANTON. 7s. R. REDHEAD. 1820.



601 7s.

Brother, though from yonder sky
Cometh neither voice nor cry,
Yet we know for thee to-day
Every pain hath passed away.

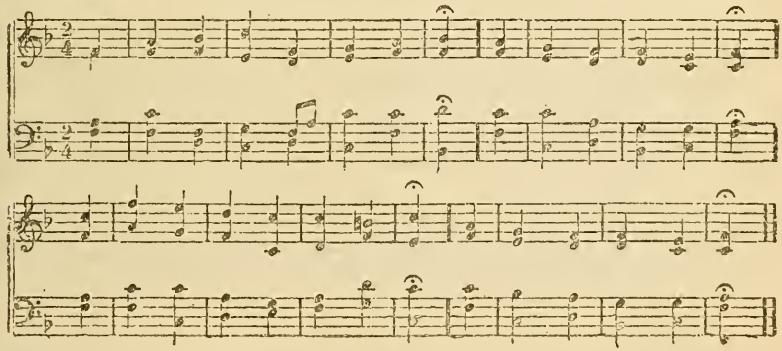
2

Not for thee shall tears be given,
Child of God and heir of heaven:
For he gave thee sweet release,
Thine the Christian's death of peace.

3

Brother, in that solemn trust
We commend thee, dust to dust:
In that faith we wait, till, risen,
Thou shalt meet us all in heaven.

KINGSLEY.

DUNDEE C. M G. FRANC. 1520-1570.

602 C. M.

When downward to the darksome tomb
I thoughtful turn my eyes,
Frail nature trembles at the gloom,
And anxious fears arise.

2

Why shrinks my soul? In death's embrace
Once Jesus captive slept;
And angels, hovering o'er the place,
His lowly pillow kept.

3

Thus shall they guard my sleeping dust,
And, as the Saviour rose,
The grave again shall yield her trust,
And end my deep repose.

4

My Lord, before to glory gone,
Shall bid me come away;
And calm and bright shall break the dawn
Of heaven's eternal day.

PALMER.

603 L. M.

Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb;
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in the silent dust.

2

Nor pain nor grief nor anxious fear
Invades thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

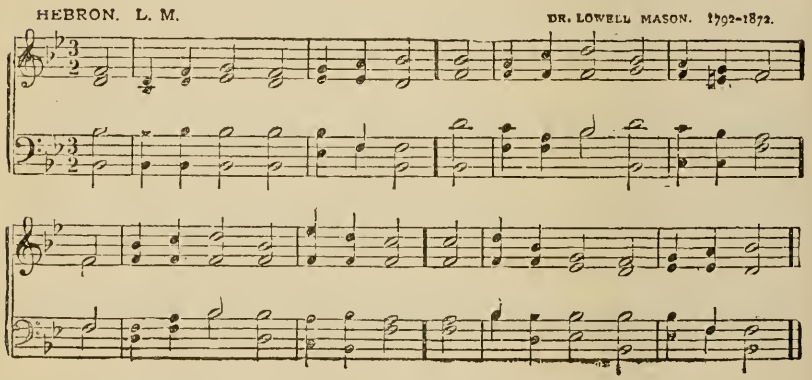
3

So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
Passed through the grave and blest the bed:
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break and pierce the shade.

4

Break from his throne, illustrious morn:
Attend, O earth, his sovereign word;
Restore thy trust; a glorious form
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

WATTS.



604 L. M.

There is a land mine eye hath seen
In visions of enraptured thought,
So bright, that all which spreads between
Is with its radiant glory fraught,—

2

A land upon whose blissful shores
There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
There those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again.

3

Its skies are not like earthly skies,
With varying hues of shade and light;
It hath no need of suns to rise
To dissipate the gloom of night.

4

There sweeps no desolating wind
Across that calm, serene abode
The wanderer there a home may find
Within the paradise of God.

ROBINS

605 8s 7s, 4s.

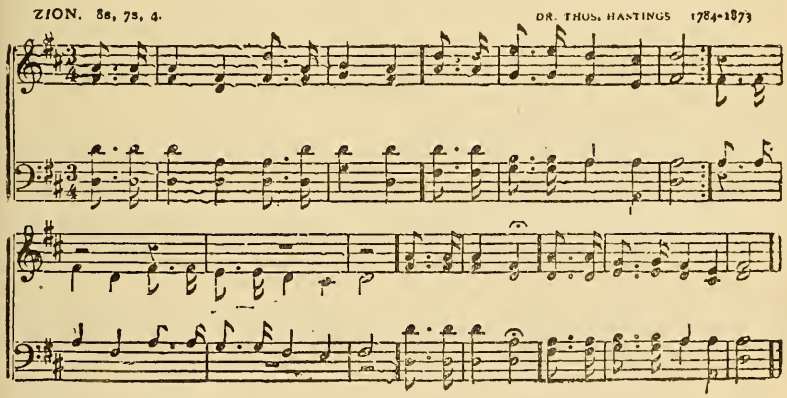
Lo! he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain:
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of his train;
Hallelujah!
God appears on earth to reign.

2

Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty!
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced, and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3

Now the Saviour, long expected,
See, in solemn pomp appear;
All his saints, by man rejected
Now shall meet him in the air:
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear.

WESLEY AND CENNICK.

606 8s, 7s, 4s.

Day of judgment, day of wonders,—
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round:
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2

See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine;
You who long for his appearing
Then shall say "This God is mine:"
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for thine.

3

At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

NEWTON.

607 8s, 7s, 4s.

O'er the distant mountains breaking,
Comes the reddening dawn of day;
Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,
Rise, and sing and watch and pray;
'Tis the Saviour,
On his bright returning way.

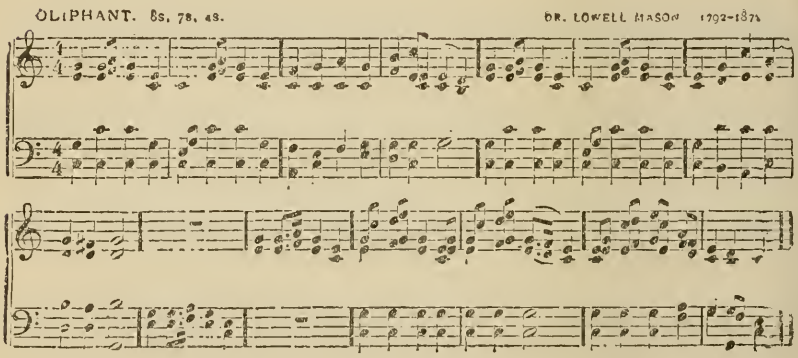
2

Nearer is my soul's salvation,
Spent the night, the day at hand,
Keep me in my lowly station,
Watching for thee till I stand,
O my Saviour,
In thy bright and promised land!

3

With my lamp well trimmed and burning,
Swift to hear and slow to roam,
Watching for thy glad returning,
To restore me to my home;
Come, my Saviour!
O my Saviour, quickly come!

MONSELL.



608 8s, 7s. 4s.

Christ is coming! let creation
Bid her groans and travail cease;
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore and faith increase;
Christ is coming!
Come, thou blessed Prince of peace!

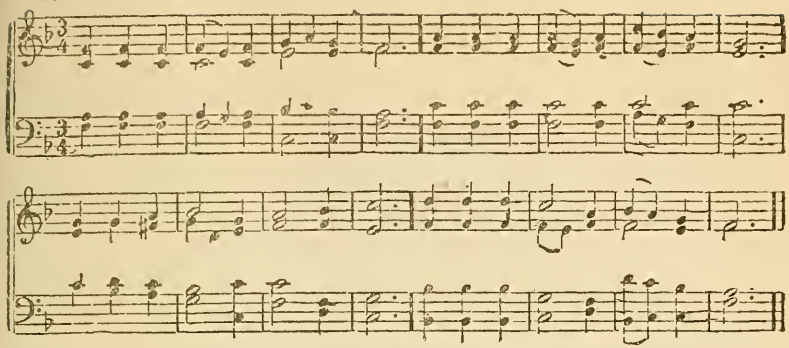
2

Long thine exiles have been pining,
Far from rest and home and thee!
But in heavenly vesture shining,
Soon they shall thy glory see;
Christ is coming!
Haste the joyous jubilee.

3

With that "blessed hope" before us,
Let no harp remain unstrung;
Let the mighty advent-chorus
Onward roll from tongue to tongue;
Christ is coming!
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!

MACDUFF.

HURSLEY. L. M.

609 L. M.

The day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

2

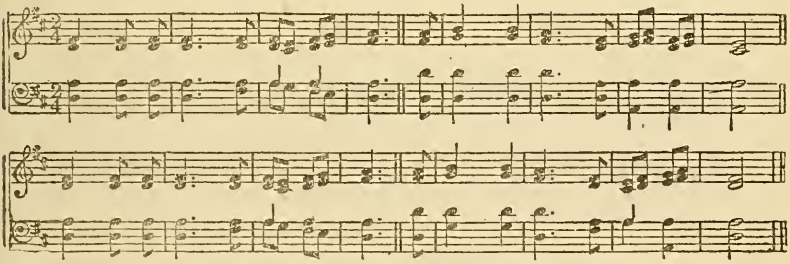
When, shriveling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,
And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Resounds the trump that wakes the dead?

3

Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

SCOTT.

MALVERN. L. M. DR. L. MASON.



610 L. M.

Now to the Lord, who makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honors paid below
And strains of nobler praise above.

2

To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
To Jesus, our eternal King,
Be everlasting power confessed,
Let every tongue his glory sing.

3

Behold, on flying clouds he comes,
And every eye shall see him move;
Though with our sins we pierced him once,
Now he displays his pardoning love.

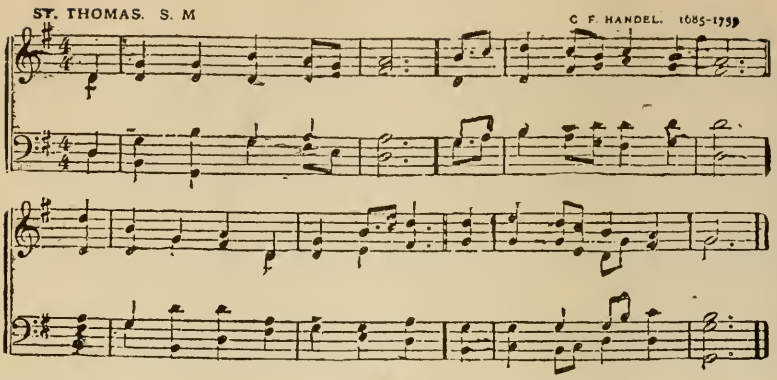
4

The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the day;
Come, Lord, nor let thy promise fail
Nor let thy chariot long delay.

WATTS.

ST. THOMAS. S. M

C. F. HANDEL. 1685-1759



611 S. M.

"For ever with the Lord!"
Amen! so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,—
'Tis immortality.

2

Here in the body pent,
Absent from him, I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3

My Father's house on high,—
Home of my soul,—how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeingeye,
Thy golden gates appear!

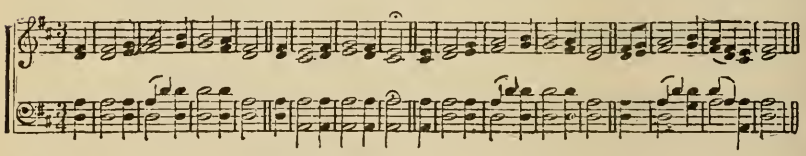
4

"For ever with the Lord!"
Father, if 't is thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfil.

MONTGOMERY.

PHILLIPS. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.



612 C. M.

Teach me the measure of my days,
Thou maker of my frame;
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2

A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flower and prime.

3

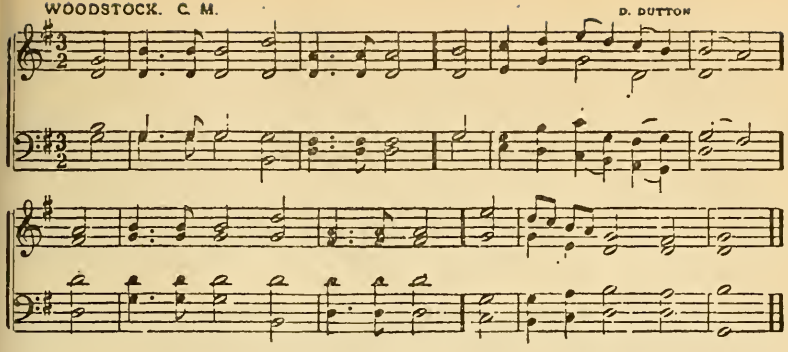
What should I wish, or wait for, then,
From creatures, earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

4

Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

WATTS.

WOODSTOCK. C. M. D. DUTTON



613 C. M.

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land
Where my possessions lie.

2

Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

3

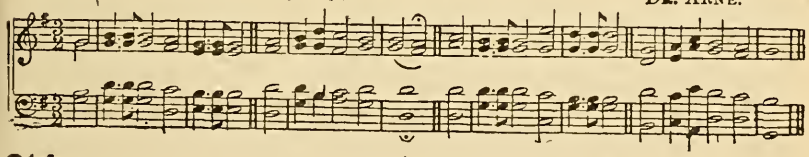
O'er all those wide, extended plains
Shines one eternal day:
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

4

When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

STENNETT.

ARLINGTON. C. M. DR. ARNE.



614 C. M.

There is a fold whence none can stray
And pastures ever green,
Where sultry sun, or stormy day,
Or night is never seen.

2

For up the everlasting hills,
In God's own light it lies;
His smile its vast dimension fills
With joy that never dies.

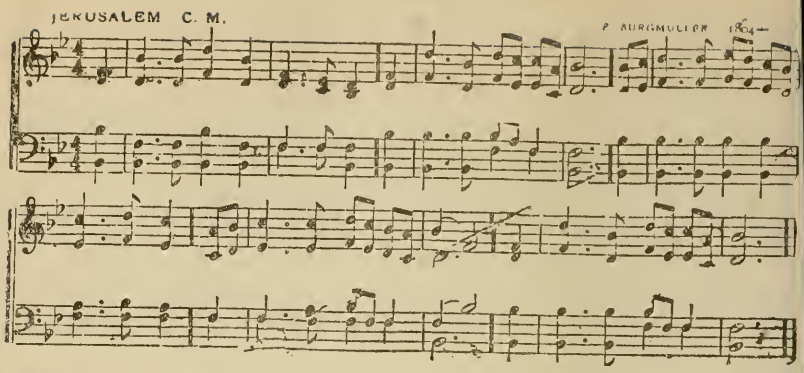
3

Soon at his feet my soul will lie.
In life's last struggling breath;
But I shall only seem to die,—
I shall not taste of death.

4

Far from this guilty world to be,
Exempt from toil and strife,
To spend eternity with thee,
My Savior, this is life.

EAST.



615 C. M.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy and peace, in thee?

2

Oh, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

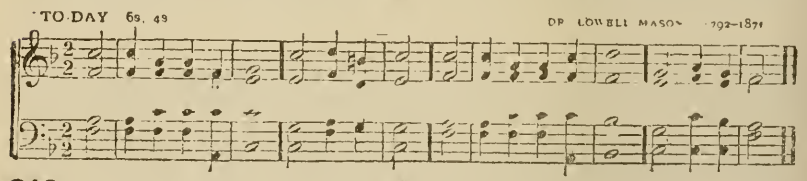
3

There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.

4

Jerusalem, my glorious home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end
When I thy joys shall see.

WILLIAMS AND BODEN.



616 6s, 4s.

I'm but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home:
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand;
Heaven is my fatherland,—
Heaven is my home.

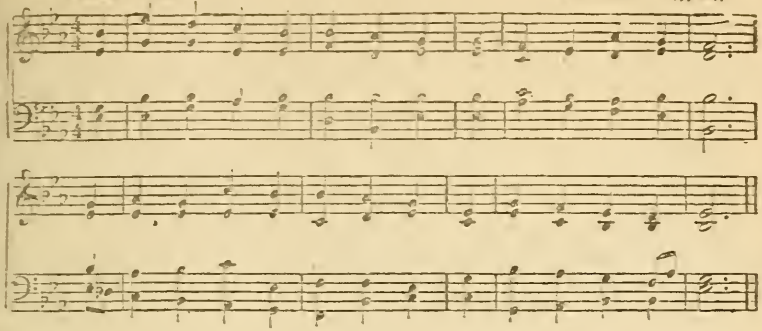
2

What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home:
Time's cold and wint'ry blast
Soon will be overpast;
I shall reach home at last,—
Heaven is my home.

3

There, at my Saviours' side,—
Heaven is my home;
I shall be glorified,—
Heaven is my home:
There are the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best,
And there I, too, shall rest;
Heaven is my home.

TAYLOR.

ST. PETER. C. M. A. R. REINAGLE. 1799-1877

617 C. M.

There is a house not made with hands,
Eternal, and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands
Till God shall bid it fly.

2

Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved and fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.

3

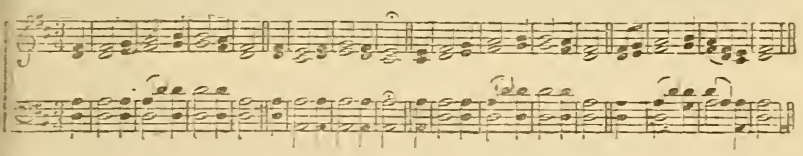
'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heaven,
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.

4

We walk by faith of joys to come;
Faith lives upon his word;
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

BONAR.

PHILLIPS. C. M. I. B. WOODBURY



618 C. M.

These mortal joys, how soon they fade!
How swift they pass away!
The dying flower reclines its head,
The beauty of a day.

2

Soon are those earthly treasures lost
We fondly call our own;
We scarcely can possession boast,
Before we find them gone.

3

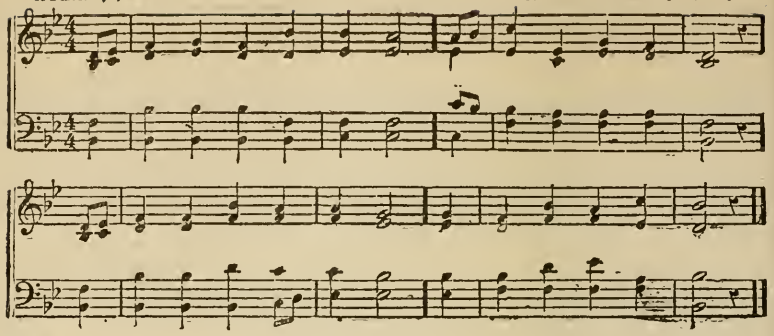
But there are joys which cannot die,
With God laid up in store,
Treasures beyond the changing sky,
More bright than golden ore.

4

The seeds which piety and love
Have scattered here below,
In fair and fertile fields above
To ample harvests grow.

DODDRIDGE.

AULE. 7s, 6s. Arr. from Old Melody. S. S. J.



619 7s, 6s.

O Paradise eternal,
What bliss to enter thee,
And once within thy portals,
Secure forever be!

2

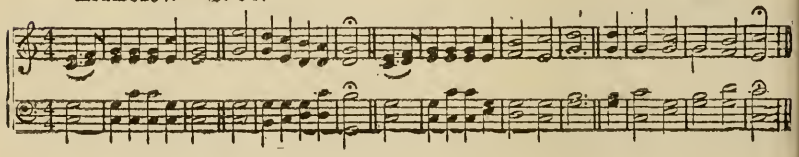
In thee no sin nor sorrow,
No pain nor death is known;
But pure glad life, enduring
As heaven's benignant throne.

3

There God shall be our portion
And we his jewels be;
And gracing his bright mansions
His smile reflect and see.

DAVIS.

LABAN. S. M. DR. L. MASON.



620 S. M.

A few more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest,
Asleep within the tomb.

Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
Oh, wash me in that precious blood,
And take my sins away.

2

A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.

3

A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
Th' eternal Sabbath-day.

4

'Tis but a little while,
And he shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with him may reign.

BONAR.

621 C. M.

There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
That heavenly land from ours.

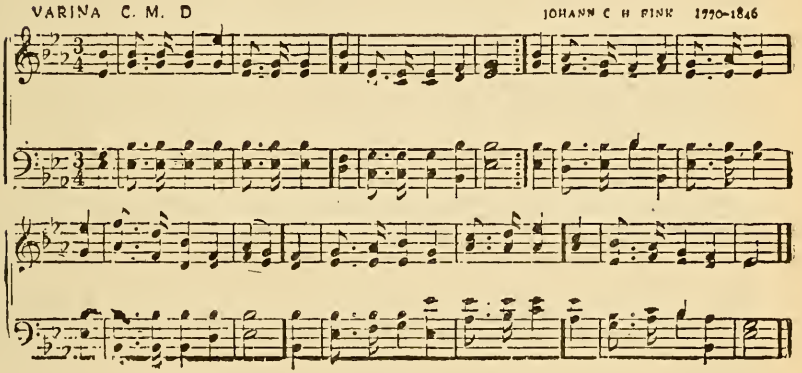
3

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,—
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

WATTS.



622 C. M.

Far from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise.
And realms of joy and pure delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2

Fair, distant land!—could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise
And dwell on earth no more!

3

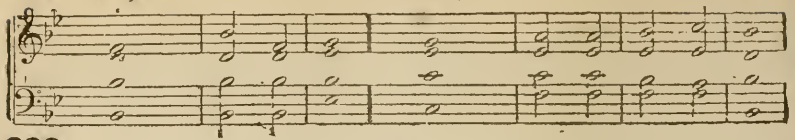
No cloud those blissful regions know,—
Realms ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

4

Oh, may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love!
Till wings of faith, and strong desire,
Bear every thought above.

ANNE STEELE.

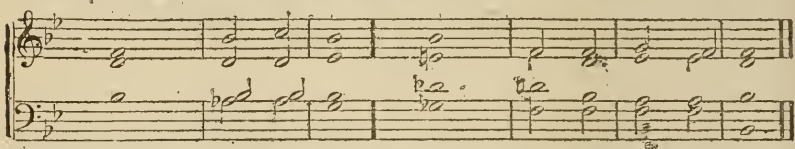
No. 1. PRAISE THE LORD. (Benedic Anima Mea.) L. V. BEETHOVEN. 1770–1808.



623

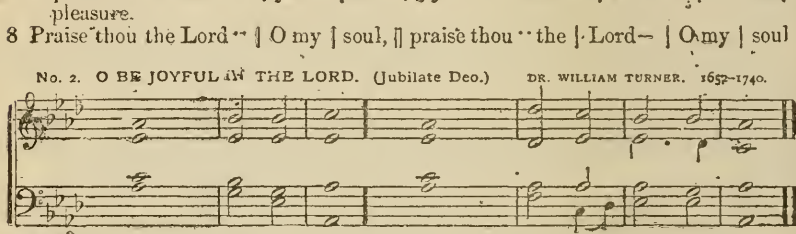
Psalm ciii.

1 Praise the Lord ·· | O my | soul, || and all that is within ·· me | praise his | holy | name.
3 Who forgiv ·· eth | all thy | sin, || and healeth all ·· | thine in- | firmi- | ties.
5 O praise the Lord, ye angels of his, ye ·· that ex- | cel in | strength; || ye that fulfill his commandment, and hearken ·· un- | to the | voice of ·· his | word.
7 O speak good of the Lord, all ·· ye | works of | his, || in all ·· | places ·· of | his do- | minion.



2 Praise the Lord ·· | O my | soul, || and forget not ·· | all his | bene- | fits.
4 Who saveth thy life ·· | from de- | struction, || and crowneth thee ·· with | mercy ·· and | loving | kindness.
6 O praise the Lord ·· all | ye his | hosts; || ye ser ·· vants of | his that | do his | pleasure.
8 Praise thou the Lord ·· | O my | soul, || praise thou ·· the | Lord— | O my | soul

No. 2. O BE JOYFUL IN THE LORD. (Jubilate Deo.) DR. WILLIAM TURNER. 1652–1740.

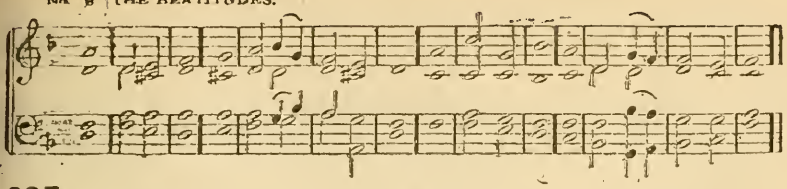


624

Psalm c.

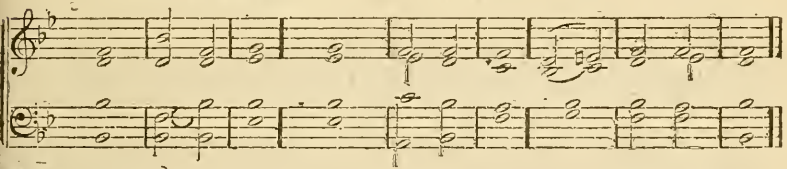
1 O be joyful in the Lord ·· | all ye | lands: || serve the Lord with gladness, and come before ·· his | presence | with a | song.
2 Be ye sure that the Lord ·· | he is | God: || it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people and ·· the | sheep of | his— | pasture.
3 O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and in ·· to his | courts with | praise: || be thankful unto him ·· and | speak good | of his | name.
4 For the Lord is gracious, his mer ·· cy is | ever- | lasting; || and his truth endureth from gen ·· er- | ation ·· to | gener- | ation.
5 Glory be to the Fa ·· ther | and ·· to the | Son, || and ·· | to the | Holy | Ghost;
6 As it was in the beginning, is now ·· and | ever | shall be, || world ·· | without | end. A- | men.

No. 3 THE BEATITUDES.



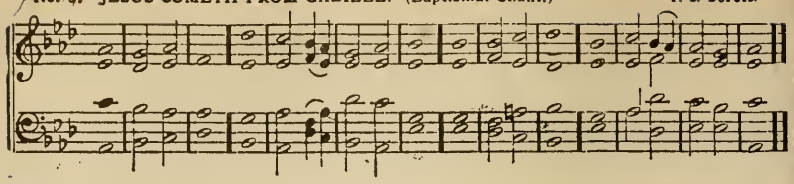
625 *Matt. v. 3–10.*

1 Bles-sed are the | poor in | spirit; || for- | theirs - is the | kingdom - of | heaven.
2 Bles-sed are | they that | mourn; || for - | they - shall be | comfor- | ted.
3 Bles-sed | are the | meek; || for - | they - shall in- | herit - the | earth.
4 Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst - after | righteous- | ness; || for - | they — | shall be | filled.
5 Blessed are - the | merci- | ful; || for - | they - shall ob- | tain — | mercy.
6 Bles - sed are the | pure in | heart; || for - | they shall | see — | God.
7 Blessed are - the | peace-ma- | kers; || for they - shall be | call - ed the | children - of | God.
8 Blessed are they which are per - secuted for | righteous - ness's | sake; || for - | theirs - is the | kingdom - of | heaven.

No. 4 FROM THE RECESSES OF A LOWLY SPIRIT. J. E. GOULD.

626 SIR JOHN BOWRING.

1 From the recesses of a lowly spirit, our humble prayer ascends, - O | Father | hear it; ||
Borne on the trembling wings - of | fear and | meekness, || for - | give its | weakness.
2 We know, we feel, how mean and how unworthy the lowly sac - rifice we | pour be- | fore thee. ||
What can we offer thee - O | thou most | holy, || but - | sin and | folly?
3 We see thy hand, it leads us, it supports us; we hear thy voice, it coun - sels | and it | courts us; ||
And then we turn away - yet | still thy | kindness || for - | gives our | blindness.
4 Who can resist thy gentle call, appealing to every generous thought - and | grateful | feeling? ||
O, who can hear the ac - cents | of thy | mercy, || and - | never | love thee?
5 Kind Benefactor, plant within this bosom - the | seeds of | holiness || and let them blossom
In fragrance, and in beau - ty | bright and | vernal, || and - | spring e- | ternal.
6 Then place them in those everlasting gardens, where angels walk, and se - raphs | are the | wardens; ||
Where every flower, brought safe - through | death's dark | portal, || be - | comes im- | mortal.

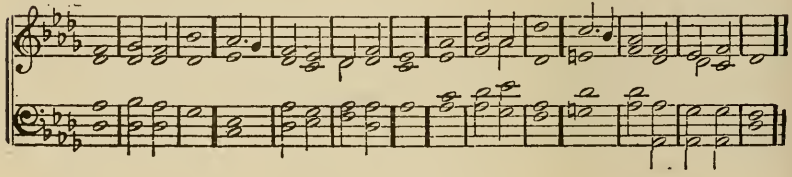
No. 5. JESUS COMETH FROM GALILEE. (Baptismal Chant.) T. S. DORRIS.



627 *Matt. iii. 13-17.*

1 Jesus cometh from Galilee to Jor ·· dan | unto | John, || to ·· | be bap- | tized of | him.
2 But John ·· for- | bad him | saying, || I have need to be baptized of thee ·· and | comest | thou to | me?
3 And Jesus answering ·· said | unto | him, || Suf ·· fer | it to | be so | now.
4 For thus ·· it be- | cometh | us || to ·· ful- | fill all | righteous- | ness.
5 Then ·· he | suffered | him. || And Je ·· sus | when he | was bap- | tized,
6 Went up straight ·· way | out ·· of the | water; || and lo, the heavens ·· were | opened | unto | him.
7 And he saw the Spirit of God descen ·· ding | like a | dove, || and ·· | lighting | upon | him.
8 And lo, a voice ·· from | heaven — | saying, || This is my beloved Son ·· in | whom I | am well | pleased.

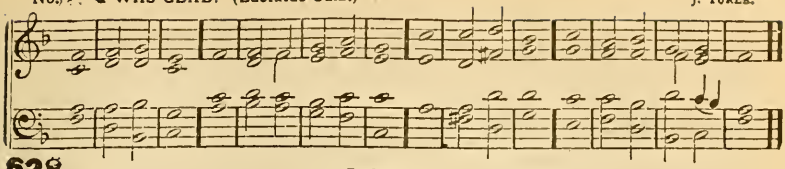
No. 6. B. V. WESTBROOK.



Rom. vi. 3-11. Jude 24, 25.

9 Know ye not that so many of us as were baptized in ·· to | Jesus | Christ, || were ·· bap- | tized in- | to his | death?
10 Therefore we are buried with him by bap ·· tism | into | death, || that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also ·· should | walk in | newness ·· of | life.
11 For if we ·· have been | planted ·· to- | gether || in ·· the | likeness | of his | death,
12 We ·· | shall be | also || in the like ·· ness | of his | resur- | rection.
13 Now if we ·· be | dead with | Christ, || we believe ·· that | we shall | live with | him.
14 For in that he died, he died ·· | unto ·· sin | once, || but in that he liveth ·· he | liveth | unto | God.
15 Likewise reck ·· on ye | also ·· your- | selves || to ·· be | dead in- | deed ·· unto | sin,
16 But ·· a- | live ·· unto | God, || through ·· | Jesus | Christ our | Lord.
17 Now unto him who is a ·· ble to | keep us ·· from | falling, || and to present us faultless before the presence of his glo ·· ry | with ex- | ceeding joy, ||
18 To the only wise God our Savior, be glory and ma ·· jesty, do- | minion ·· and | power, || both now ·· and | ever. | A — | men.

No. 7. I WAS GLAD. (Lætatus Sum.) J. TURLE.

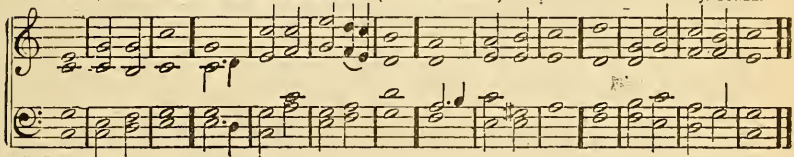


628

Psalm cxxii.

1 I was glad when they said ·· | unto | me, || let us go ·· into the | house — | of the | Lord.
2 Our feet shall stand ·· with- | in thy | gates, || O | — Je- | rusa- | lem.
3 Jerusalem is buil ·· ded | as a | city || that ·· | is com- | pact to- | gether.
4 Whith ·· er the | tribes go | up, || the ·· | tribes — | of the | Lord;
5 Unto the tes ·· timony of | Isra- | el, || to give thanks ·· unto the | name — | of the | Lord.
6 For there are set ·· | thrones of | judgment, || the thrones ·· | of the | house of | David.
7 Pray for the peace ·· of Je- | rusa- | lem; || they ·· shall | prosper ·· that | love — | thee.
8 Peace ·· be with- | in thy | walls, || and prosper ·· ity with- | in thy | pala- | ces.
9 For my brethren and ·· com- | panions' | sakes || I will now ·· say, | Peace — | be with- | in thee.
10 Because of the house ·· of the | Lord our | God, || I | — will | seek thy | good.

No. 8. I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES. (Levavi oculos.) J. TURLE.

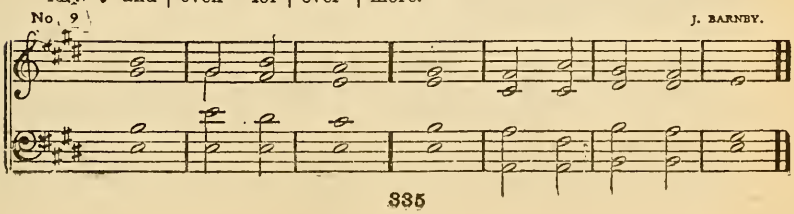


629

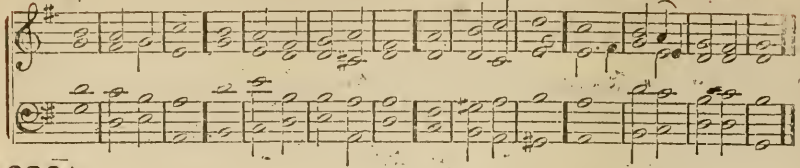
Psalm cxxi.

1 I will lift up mine eyes ·· | unto ·· the | hills, || from ·· | whence — | com ·· eth my | help.
2 My help com ·· eth | from the | Lord, || which ·· | made — | heaven and | earth.
3 He will not suffer thy foot ·· | to be | moved; || he ·· that | keepeth ·· thee | will not | slumber.
4 Behold, he that keep ·· eth | Isra- | el || shall ·· | neither | slum ·· ber nor | sleep.
5 The Lord ·· | is thy | keeper; || the Lord is thy shade ·· up- | on thy | right— | hand.
6 The sun shall not smite ·· | thee by | day, || nor ·· the | moon — | by — | night.
7 The Lord shall preserve ·· thee | from all | evil; || he ·· | shall pre- | serve thy | soul.
8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out and ·· thy | coming | in || from this time forth ·· and | even ·· for | ever- | more.

No. 9. J. BARNBY.



No. 10 THE HEAVENS DECLARE THE GLORY OF GOD. (Coeli enarrant.) S. WESLEY.

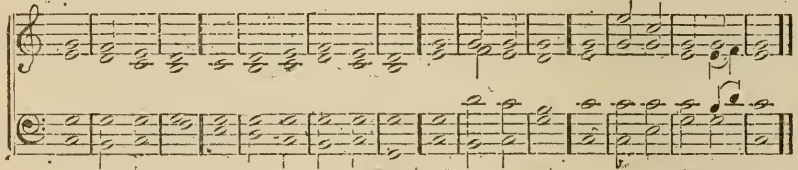


630

Psalm xix.

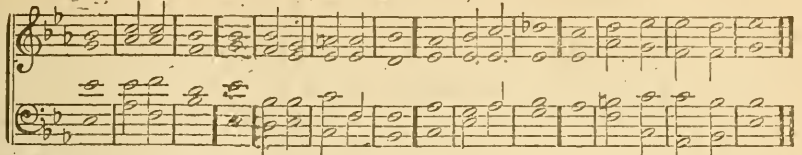
1 The heavens declare ·· the | glory ·· of | God, || and the fir ·· mament | showeth · his | handy- | work.
2 Day unto day ·· | utter ·· eth | speech, || and ·· | night ·· unto | night ·· showeth | knowledge.
3 There is ·· no | speech nor | language; || their ·· | voice can- | not be | heard.
4 Their line is gone out ·· through | all the | earth, || and ·· their | words ·· to the | end ·· of the | world.
5 In them hath he set a tab ·· ernacle | for the | sun; || which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoic ·· eth as a | strong ·· man to | run his | course.
6 His going forth is unto the end of the heaven, and his cir ·· cuit unto the | ends of | it; || and there is nothing hid ·· | from the | heat there- | of.

No 11. H. W. GREATOREX.



7 The law of the Lord is per ·· fect con- | ver ·· ting the | soul; || the testimony of the Lord is sure ·· | making | wise the | simple.
8 The statutes of the Lord are right ·· re- | joicing ·· the | heart; || the commandment of the Lord is pure ·· en- | lighten- | ing the | eyes.
9 The fear of the Lord is clean ·· en- | during ·· for- | ever; || the judgments of the Lord are true ·· and | righteous | alto- | gether.
10 More to be desired are they than gold, yea ·· than | much fine | gold; || sweeter also than ho ·· ney | and the | honey- | comb.
11 Moreover by them ·· is thy | servant | warned; || and in keep ·· ing of them | there is | great re- | ward.
12 Who can un ·· der- | stand his | errors? || Cleanse ·· thou | me from | secret | faults.
13 Keep back thy servant al ·· so from pre- | sump ·· tuous | sins; || let them not have ·· do- | minion | over me.
14 Then ·· shall | I be | upright, || and I shall be in ·· nocent | from the | great trans- | gression.
15 Let the words ·· | of my | mouth, || and the me ·· di- | tation | of my | heart,
16 Be accep ·· table | in thy | sight; || O Lord ·· my | strength and | my re- | deemer.
17 Glory be to the Fa ·· ther | and ·· to the | Son, || and ·· | to the | Holy | Ghost;
18 As it was in the beginning, is now ·· and | ever | shall be, || world ·· | without | end. A- | men.

No 12 PRAISE THE LORD. (Benedic anima mea.) HENRY BELDEN.

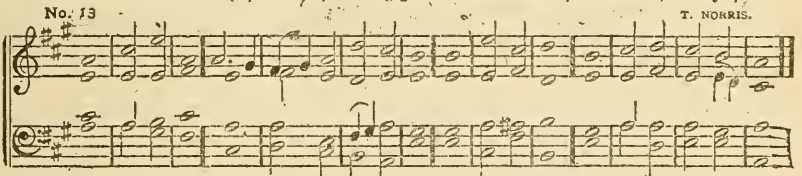


631

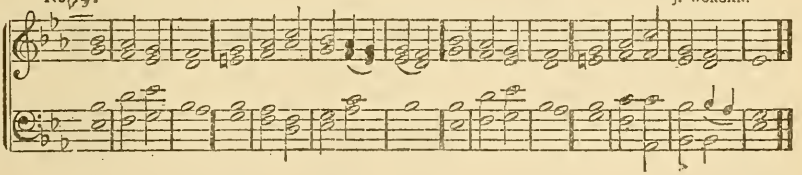
Psalm ciii.

1 Praise the Lord ·· | O my | soul, || and all that is within ·· me | praise his | ho-ly | name.
2 Praise the Lord ·· | O my | soul, || and forget not ·· | all his | bene- | fits.
3 Who forgiv ·· eth | all thy | sin, || and healeth all ·· | thine in- | firmi- | ties.
4 Who saveth thy life ·· | from de- | struction, || and crowneth thee ·· with | mercy ·· and | loving | kindness.
5 O praise the Lord, ye angels of his, ye ·· that ex- | cel in | strength ; || ye that fulfil his commandment, and hearken ·· un- | to the | voice of ·· his | word.
6 O praise the Lord, ·· all | ye his | hosts ; || ye ser ·· vants of | his that | do his | pleasure.
7 O speak good of the Lord, all ·· ye | works of | his, || in all ·· | places ·· of | his do- | minion.
8 Praise thou the Lord ·· | O my | soul, || praise thou ·· the | Lord— | O my | soul.

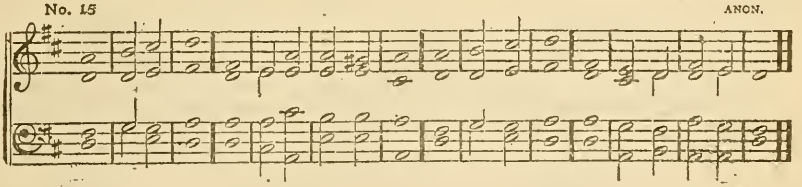
No. 13 T. NORRIS.



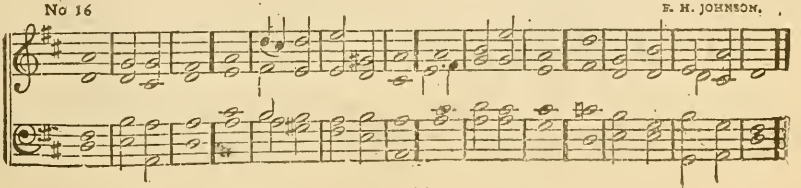
No. 14. J. WORGAN.



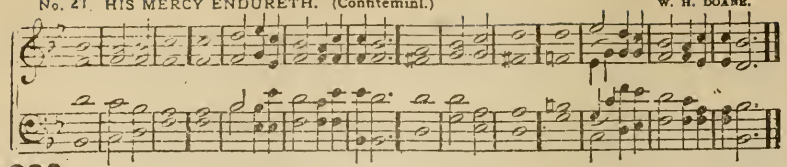
No. 15 ANON.



No 16 E. H. JOHNSON.



No. 21. HIS MERCY ENDURETH. (Confitemini.) W. H. DOANE.

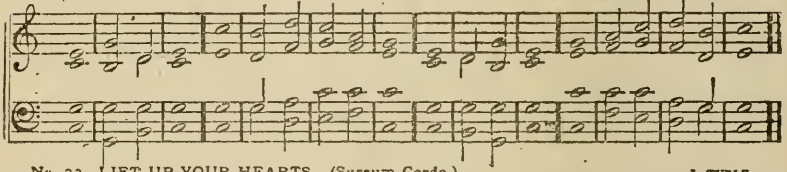


633

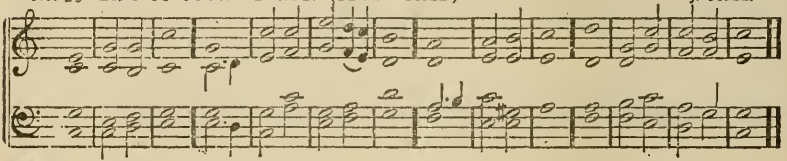
Psalm cxxxvi.

1 O give thanks unto the Lord ·· for | he is | good: || and ·· his | mer ·· cy en- | du ·· reth for | ever.
2 O give thanks ·· unto the | God of | gods: || for ·· his | mer ·· cy en- | du ·· reth for | ever.
3 O give thanks ·· to the | Lord of | lords: || for ·· his | mer ·· cy en- | du ·· reth for | ever.
4 To him who alone ·· | doeth ·· great | wonders: || for ·· his | mer ·· cy en- | du ·· reth for | ever.
5 To him that by wis ·· dom | made the | heavens: || for ·· his | mer ·· cy en- | du ·· reth for | ever.
6 Who stretched out the earth ·· a- | bove the | waters: || for ·· his | mer ·· cy en- | du ·· reth for | ever.
7 Who ·· hath | made great | lights: || for ·· his | mer ·· cy en- | du ·· reth for | ever.
8 The sun ·· to | rule by | day: || for ·· his | mer ·· cy en- | du ·· reth for | ever.
9 The moon and the stars ·· to | govern ·· the | night: || for ·· his | mer ·· cy en- | du ·· reth for | ever.
10 Who remembered us in ·· our | low es- | tate: || for ·· his | mer ·· cy en- | du ·· reth for | ever.
11 Who giveth food ·· to | all — | flesh: || for ·· his | mer ·· cy en- | du ·· reth for | ever.
12 O give thanks ·· unto the | God of | heaven: || for ·· his | mer ·· cy en- | du ·· reth for | ever.

No. 22. REV. W. H. HAVERGAL.



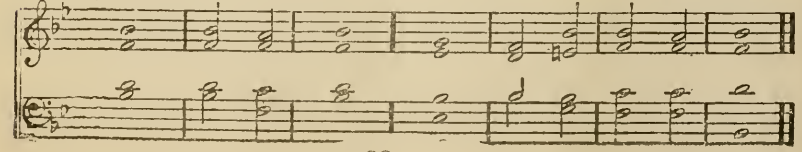
No. 23 LIFT UP YOUR HEARTS. (Sursum Corda.) J. TURLE.



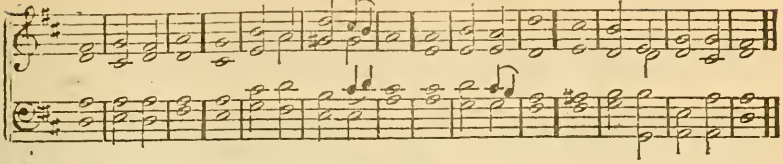
634

1 Lift ·· | up your | hearts. || We lift ·· them | up un- | to the | Lord.
2 Let us give thanks ·· unto the | Lord our | God. || It is meet ·· and | right— | so to | do.
3 Therefore with an ·· gels | and arch- | angels, || and all ·· the | compa- | ny of | heaven,
4 We laud and magnify ·· thy | glorious | name, || Evermore ·· | praising | thee and | saying:
5 Ho ·· ly | Holy | Holy, || Lord ·· | God — | — of | Hosts.
6 Heaven and earth are full ·· | of thy | glory. || Glory be ·· to | thee, O | Lord most | high.

No. 24 DR. W. CROTCH.



No. 25 IT IS A GOOD THING TO GIVE THANKS. (Bonum est confiteri.) J. BARNBY.

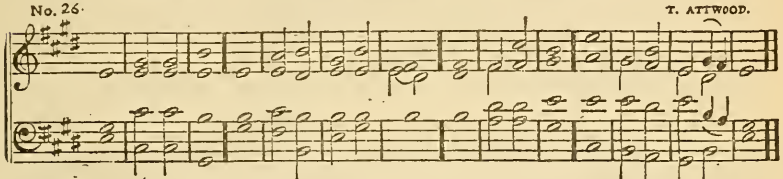


635

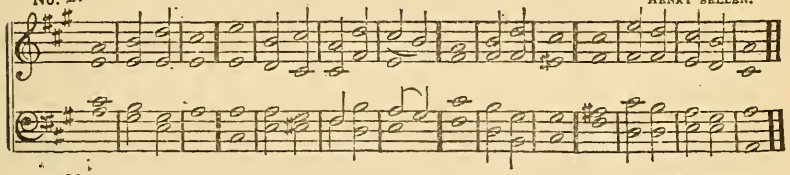
Psalm xcii.

1 It is a good thing to give thanks ·· | unto ·· the | Lord, || and to sing praises
un ·· to thy | name — | O Most | Highest;
2 To tell of thy loving-kindness ear ·· ly | in the | morning; || and of thy ·· | truth ·· in the | night — | season;
3 Upon an instrument of ten strings, and ·· up- | on the | lute; || upon a loud in ··
strument | and up- | on the | harp.
4 For thou Lord hast made me glad ·· | through thy | works; || and I will rejoice
in giving praise for the op ·· er- | ations | of thy | hands.

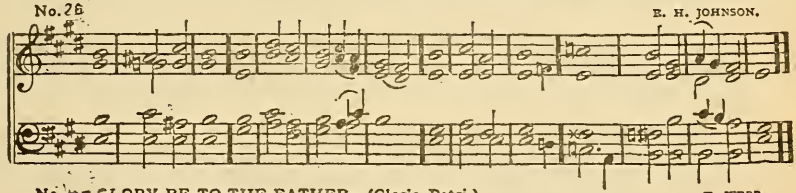
No. 26. T. ATTWOOD.



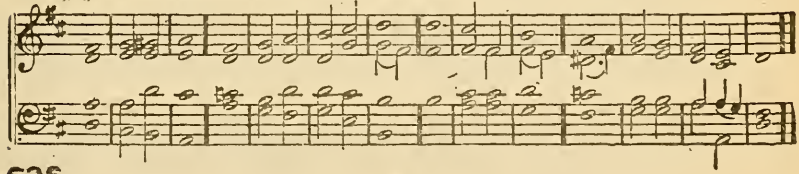
No. 27 HENRY BELLEN.



No. 28 E. H. JOHNSON.



No. 27 GLORY BE TO THE FATHER. (Gloria Patri.) T. WEBB.

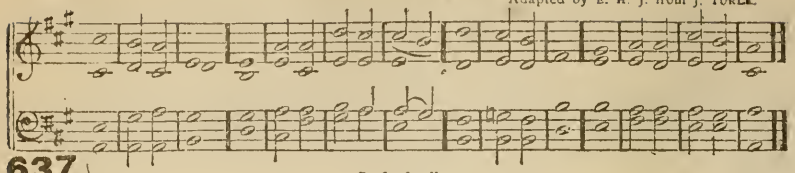


636

1 Glory be to the Fa ·· ther | and ·· to the | Son, || and ·· | to the | Holy | Ghost;
2 As it was in the beginning, is now ·· and | ever | shall be, || world ·· | without |
end. A- | men.

No. 30 GOD BE MERCIFUL UNTO US. (Deus Misereatur.)

Adapted by E. H. J. from J. TURLE.



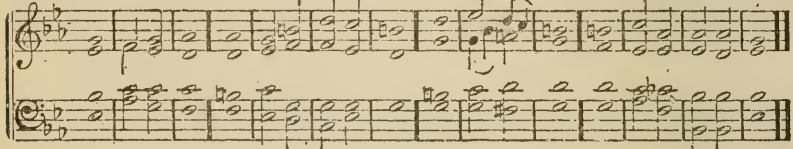
637

Psalm lxvii.

1 God be merciful un ·· to | us and | bless us; || and show us the light of his countenance, and ·· be | merci ·· ful | unto | us;
2 That thy way ·· may be | known up ·· on | earth, || thy sav ·· ing | health a- | mong all | nations.
3 Let the people praise ·· | thee, O | God; || yea, let all ·· the | people | praise — | thee.
4 O let the nations rejoice ·· | and be | glad; || for thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and gov ·· ern the | nations | upon | earth.
5 Let the people praise ·· | thee, O | God; || yea, let all ·· the | people | praise — | thee.
6 Then shall the earth ·· bring | forth her | increase, || and God, even our own God ·· shall | give — | us his | blessing.
2D PART. 7 God ·· shall | bless — | us, || and all the ends ·· of the | world shall | fear — | him.

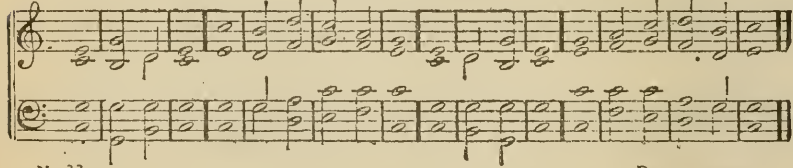
No. 31

HENRY BELDEN.



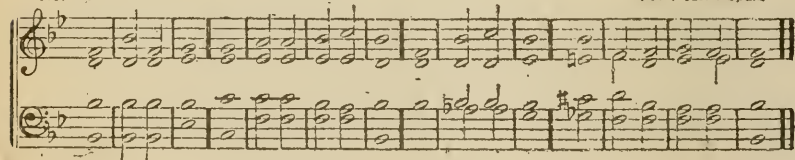
No. 32.

REV. W. H. HAVERGAL.



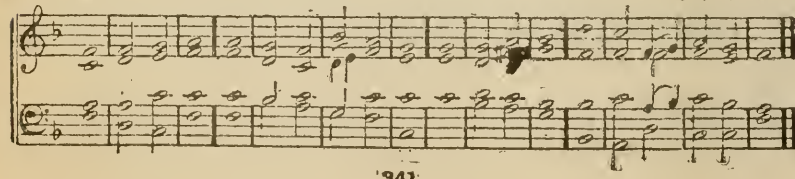
No. 33.

FROM BEETHOVEN.

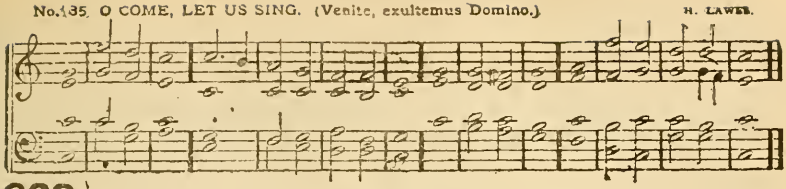


No. 34

F. LANGDON.



No. 35. O COME, LET US SING. (Venite, exultemus Domino.) H. LAWES.



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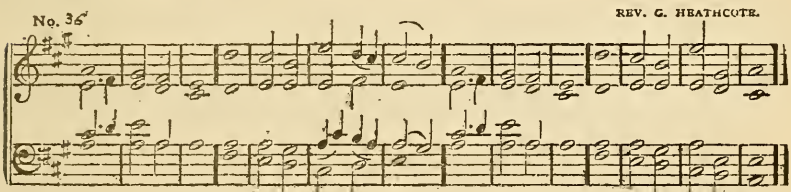
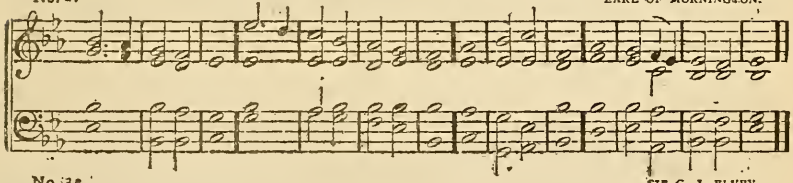
Psalm xcv.

1 O come, let us sing ·· | unto ·· the | Lord; || let us heartily rejoice ·· in the | strength of | our sal- | vation.
2 Let us come before his pres ·· ence | with thanks- | giving, || and show ·· our- | selves | glad in | him with | psalms.
3 For the Lord ·· is a | great — | God, || and a great ·· | King a- | bove all | gods.
4 In his hand are all the cor ·· ners | of the | earth; || and the strength ·· of the | hills is | his — | also.
5 The sea is his ·· | and he | made it; || and his hands ·· pre- | pared ·· the | dry— | land.
6 O come, let us wor ·· ship | and fall | down; || and kneel ·· be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker.
7 For he ·· is the | Lord our | God; || and we are the people of his pas ·· ture, | and the | sheep ·· of his | hand.
8 O worship the Lord ·· in the | beauty ·· of | holiness; || let the whole earth ·· | stand in | awe of | him.
2D PART. 9 For he cometh, for he co ·· meth to | judge the | earth; || and with righteousness to judge the world ·· and the | people | with his | truth.
10 Glory be to the Fa ·· ther | and ·· to the | Son, || And ·· | to the | Holy | Ghost;
11 As it was in the beginning, is now ·· and | ever | shall be, || world ·· | without | end. A- | men.

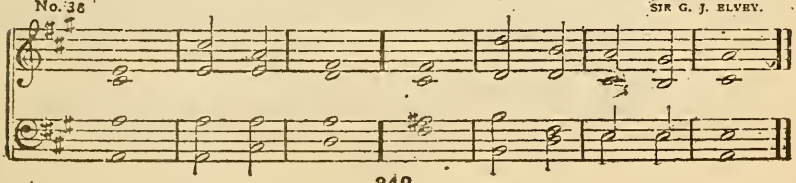
No. 36 REV. G. HEATHCOTE.



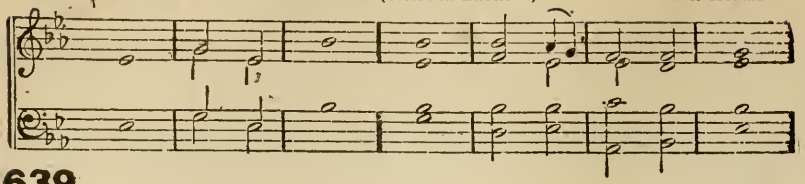
No. 37 EARL OF MORNINGTON.



No. 38 SIR G. J. ELVEY.



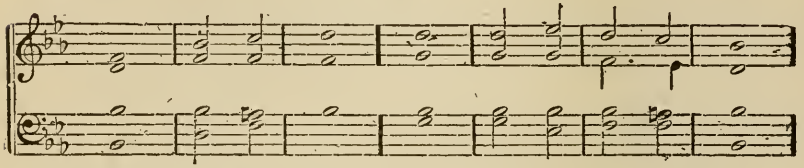
NO. 39. GLORY BE TO GOD ON HIGH. (Gloria in Excelsis.) H. C. ZEUNER.



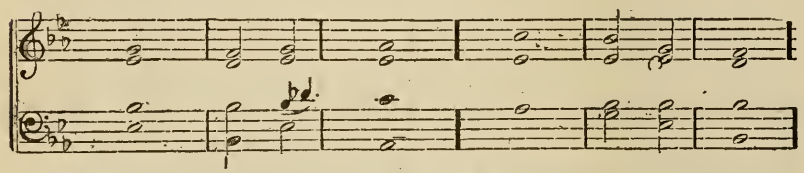
639

1 Glory be ·· to | God on | high, ‖ and on earth ·· | peace, good | will towards | men.

2 We praise thee, we bless thee ·· we | worship | thee, ‖ we glorify thee, we give thanks ·· to | thee for | thy great | glory.



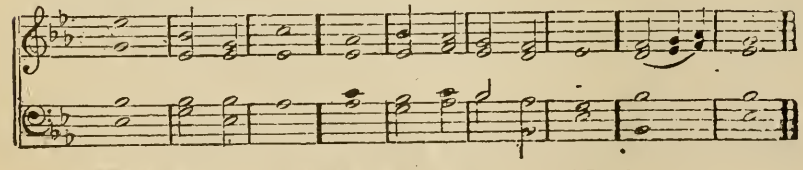
3 O Lord God ·· | heavenly | King, ‖ God ·· the | Father | Al — | mighty;

4 O Lord, the only-begotten Son ·· | Jesus | Christ; ‖ O Lord God, Lamb ·· of | God, Son | of the | Father:

5 That takest away ·· the | sins ·· of the | world, ‖ have mer ·· cy | upon | us.

6 Thou that takest away ·· the | sins ·· of the | world, ‖ have mer ·· cy | upon | us.

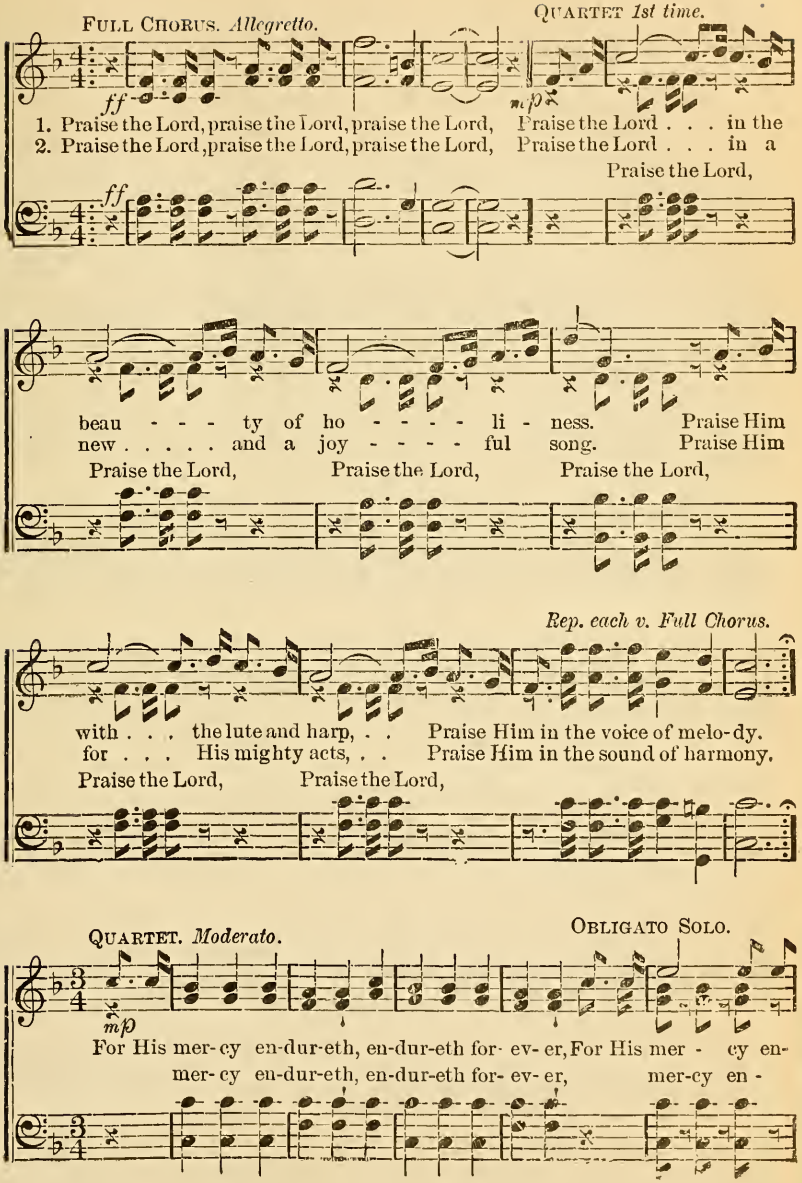
7 Thou that takest away ·· the | sins ·· of the | world, ‖ re ·· | ceive our | prayer.

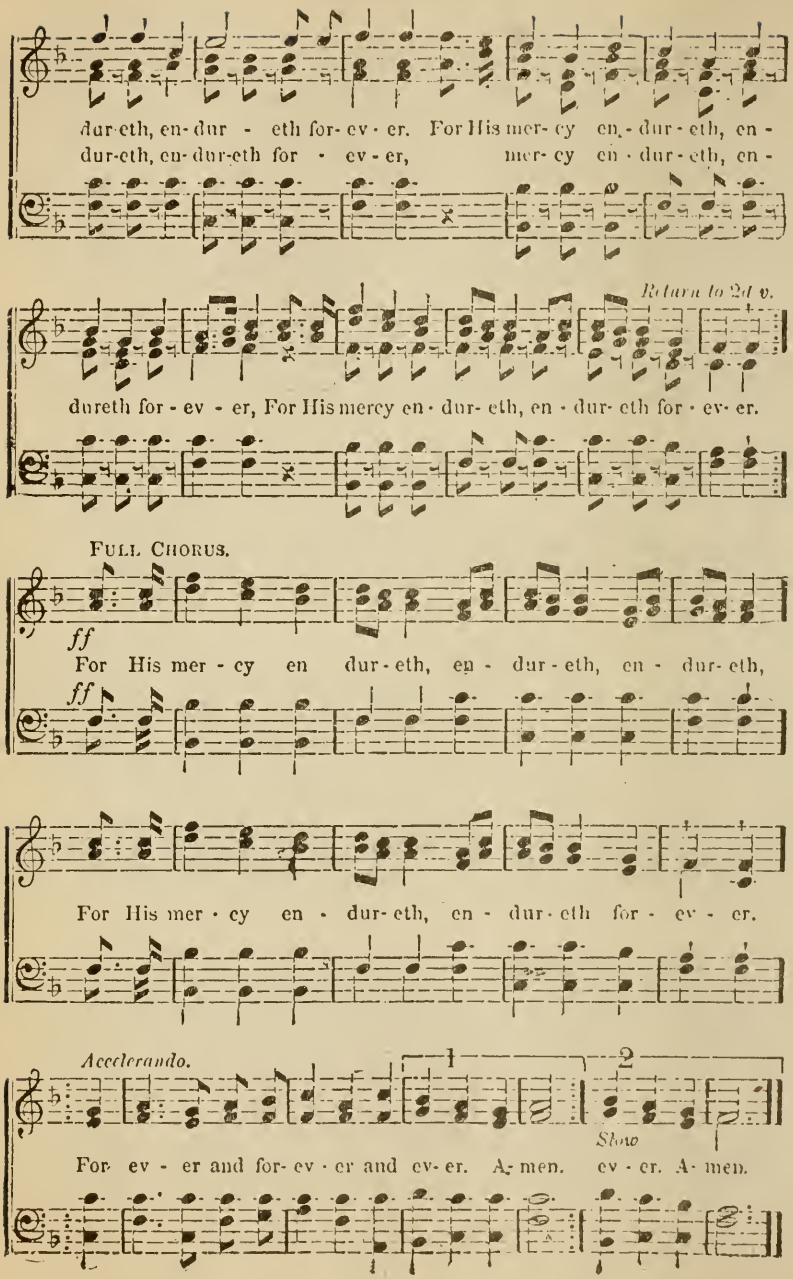
8 Thou that sittest at the right hand ·· of | God the | Father, ‖ have mer · cy | upon | us.



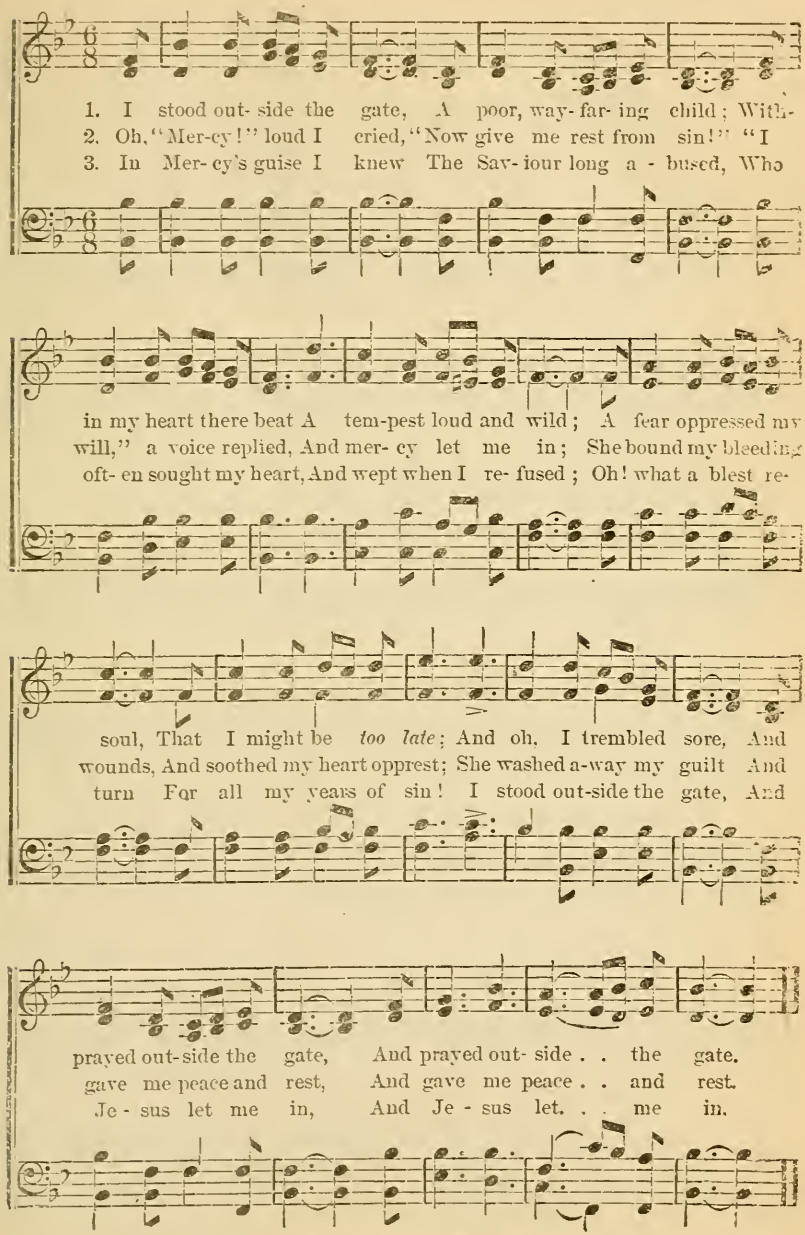
9 For thou ·· | only ·· art | holy; ‖ thou ·· | only | art the | Lord.

10 Thou only, O Christ ·· with the | Holy | Ghost, ‖ art most high ·· in the | glory of | God the | Father. ‖ A — | men.

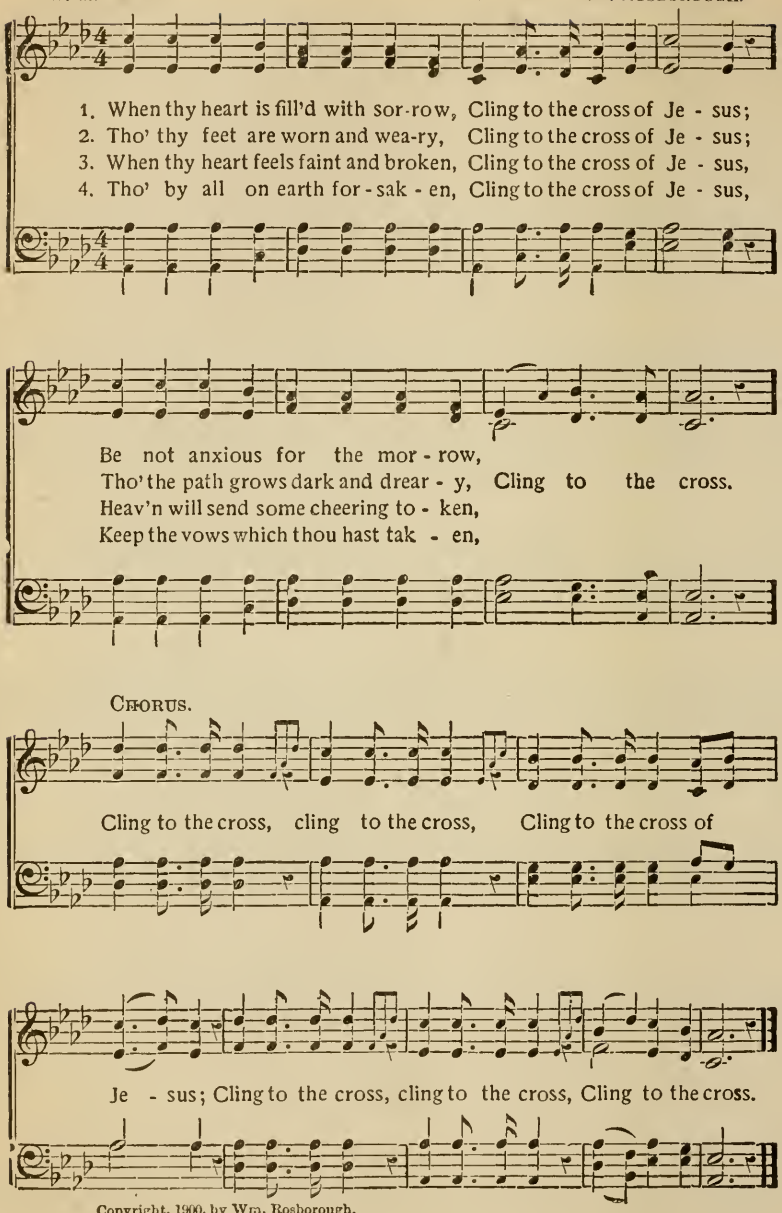
W. H. S. W. H. SHERWOOD.

FULL CHORUS. Allegretto.
QUARTET 1st time.
ff
mp
1. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Praise the Lord . . . in the
2. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Praise the Lord . . . in a
Praise the Lord,
beau - - - ty of ho - - - - - li - ness. Praise Him
new . . . . . and a joy - - - - - ful song. Praise Him
Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord,
Rep. each v. Full Chorus.
with . . . the lute and harp, . . Praise Him in the voice of melo-dy.
for . . . His mighty acts, . . Praise Him in the sound of harmony.
Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord,
QUARTET. Moderato.
OBLIGATO SOLO.
mp
For His mer-cy en-dur-eth, en-dur-eth for- ev- er, For His mer - cy en-
mer-cy en-dur-eth, en-dur-eth for- ev- er, mer-cy en -


dur-eth, en-dur - eth for-ev-er. For His mer-cy en-dur-eth, en-
dur-eth, en-dur-eth for - ev-er, mer-cy en-dur-eth, en-
Return to 2d v.
dureth for-ev - er, For His mercy en-dur-eth, en-dur-eth for-ev-er.
Full Chorus.
ff
For His mer-cy en dur-eth, en-dur-eth, en-dur-eth,
ff
For His mer-cy en-dur-eth, en-dur-eth for-ev-er.
Accelerando.
1
2
Slow
For ev - er and for-ev-er and ev-er. A-men. ev-er. A-men.

Miss JOSEPHINE POLLARD. HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.


1. I stood out- side the gate, A poor, way- far- ing child; With-
2. Oh, "Mer-cy!" loud I cried, "Now give me rest from sin!" "I
3. In Mer- cy's guise I knew The Sav- iour long a - bused, Who
in my heart there beat A tem-pest loud and wild; A fear oppressed my
will," a voice replied, And mer- cy let me in; She bound my bleeding
oft- en sought my heart, And wept when I re- fused; Oh! what a blest re-
soul, That I might be *too late*; And oh, I trembled sore, And
wounds, And soothed my heart opprest; She washed a-way my guilt And
turn For all my years of sin! I stood out-side the gate, And
prayed out-side the gate, And prayed out- side . . the gate.
gave me peace and rest, And gave me peace . . and rest.
Je - sus let me in, And Je - sus let. . . me in.

W. R. *Moderato.* Wm. Rosborough.


1. When thy heart is fill'd with sor-row, Cling to the cross of Je - sus;
2. Tho' thy feet are worn and wea-ry, Cling to the cross of Je - sus;
3. When thy heart feels faint and broken, Cling to the cross of Je - sus,
4. Tho' by all on earth for-sak - en, Cling to the cross of Je - sus,
Be not anxious for the mor - row,
Tho' the path grows dark and drear - y, Cling to the cross.
Heav'n will send some cheering to - ken,
Keep the vows which thou hast tak - en,
Chorus.
Cling to the cross, cling to the cross, Cling to the cross of
Je - sus; Cling to the cross, cling to the cross, Cling to the cross.

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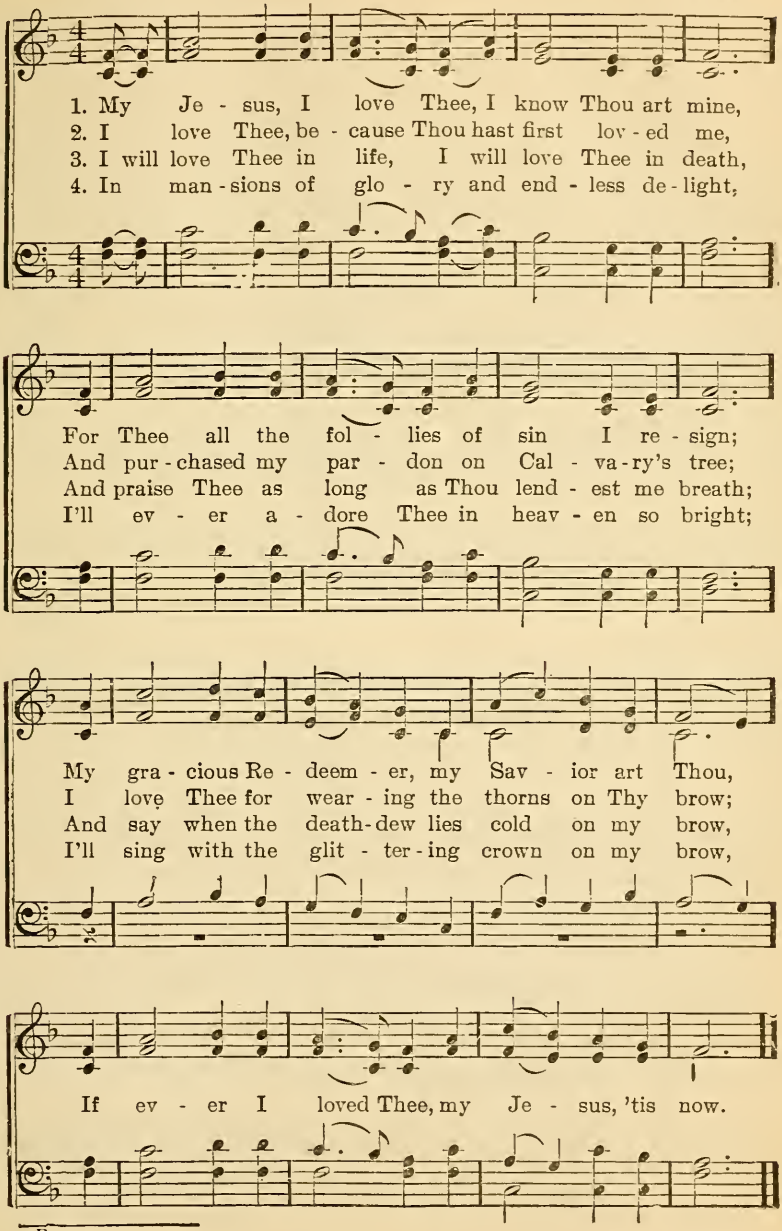
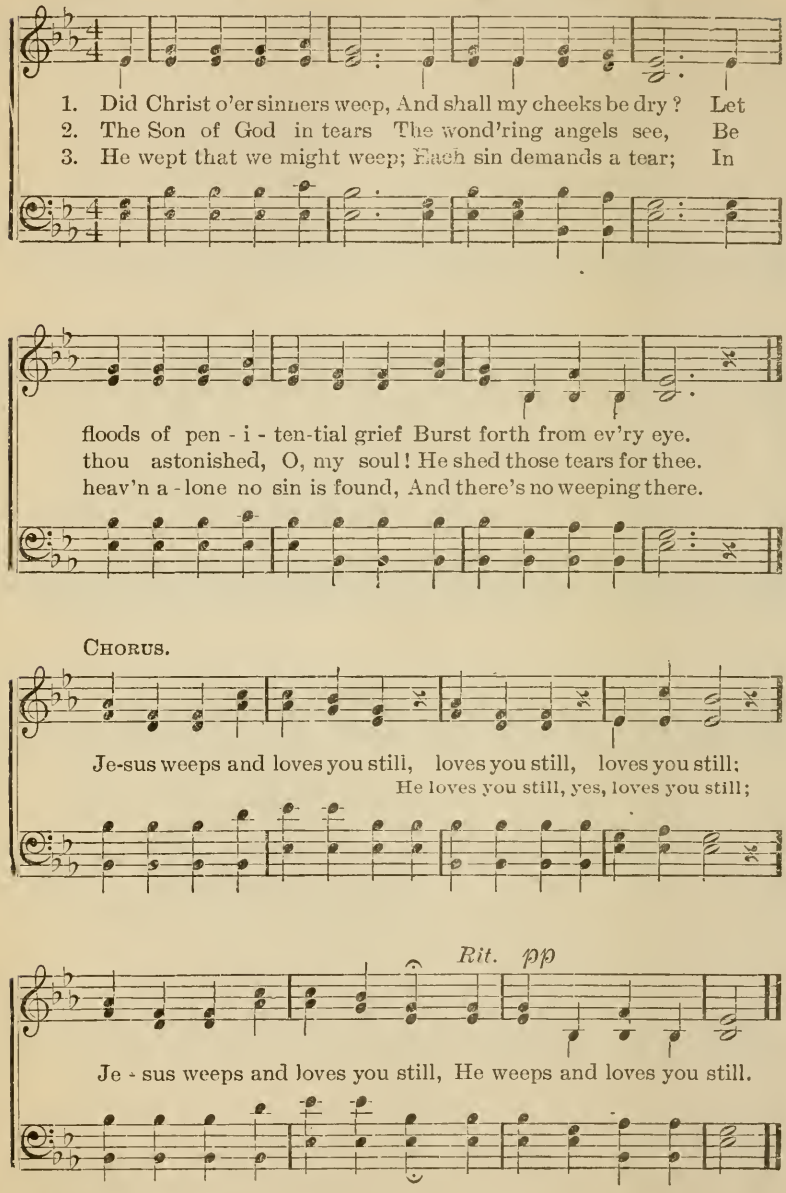
London Hymn Book. A. J. Gordon.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me,
3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light,
For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
And pur - chased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
And praise Thee as long as Thou lend - est me breath;
I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav - en so bright;
My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - ior art Thou,
I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow;
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,
I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow,
If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

By per.

Words arr. for this work. Music by Wm. Rosborough.


1. Did Christ o'er sinners weep, And shall my cheeks be dry? Let
2. The Son of God in tears The wond'ring angels see, Be
3. He wept that we might weep; Each sin demands a tear; In
floods of pen - i - ten-tial grief Burst forth from ev'ry eye.
thou astonished, O, my soul! He shed those tears for thee.
heav'n a - lone no sin is found, And there's no weeping there.
Chorus.
Je-sus weeps and loves you still, loves you still, loves you still;
He loves you still, yes, loves you still;
Rit. pp
Je - sus weeps and loves you still, He weeps and loves you still.

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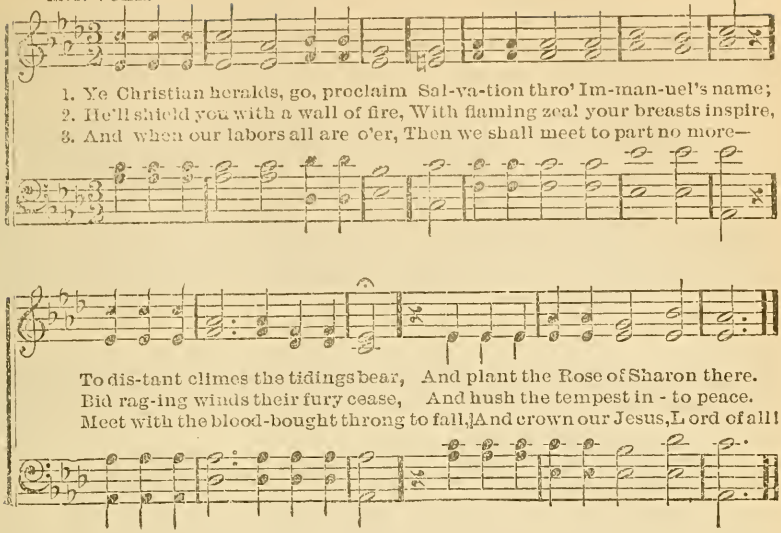
Mrs. Voke. Chas. Zeuner.


1. Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim Sal-va-tion thro' Im-man-uel's name;
2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With flaming zeal your breasts inspire,
3. And when our labors all are o'er, Then we shall meet to part no more—
To dis-tant climes the tidings bear, And plant the Rose of Sharon there.
Bid rag-ing winds their fury cease, And hush the tempest in - to peace.
Meet with the blood-bought throng to fall, And crown our Jesus, Lord of all!

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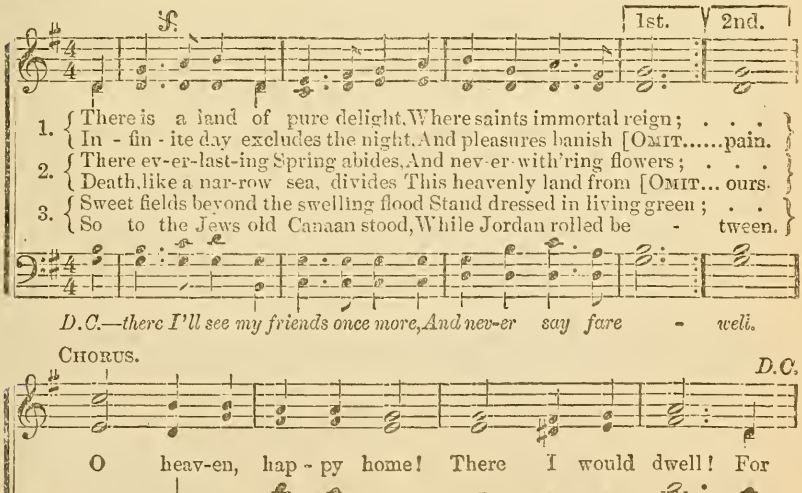
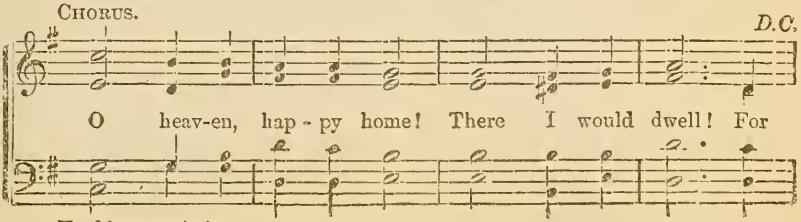
Arranged.
Finc.


1st.
2nd.
1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign; . . .
In - fin - ite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish [Omit.....pain.
2. There ev-er-last-ing Spring abides, And nev-er with'ring flowers; . . .
Death, like a nar-row sea, divides This heavenly land from [Omit... ours.
3. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood Stand dressed in living green; . . .
So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled be - tween.
D.C.—there I'll see my friends once more, And nev-er say fare - well.

Chorus. *D.C.*



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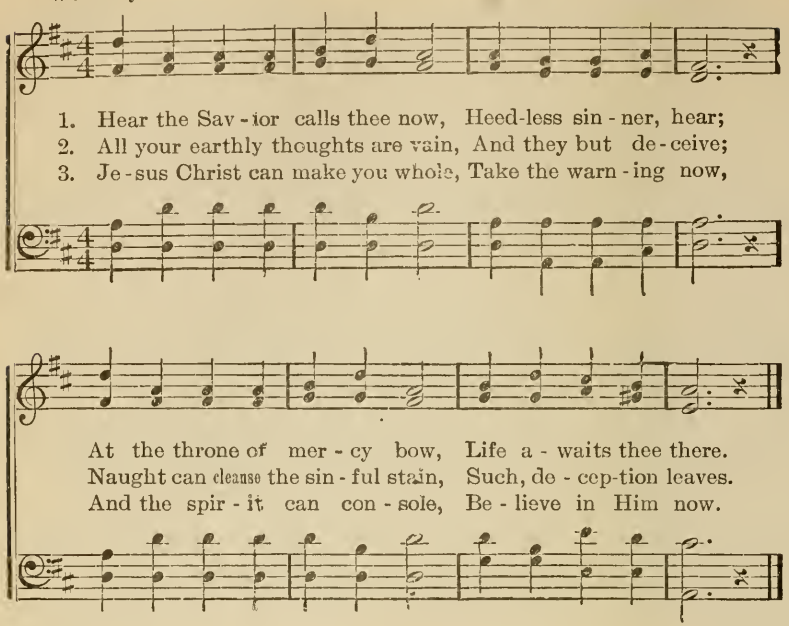
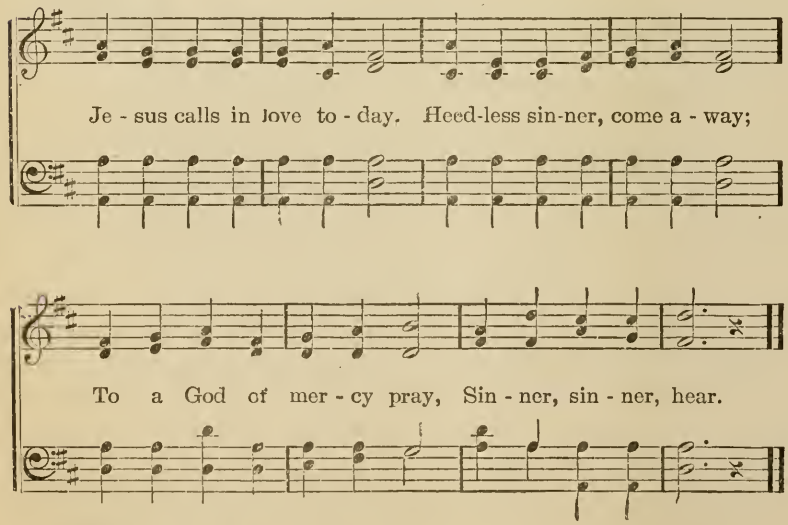
Words by REV. C. P. JONES. Music by WM. ROSBOROUGH.


1. Hear the Sav - ior calls thee now, Heed-less sin - ner, hear;
2. All your earthly thoughts are vain, And they but de - ceive;
3. Je - sus Christ can make you whole, Take the warn - ing now,
At the throne of mer - cy bow, Life a - waits thee there.
Naught can cleanse the sin - ful stain, Such, de - cep-tion leaves.
And the spir - it can con - sole, Be - lieve in Him now.

CHORUS.



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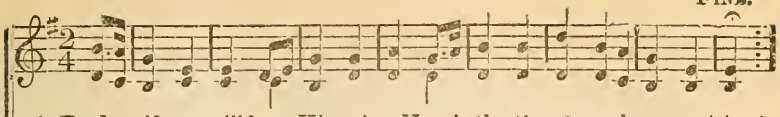
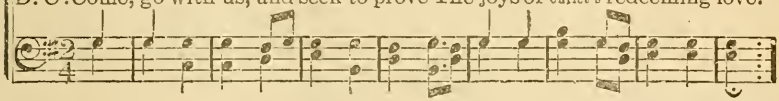
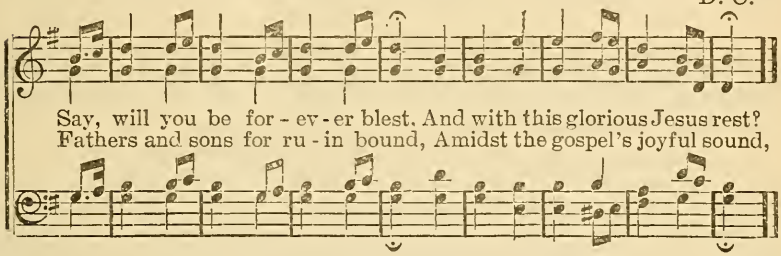
FINE.



1. To-day, if you will hear His voice, Now is the time to make your choice;
Say, will you to Mount Zi-on go? Say, will you come to Christ or no?
D. C. Will you be saved from guilt and pain? Will you with Christ forever reign?
2. Make now your choice, and halt no more, He now is waiting for the poor:
Say, now, poor souls, what will you do? Say, will you come to Christ, or no?
D. C. Come, go with us, and seek to prove The joys of Christ's redeeming love.



D. C.



Say, will you be for - ev - er blest. And with this glorious Jesus rest?
Fathers and sons for ru - in bound, Amidst the gospel's joyful sound,

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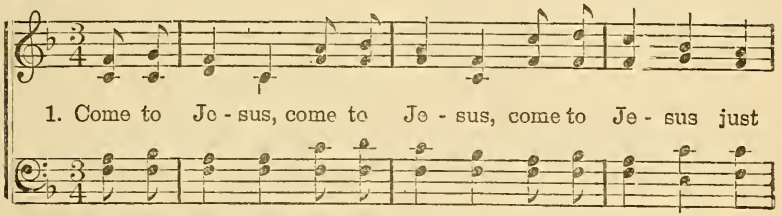
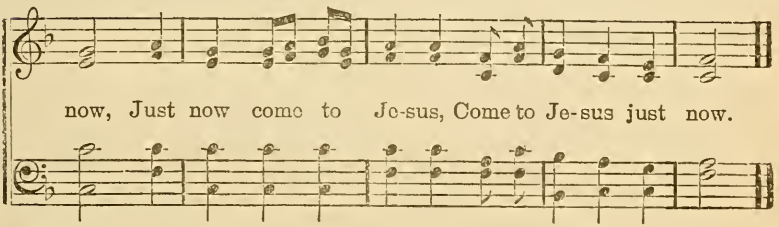
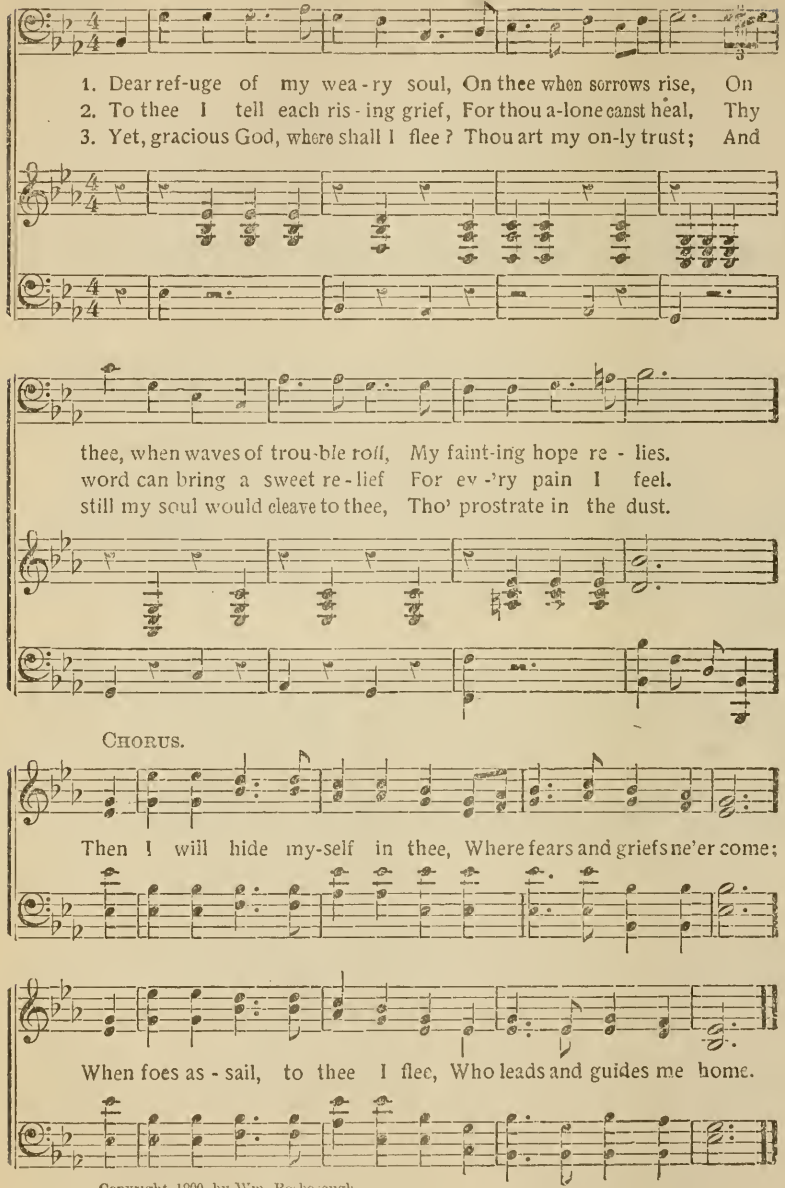


1. Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus just

now, Just now come to Je-sus, Come to Je-sus just now.

2 He will save you, etc.
3 He is able, etc.
4 He is willing, etc.
5 O believe Him, etc.
6 He will bless you, etc.
7 Come and trust Him, etc.
8 He is waiting, etc.
9 Hallelujah, etc.

ANNIE STEELE. *BASS SOLO.* WM. ROSBOROUGH.


1. Dear ref-uge of my wea-ry soul, On thee when sorrows rise, On
2. To thee I tell each ris-ing grief, For thou a-lone canst heal, Thy
3. Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee? Thou art my on-ly trust; And
thee, when waves of trou-ble roll, My faint-ing hope re-lies.
word can bring a sweet re-lief For ev-'ry pain I feel.
still my soul would cleave to thee, Tho' prostrate in the dust.
CHORUS.
Then I will hide my-self in thee, Where fears and griefs ne'er come;
When foes as-sail, to thee I flee, Who leads and guides me home.

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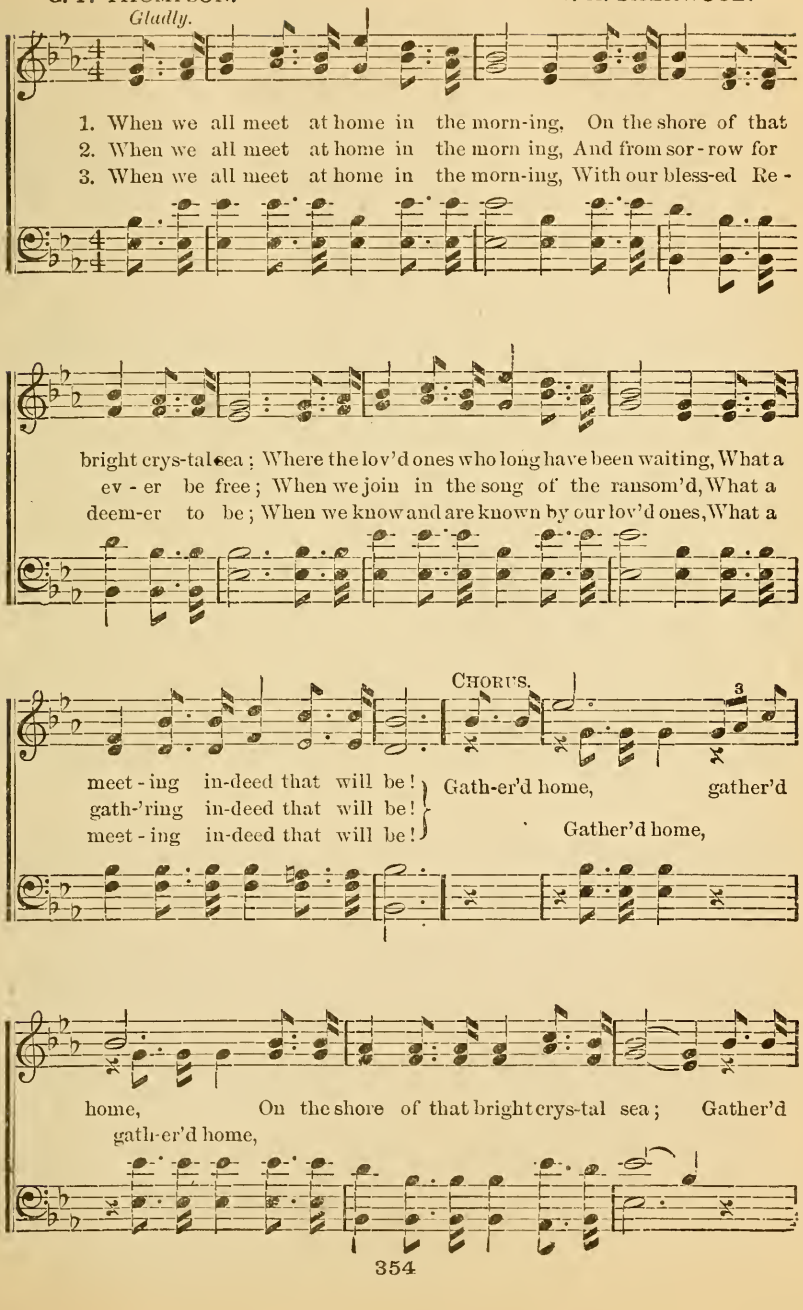
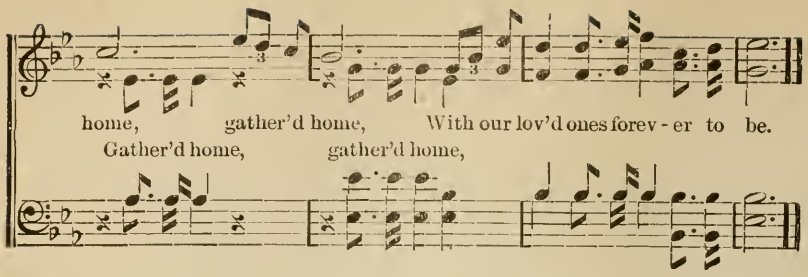
G. F. THOMPSON. W. H. SHERWOOD.

Gladly.


1. When we all meet at home in the morn-ing, On the shore of that
2. When we all meet at home in the morn ing, And from sor - row for
3. When we all meet at home in the morn-ing, With our bless-ed Re -
bright crys-tal sea; Where the lov'd ones who long have been waiting, What a
ev - er be free; When we join in the song of the ransom'd, What a
deem-er to be; When we know and are known by our lov'd ones, What a
CHORUS.
meet - ing in-deed that will be!
gath-'ring in-deed that will be!
meet - ing in-deed that will be!
Gath-er'd home, gather'd
Gather'd home,
home, On the shore of that bright crys-tal sea; Gather'd
gath-er'd home,

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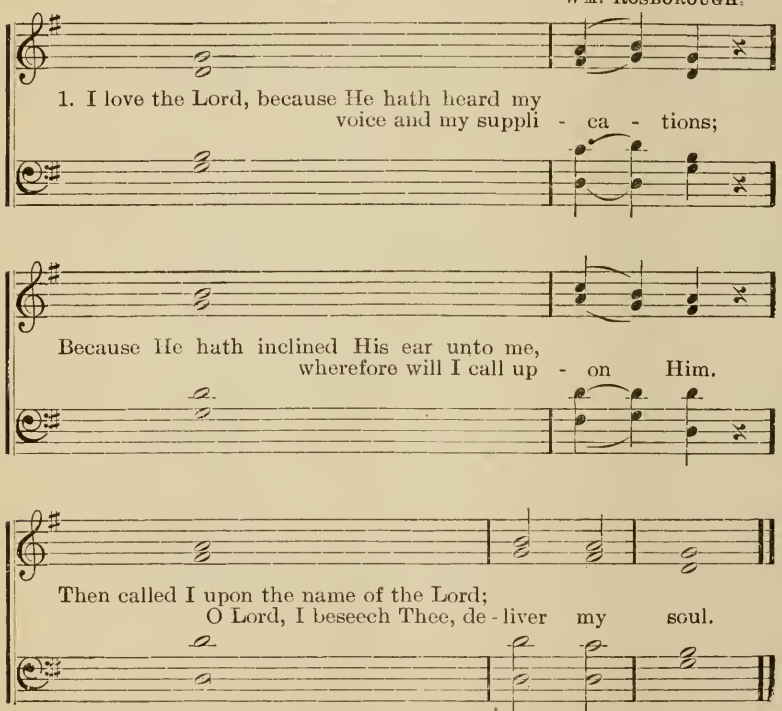
Wm. Rosborough.
1. I love the Lord, because He hath heard my voice and my suppli - ca - tions;
Because He hath inclined His ear unto me, wherefore will I call up - on Him.
Then called I upon the name of the Lord; O Lord, I beseech Thee, de - liver my soul.

2 The Lord preserves the simple; I was brought low and He | helped me.‖
Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord is | with thee.‖
He hath delivered my soul from death mine eyes from tears, and my | feet from falling.‖

3 What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits | towards me.‖
I will pay my vows unto the Lord before the | people,‖
In the courts of the Lord's house, O Jerusalem, praise | ye the Lord.‖

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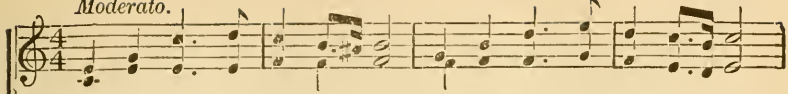
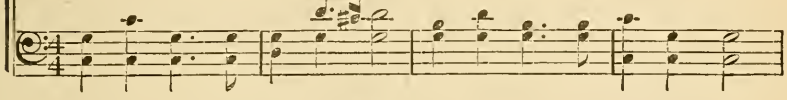
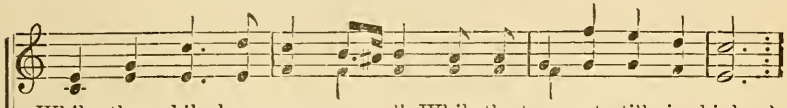
WM. ROSBOROUGH.

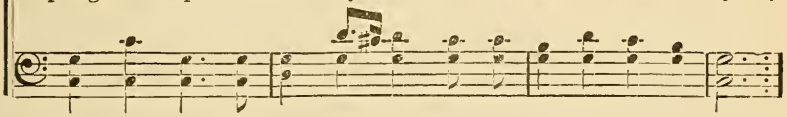
Moderato.

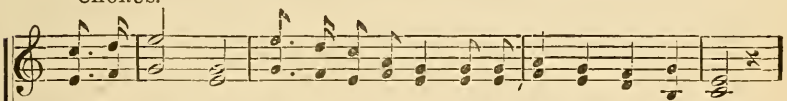


1. { Je - sus! Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
   { Hide me, O my Sav - ior! hide, Till the storm of life is past;
2. { Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
   { All my trust on Thee is stayed; All my help from Thee I bring;
3. { Thou, O Christ! art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;
   { Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un-right - eous-ness;
4. { Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to par - don all my sin;
   { Thou of life the foun-tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;

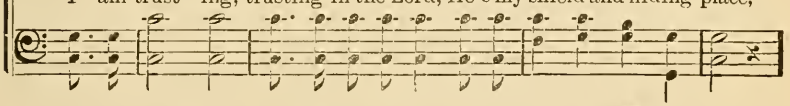


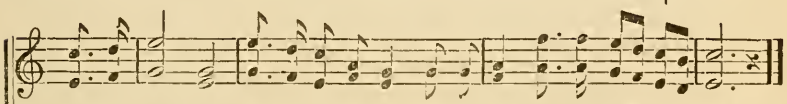


While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tem-pest still is high;
Safe in - to the hav - en guide; Oh, re - ceive my soul at last!
Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone; Still sup-port and com-fort me;
Cov - er my de-fense - less head With the shad-ow of Thy wing.
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind;
Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Let the heal - ing streams abound, Make and keep me pure with-in;
Spring Thou up with-in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

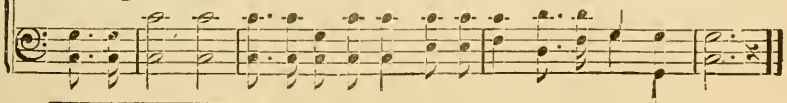


I am trust - ing, trusting in the Lord, He's my shield and hiding-place,





Trust-ing ev - er, ev-er in His word, Till in heav'n I shall see His face.



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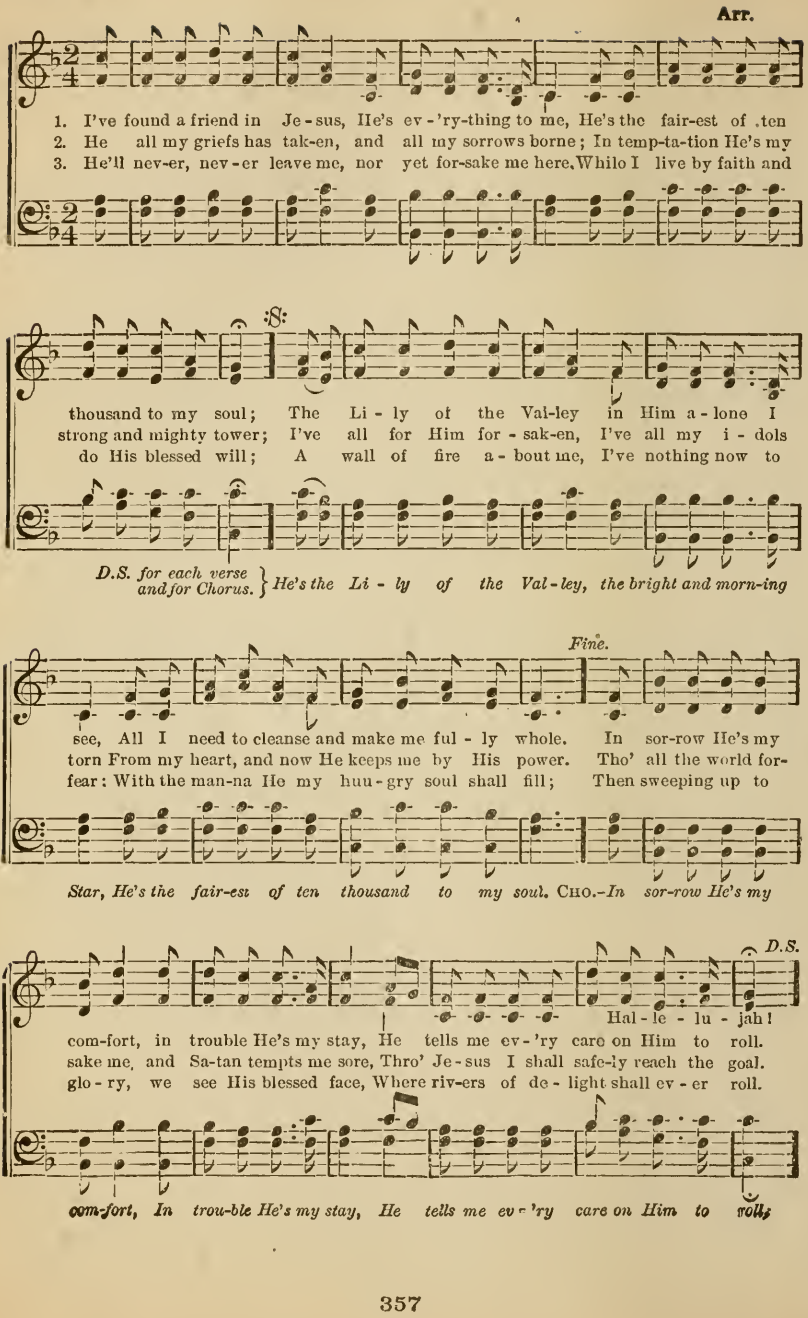
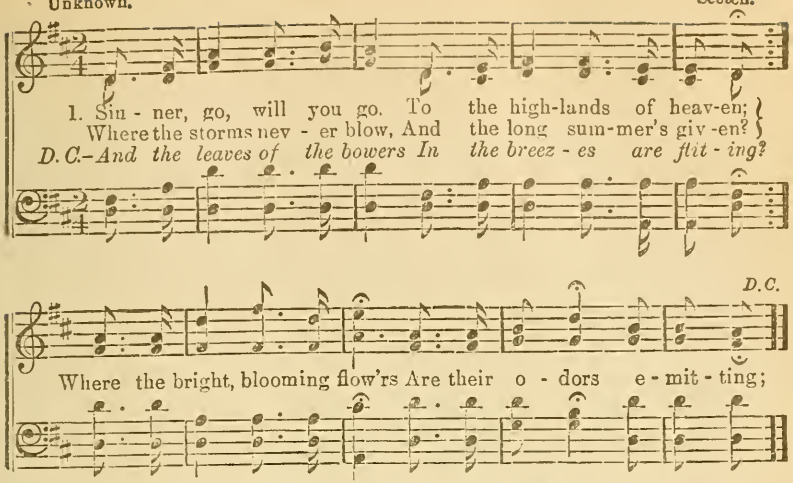
Arr.


1. I've found a friend in Je - sus, He's ev - 'ry-thing to me, He's the fair-est of ten
2. He all my griefs has tak-en, and all my sorrows borne; In temp-ta-tion He's my
3. He'll nev-er, nev - er leave me, nor yet for-sake me here, While I live by faith and
thousand to my soul; The Li - ly of the Val-ley in Him a - lone I
strong and mighty tower; I've all for Him for - sak-en, I've all my i - dols
do His blessed will; A wall of fire a - bout me, I've nothing now to
D.S. for each verse and for Chorus.
He's the Li - ly of the Val - ley, the bright and morn-ing
Fine.
see, All I need to cleanse and make me ful - ly whole. In sor-row He's my
torn From my heart, and now He keeps me by His power. Tho' all the world for-
fear: With the man-na He my huu-gry soul shall fill; Then sweeping up to
Star, He's the fair-est of ten thousand to my soul. CHO.-In sor-row He's my
D.S.
Hal - le - lu - jah!
com-fort, in trouble He's my stay, He tells me ev - 'ry care on Him to roll.
sake me, and Sa-tan tempts me sore, Thro' Je - sus I shall safe-ly reach the goal.
glo - ry, we see His blessed face, Where riv-ers of de - light shall ev - er roll.
com-fort, In trou-ble He's my stay, He tells me ev - 'ry care on Him to roll.

Unknown. Scotch.


1. Sin - ner, go, will you go. To the high-lands of heav-en;
Where the storms nev - er blow, And the long sum-mer's giv -en?
D.C.–And the leaves of the bowers In the breez - es are flit - ing?
D.C.
Where the bright, blooming flow'rs Are their o - dors e - mit - ting;

2 Where the rich golden fruit
Is in bright clusters pending,
And the deep laden boughs
Of life's fair tree are bending;
And where life's crystal stream
Is unceasingly flowing,
And the verdure is green,
And eternally growing?

3 He's prepared thee a home—
Sinner, canst thou believe it?
And invites thee to come—
Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
Oh come, sinner, come,
For the tide is receding,
And the Saviour will soon,
And forever, cease pleading.

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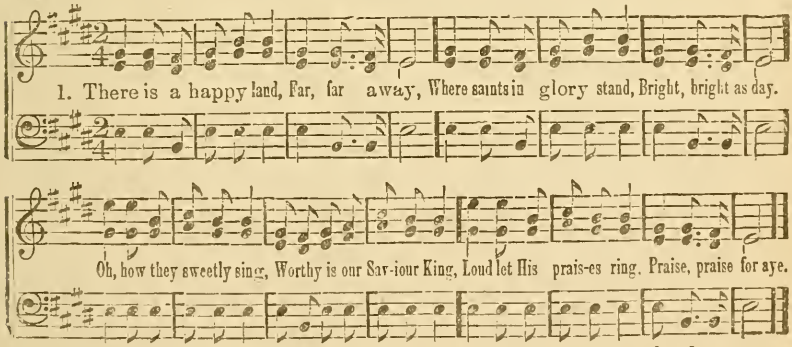
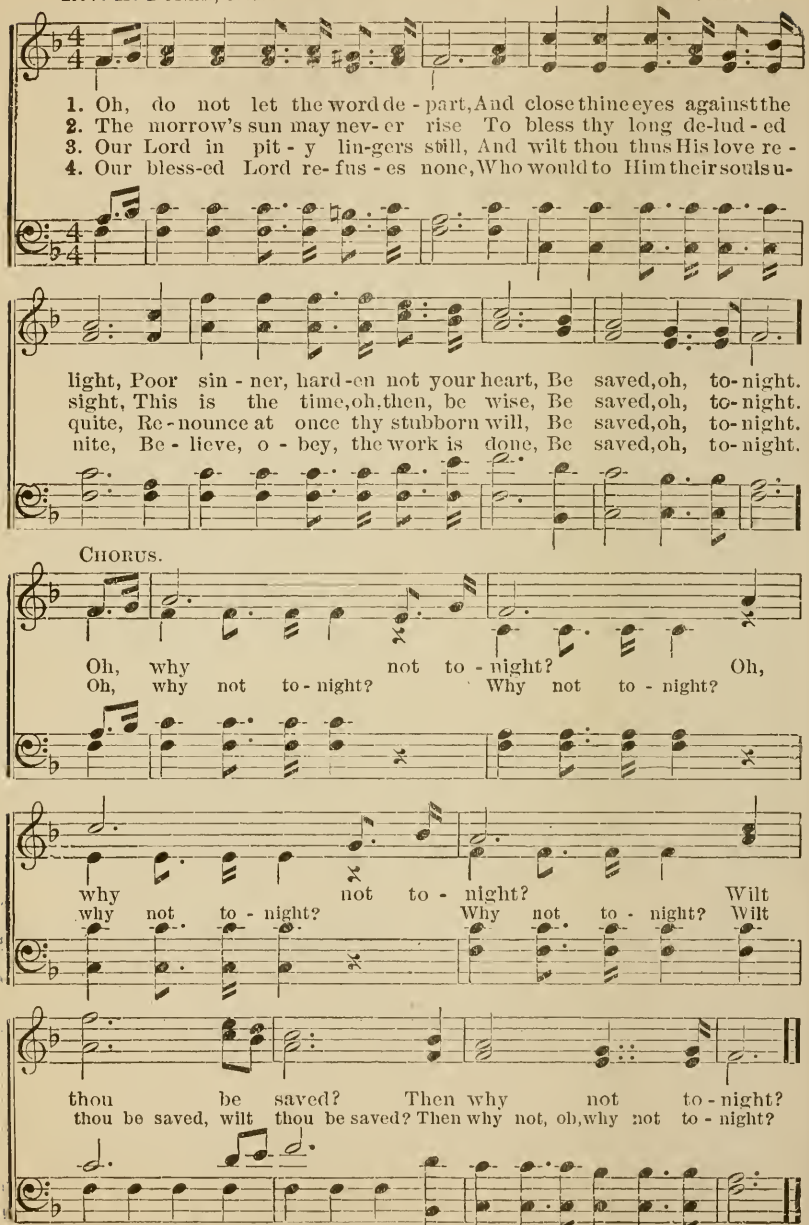

1. There is a happy land, Far, far away, Where saints in glory stand, Bright, bright as day.
Oh, how they sweetly sing, Worthy is our Sav-iour King, Loud let His prais-es ring. Praise, praise for aye.

1 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away,
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why, still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

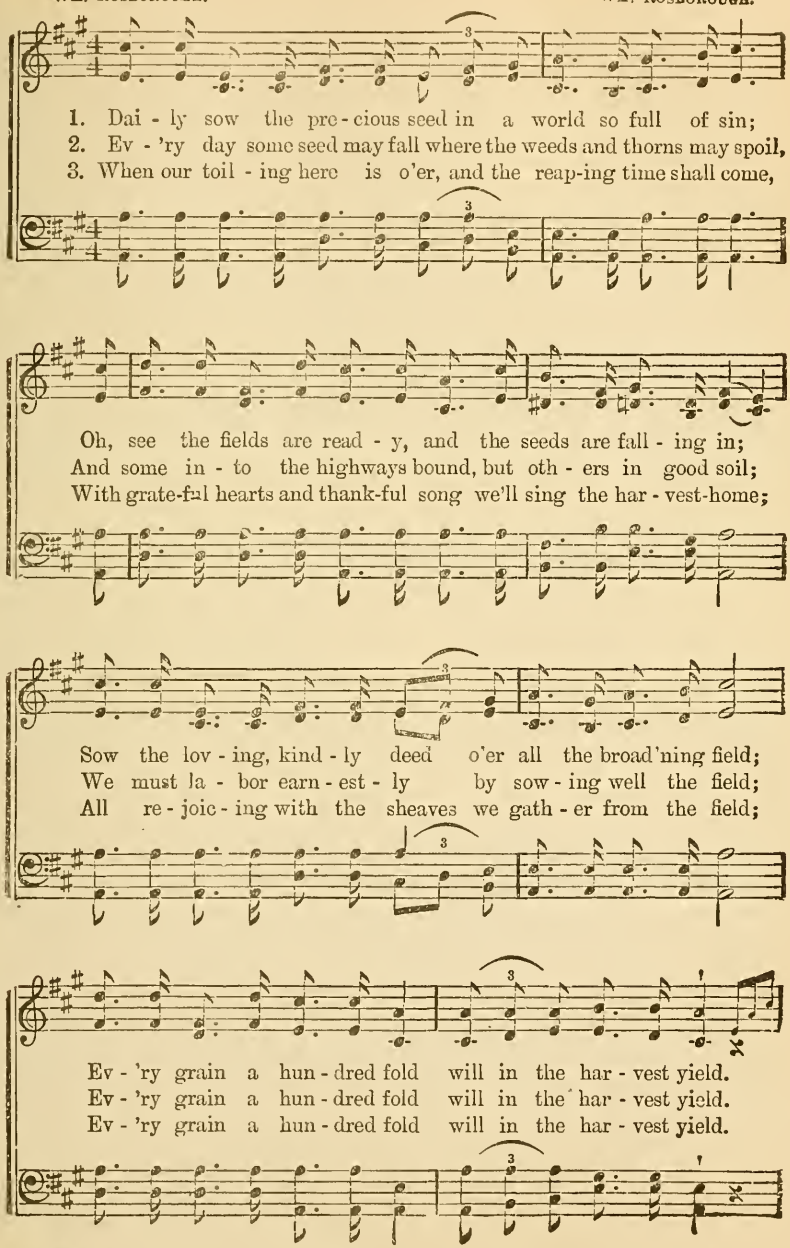
3 Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die;
Oh, then, to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won,
And bright above the sun
We reign for aye.

"How long halt ye between two opinions?"—1 Kings 18: 21.

Rev. H. Bonar, D.D. J. Calvin Bushey.

1. Oh, do not let the word de - part, And close thine eyes against the
2. The morrow's sun may nev - er rise To bless thy long de-lud - ed
3. Our Lord in pit - y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re -
4. Our bless-ed Lord re-fus - es none, Who would to Him their souls su-
light, Poor sin - ner, hard-en not your heart, Be saved, oh, to-night.
sight, This is the time, oh, then, be wise, Be saved, oh, to-night.
quite, Re-nounce at once thy stubborn will, Be saved, oh, to-night.
nite, Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Be saved, oh, to-night.
Chorus.
Oh, why not to - night? Oh,
Oh, why not to - night? Why not to - night?
why not to - night? Wilt
why not to - night? Why not to - night? Wilt
thou be saved? Then why not to - night?
thou be saved, wilt thou be saved? Then why not, oh, why not to - night?

From "Songs for All," by per. of E. T. Pound.

WM. ROSBOROUGH. WM. ROSBOROUGH.


1. Dai - ly sow the pre - cious seed in a world so full of sin;
2. Ev - 'ry day some seed may fall where the weeds and thorns may spoil,
3. When our toil - ing here is o'er, and the reap-ing time shall come,
Oh, see the fields are read - y, and the seeds are fall - ing in;
And some in - to the highways bound, but oth - ers in good soil;
With grate-ful hearts and thank-ful song we'll sing the har - vest-home;
Sow the lov - ing, kind - ly deed o'er all the broad'ning field;
We must la - bor earn - est - ly by sow - ing well the field;
All re - joic - ing with the sheaves we gath - er from the field;
Ev - 'ry grain a hun - dred fold will in the har - vest yield.
Ev - 'ry grain a hun - dred fold will in the har - vest yield.
Ev - 'ry grain a hun - dred fold will in the har - vest yield.

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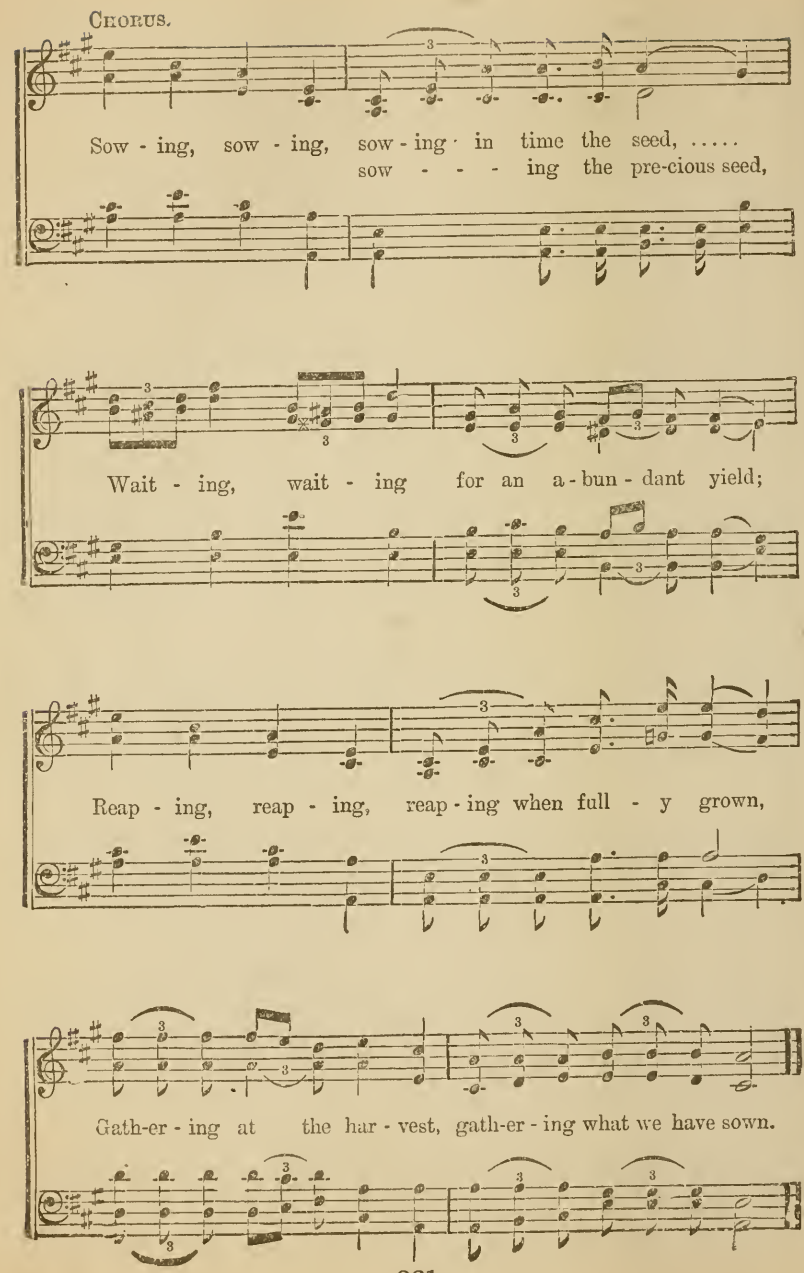
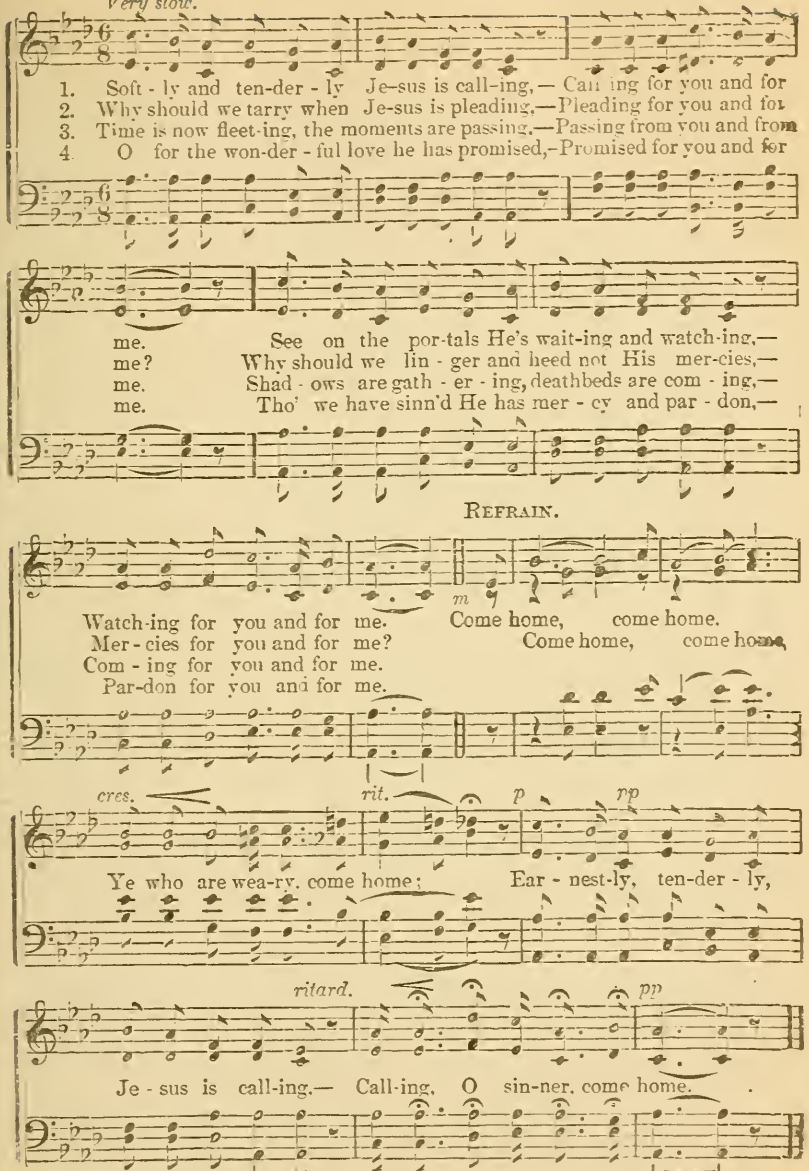

Chorus.
Sow - ing, sow - ing, sow - ing in time the seed, ...
sow - - - ing the pre-cious seed,
Wait - ing, wait - ing for an a - bun - dant yield;
Reap - ing, reap - ing, reap - ing when full - y grown,
Gath-er - ing at the har - vest, gath-er - ing what we have sown.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.


Very slow.
1. Soft - ly and ten-der - ly Je-sus is call-ing,— Call-ing for you and for
2. Why should we tarry when Je-sus is pleading,—Pleading for you and for
3. Time is now fleet-ing, the moments are passing,—Passing from you and from
4. O for the won-der - ful love he has promised,—Promised for you and for
me. See on the por-tals He's wait-ing and watch-ing,—
me? Why should we lin - ger and heed not His mer-cies,—
me. Shad - ows are gath - er - ing, deathbeds are com - ing,—
me. Tho' we have sinn'd He has mer - cy and par - don,—
REFRAIN.
m
Watch-ing for you and for me. Come home, come home.
Mer - cies for you and for me? Come home, come home,
Com - ing for you and for me.
Par-don for you and for me.
cres.
rit.
p
pp
Ye who are wea-ry, come home; Ear - nest-ly, ten-der - ly,
ritard.
pp
Je - sus is call-ing.— Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home.

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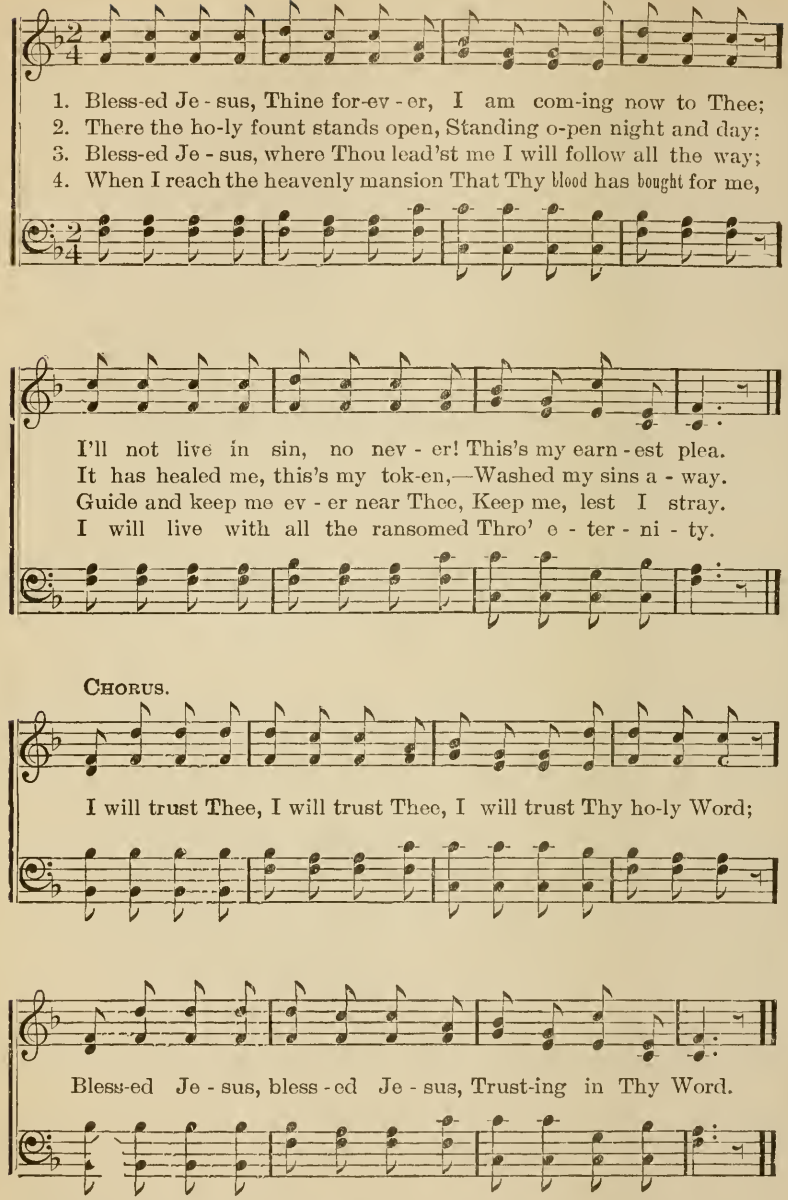
1. Bless-ed Je - sus, Thine for-ev - er, I am com-ing now to Thee;
2. There the ho-ly fount stands open, Standing o-pen night and day:
3. Bless-ed Je - sus, where Thou lead'st me I will follow all the way;
4. When I reach the heavenly mansion That Thy blood has bought for me,
I'll not live in sin, no nev - er! This's my earn - est plea.
It has healed me, this's my tok-en,—Washed my sins a - way.
Guide and keep me ev - er near Thee, Keep me, lest I stray.
I will live with all the ransomed Thro' e - ter - ni - ty.
CHORUS.
I will trust Thee, I will trust Thee, I will trust Thy ho-ly Word;
Bless-ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Trust-ing in Thy Word.

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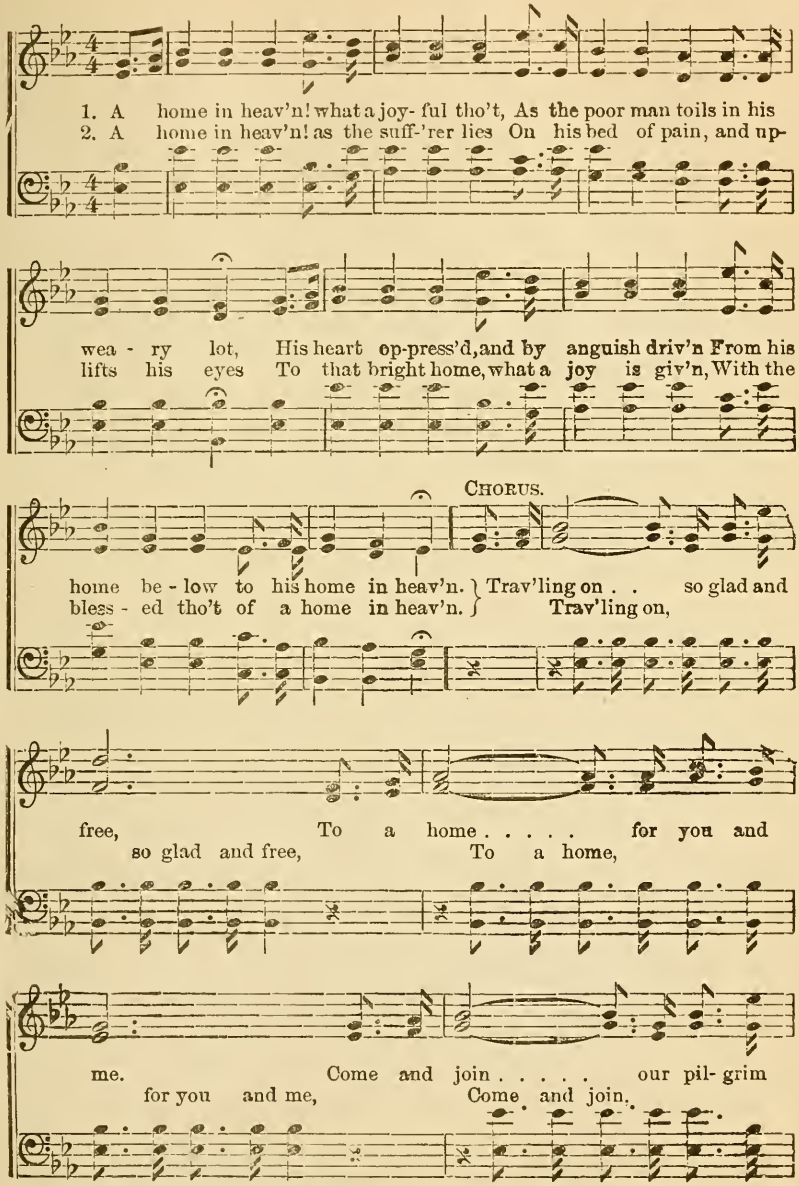
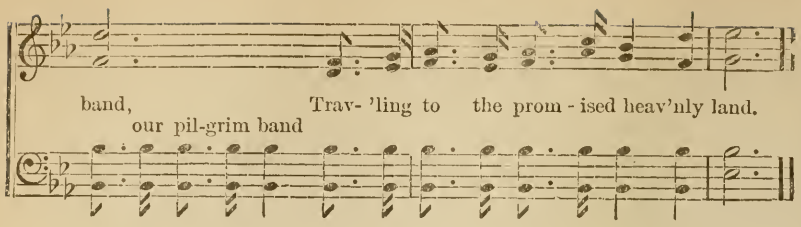
W. H. S. W. H. SHERWOOD.


1. A home in heav'n! what a joy- ful tho't, As the poor man toils in his
2. A home in heav'n! as the suff-'rer lies On his bed of pain, and up-
wea - ry lot, His heart op-press'd, and by anguish driv'n From his
lifts his eyes To that bright home, what a joy is giv'n, With the
Chorus.
home be - low to his home in heav'n. Trav'ling on . . so glad and
bless - ed tho't of a home in heav'n. Trav'ling on,
free, To a home . . . . . for you and
so glad and free, To a home,
me. Come and join . . . . . our pil- grim
for you and me, Come and join.



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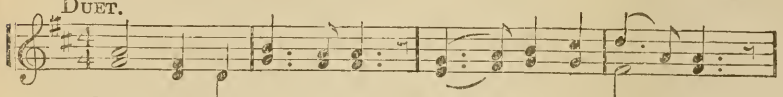
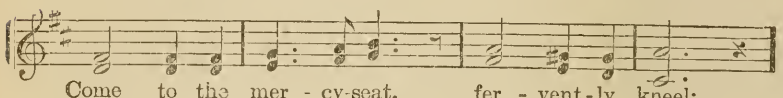
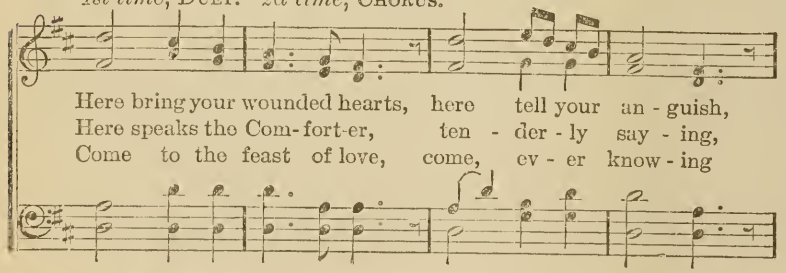
T. MOORE. S. WEBBE.

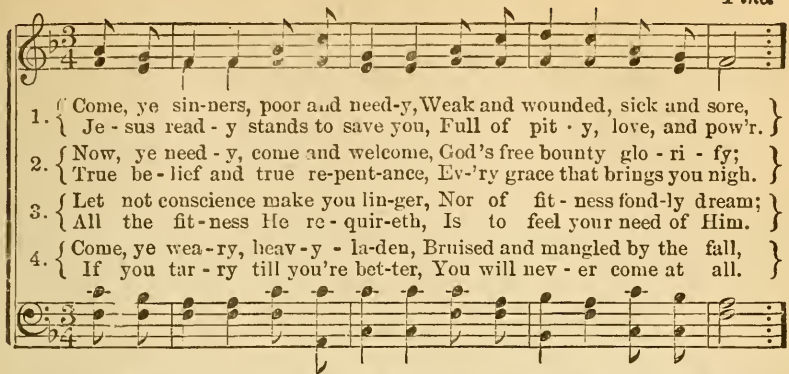
DUET.

1. Come, ye dis-con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish,
2. Joy of the des - o - late, light of the stray - ing,
3. Here see the bread of life, see wa - ters flow - ing,

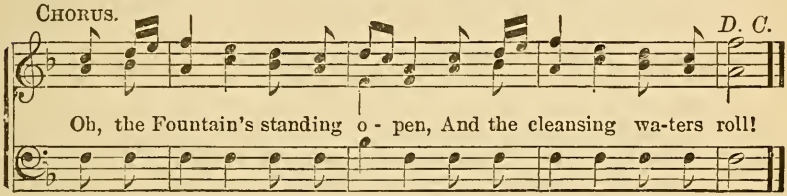

Come to the mer - cy-seat, fer - vent - ly kneel;
Hope of the pen - i-tent, fade - less and pure;
Forth from the throne of God, pure from a - bove;

1st time, DUET. *2d time*, CHORUS.

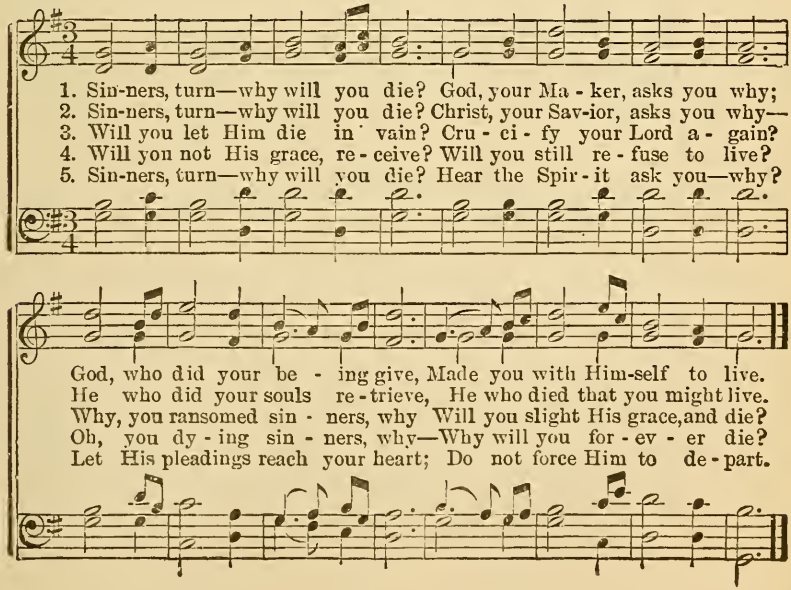

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your an - guish,
Here speaks the Com-fort-er, ten - der - ly say - ing,
Come to the feast of love, come, ev - er know - ing
Earth has no sor - row that Heav'n can not heal.
"Earth has no sor - row that Heav'n can not cure."
Earth has no sor - row but Heav'n can re - move.

Fine.

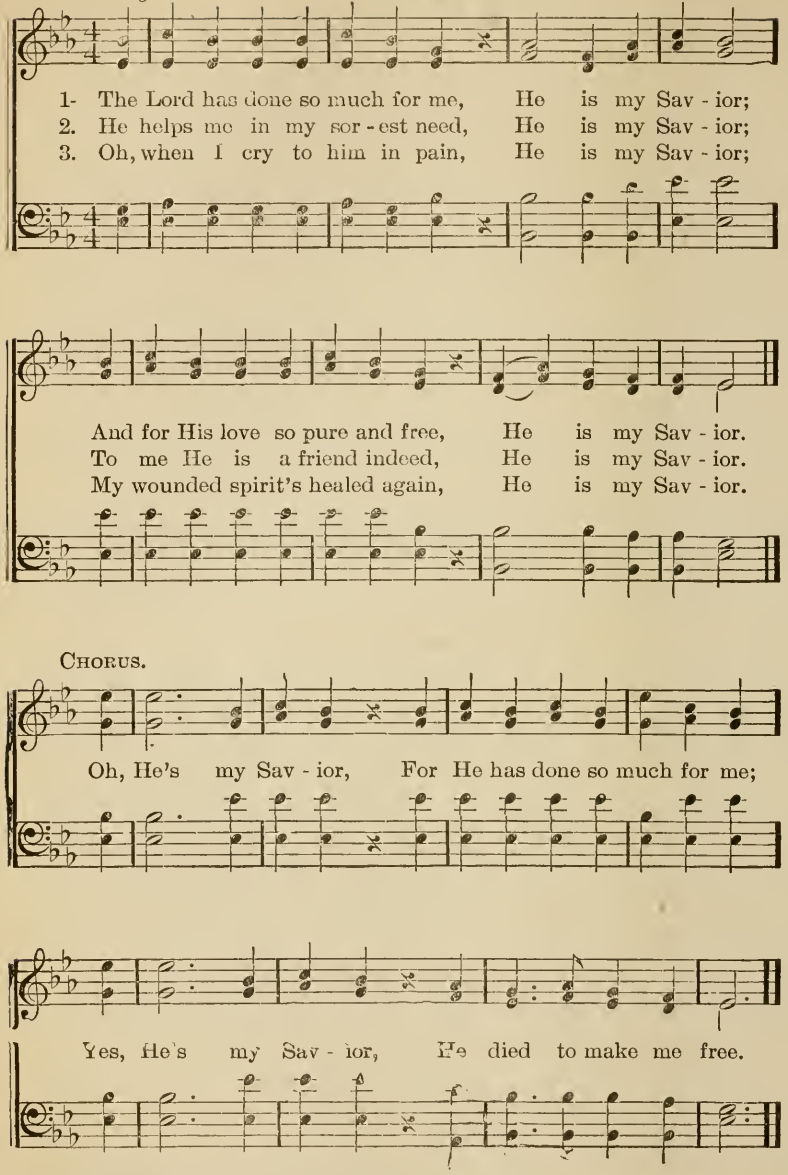

1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and pow'r.
2. Now, ye need - y, come and welcome, God's free bounty glo - ri - fy;
True be - lief and true re-pent-ance, Ev-'ry grace that brings you nigh.
3. Let not conscience make you lin-ger, Nor of fit - ness fond-ly dream;
All the fit-ness He re - quir-eth, Is to feel your need of Him.
4. Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y - la-den, Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tar - ry till you're bet-ter, You will nev - er come at all.
D.C.—While sal-va-tion is so near you, Come and bathe your weary soul.


CHORUS.
D. C.
Oh, the Fountain's standing o - pen, And the cleansing wa-ters roll!

664


1. Sin-ners, turn—why will you die? God, your Ma - ker, asks you why;
2. Sin-ners, turn—why will you die? Christ, your Sav-ior, asks you why—
3. Will you let Him die in vain? Cru - ci - fy your Lord a - gain?
4. Will you not His grace, re - ceive? Will you still re - fuse to live?
5. Sin-ners, turn—why will you die? Hear the Spir - it ask you—why?
God, who did your be - ing give, Made you with Him-self to live.
He who did your souls re - trieve, He who died that you might live.
Why, you ransomed sin - ners, why Will you slight His grace, and die?
Oh, you dy - ing sin - ners, why—Why will you for - ev - er die?
Let His pleadings reach your heart; Do not force Him to de - part.

Lively. Words and Music by WM. ROSBOROUGH.


1- The Lord has done so much for me, He is my Sav - ior;
2. He helps me in my sor - est need, He is my Sav - ior;
3. Oh, when I cry to him in pain, He is my Sav - ior;
And for His love so pure and free, He is my Sav - ior.
To me He is a friend indeed, He is my Sav - ior.
My wounded spirit's healed again, He is my Sav - ior.
CHORUS.
Oh, He's my Sav - ior, For He has done so much for me;
Yes, He's my Sav - ior, He died to make me free.

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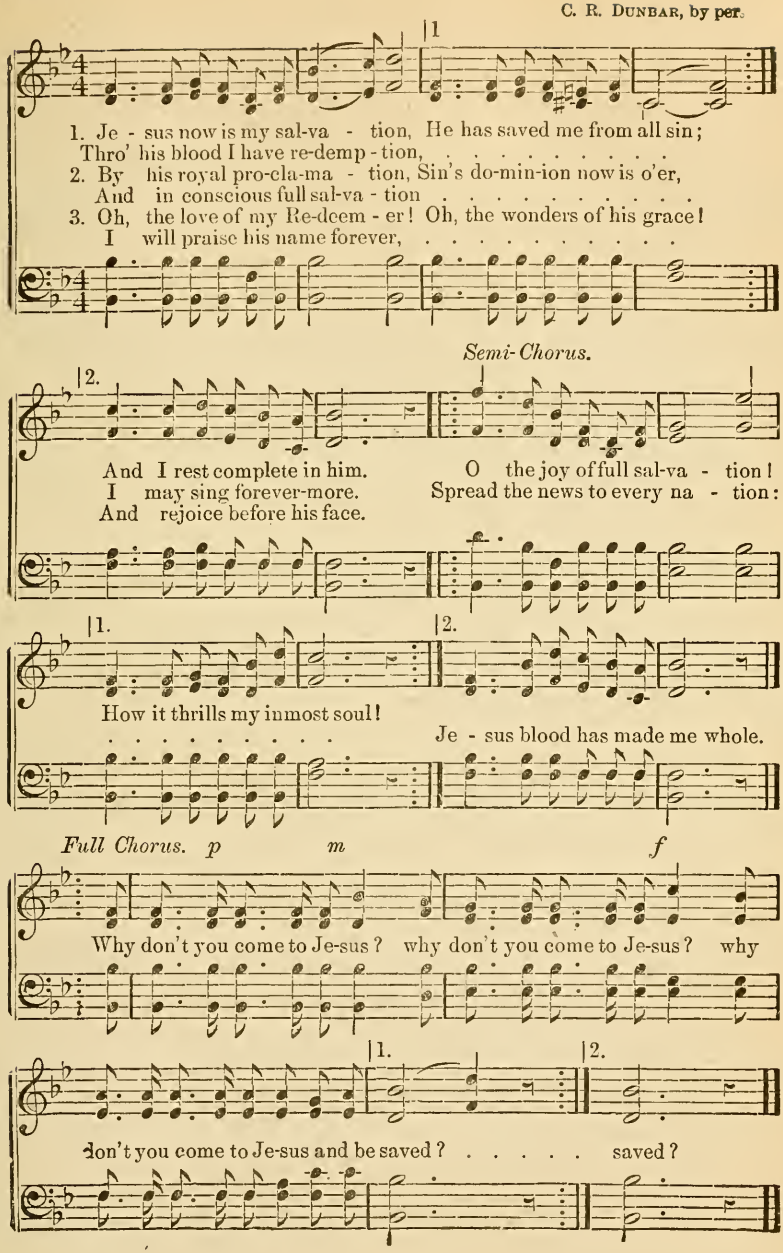
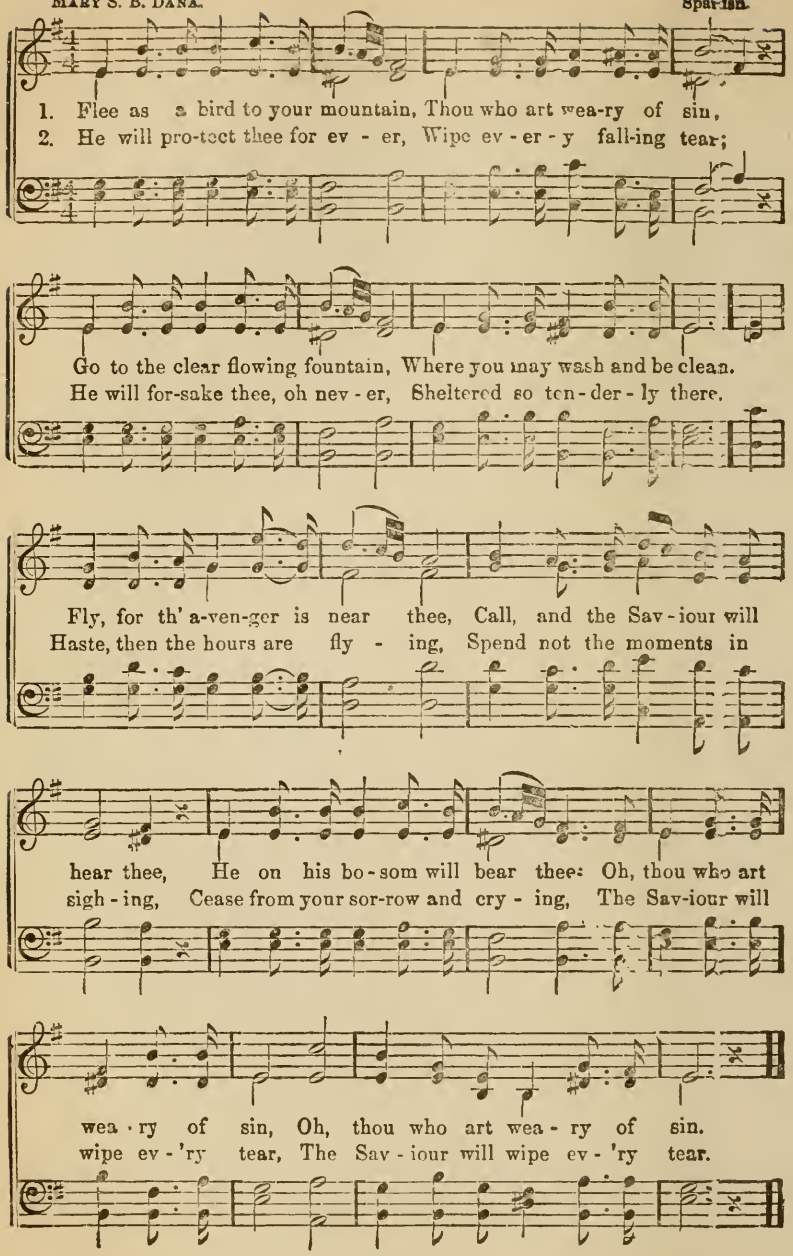
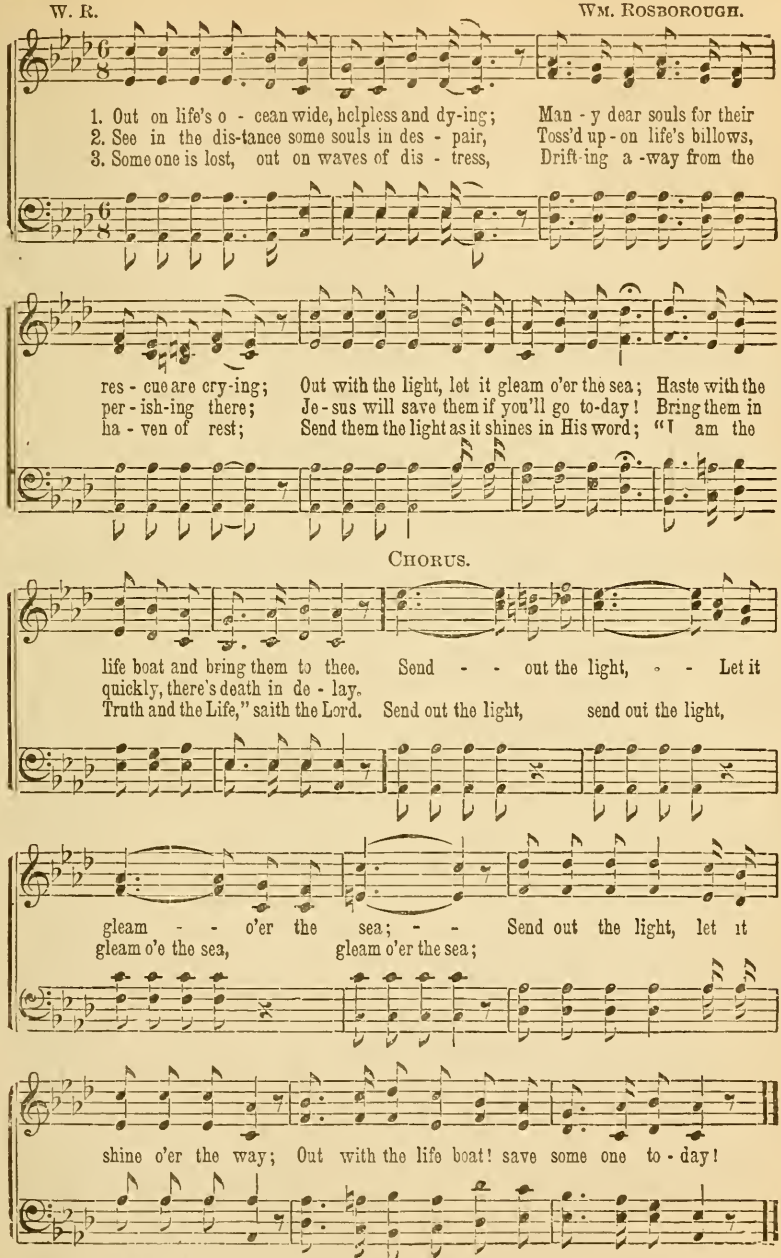
C. R. DUNBAR, by per.

1. Je - sus now is my sal-va - tion, He has saved me from all sin;
Thro' his blood I have re-demp - tion, ...
2. By his royal pro-cla-ma - tion, Sin's do-min-ion now is o'er,
And in conscious full sal-va - tion . . . . . .
3. Oh, the love of my Re-deem - er! Oh, the wonders of his grace!
I will praise his name forever, ...
Semi-Chorus.
And I rest complete in him.
I may sing forever-more.
And rejoice before his face.
O the joy of full sal-va - tion!
Spread the news to every na - tion:
How it thrills my inmost soul!
. . . . . .
Je - sus blood has made me whole.
Full Chorus. p m f
Why don't you come to Je-sus? why don't you come to Je-sus? why
don't you come to Je-sus and be saved? . . . . . saved?

MARY S. B. DANA. Spanish.


1. Flee as a bird to your mountain, Thou who art wea-ry of sin,
2. He will pro-tect thee for ev - er, Wipe ev - er - y fall-ing tear;
Go to the clear flowing fountain, Where you may wash and be clean.
He will for-sake thee, oh nev - er, Sheltered so ten - der - ly there.
Fly, for th' a-ven-ger is near thee, Call, and the Sav - iour will
Haste, then the hours are fly - ing, Spend not the moments in
hear thee, He on his bo - som will bear thee: Oh, thou who art
sigh - ing, Cease from your sor-row and cry - ing, The Sav-iour will
wea - ry of sin, Oh, thou who art wea - ry of sin.
wipe ev - 'ry tear, The Sav - iour will wipe ev - 'ry tear.

W. R. Wm. Rosborough.


1. Out on life's o - cean wide, helpless and dy-ing; Man - y dear souls for their
2. See in the dis-tance some souls in des - pair, Toss'd up - on life's billows,
3. Some one is lost, out on waves of dis - tress, Drift-ing a -way from the
res - cue are cry-ing; Out with the light, let it gleam o'er the sea; Haste with the
per - ish-ing there; Je - sus will save them if you'll go to-day! Bring them in
ha - ven of rest; Send them the light as it shines in His word; "I am the
Chorus.
life boat and bring them to thee. Send - - out the light, - - Let it
quickly, there's death in de - lay.
Truth and the Life," saith the Lord. Send out the light, send out the light,
gleam - - o'er the sea; - - Send out the light, let it
gleam o'e the sea, gleam o'er the sea;
shine o'er the way; Out with the life boat! save some one to - day!

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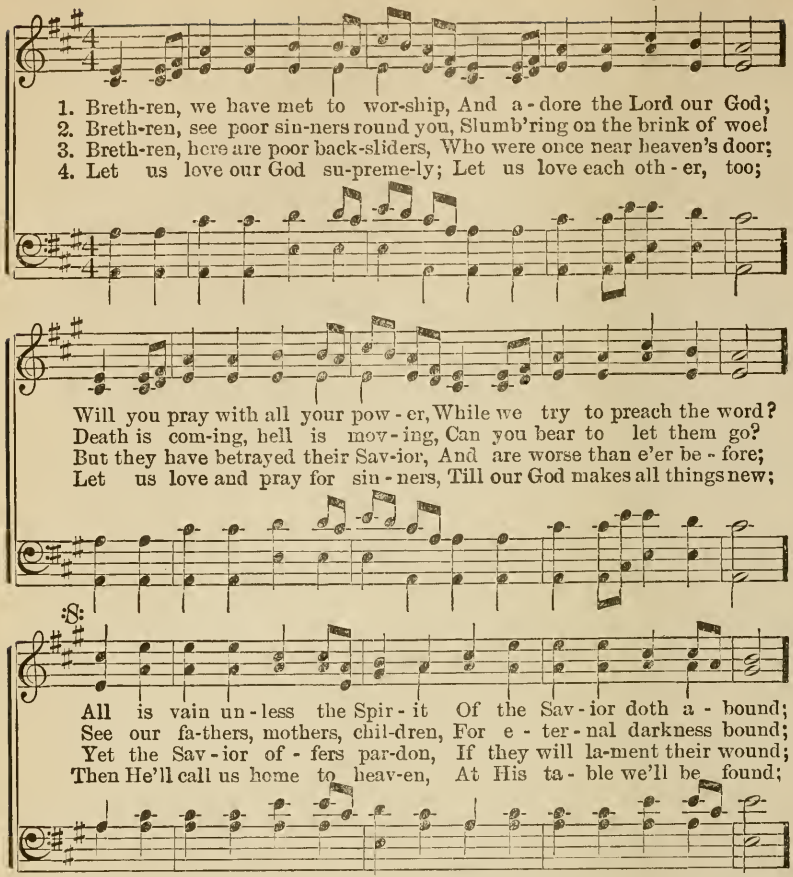
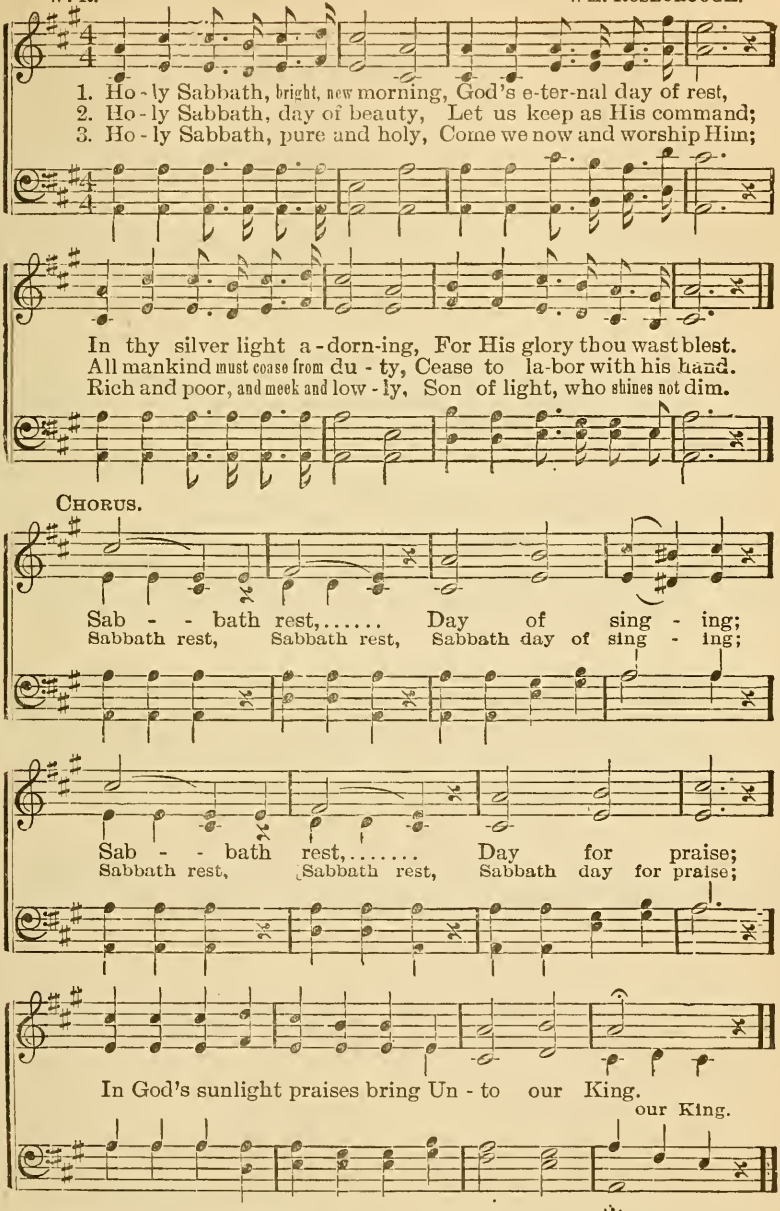
Arr. by W. A. W.


1. Breth-ren, we have met to wor-ship, And a-dore the Lord our God;
2. Breth-ren, see poor sin-ners round you, Slumb'ring on the brink of woe!
3. Breth-ren, here are poor back-sliders, Who were once near heaven's door;
4. Let us love our God su-preme-ly; Let us love each oth-er, too;
Will you pray with all your pow-er, While we try to preach the word?
Death is com-ing, hell is mov-ing, Can you bear to let them go?
But they have betrayed their Sav-ior, And are worse than e'er be-fore;
Let us love and pray for sin-ners, Till our God makes all things new;
:S:
All is vain un-less the Spir-it Of the Sav-ior doth a-bound;
See our fa-thers, mothers, chil-dren, For e-ter-nal darkness bound;
Yet the Sav-ior of-fers par-don, If they will la-ment their wound;
Then He'll call us home to heav-en, At His ta-ble we'll be found;
CHO.—Lord, re-vive us, Oh, re-vive us, All our help must come from Thee:
D.S. CHORUS.
Breth-ren, pray, and ho-ly man-na Will be show-ered all a-round.
Breth-ren, pray, and ho-ly man-na Will be show-ered all a-round.
Breth-ren, pray, and ho-ly man-na Will be show-ered all a-round.
Christ will gird Himself and serve us, With sweet man-na all a-round.
Lord, re-vive us, now re-vive us, All our help must come from Thee.

W. R. WM. ROSBOROUGH.

1. Ho - ly Sabbath, bright, new morning, God's e-ter-nal day of rest,
2. Ho - ly Sabbath, day of beauty, Let us keep as His command;
3. Ho - ly Sabbath, pure and holy, Come we now and worship Him;
In thy silver light a - dorn-ing, For His glory thou wast blest.
All mankind must cease from du - ty, Cease to la-bor with his hand.
Rich and poor, and meek and low - ly, Son of light, who shines not dim.
CHORUS.
Sab - - bath rest,..... Day of sing - ing;
Sabbath rest, Sabbath rest, Sabbath day of sing - ing;
Sab - - bath rest,..... Day for praise;
Sabbath rest, Sabbath rest, Sabbath day for praise;
In God's sunlight praises bring Un - to our King.
our King.

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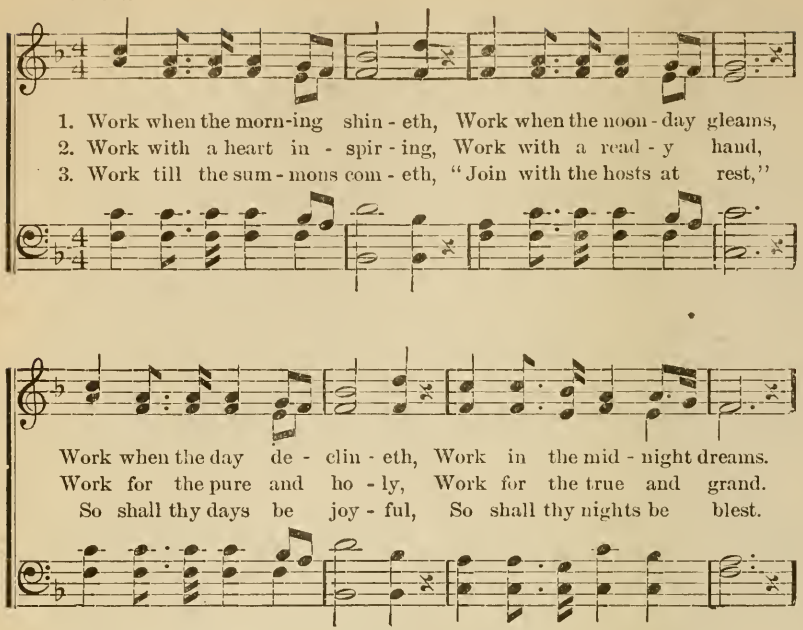
W. H. S. W. H. SHERWOOD.


1. Work when the morn-ing shin - eth, Work when the noon - day gleams,
2. Work with a heart in - spir - ing, Work with a read - y hand,
3. Work till the sum - mons com - eth, "Join with the hosts at rest,"
Work when the day de - clin - eth, Work in the mid - night dreams.
Work for the pure and ho - ly, Work for the true and grand.
So shall thy days be joy - ful, So shall thy nights be blest.
CHORUS.
Work watch pray, Work for the day will soon be gone;
and and
Work watch pray, Soon will the Mas - ter come.
and and

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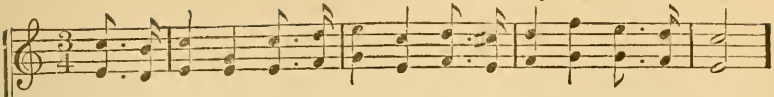
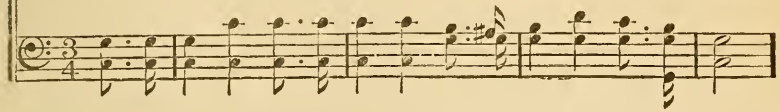
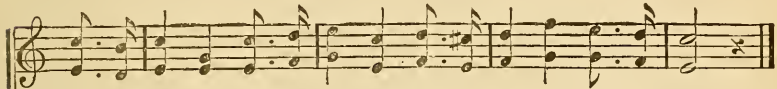
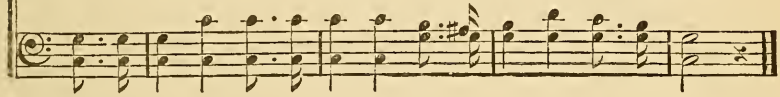
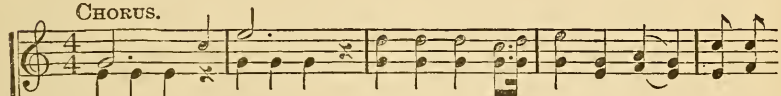
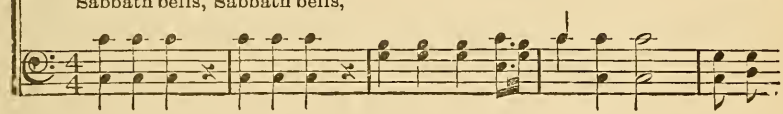
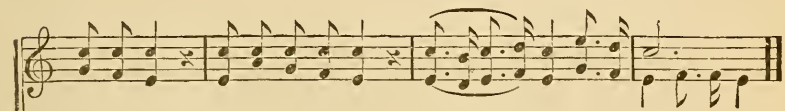
Words and Music by WM. ROSBOROUGH.

1. Sabbath bells are sweetly ringing, Hear their peals so loud and clear,
2. Sabbath bells are sweetly peal-ing, O - ver land and o'er the sea;
3. Sabbath bells are sweetly tell - ing, How He reigns in heav'n supreme,



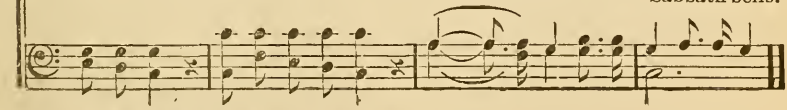
Call-ing us to pray'r and singing, And to learn of Him so dear.
Oh, the joy - ful tones are pleasing, Ech-oes come from o'er the lea.
The ce-les - tial, heav'nly dwelling, Fix'd for all the blest re-deem'd.

CHORUS.



Sab - bath bells, Nev-er cease your joy to tell, Ringing Sabbath bells, Sabbath bells,



mer-ri - ly, Ringing cheerily; Chime.... on, Sabbath bells.

Sabbath bells.

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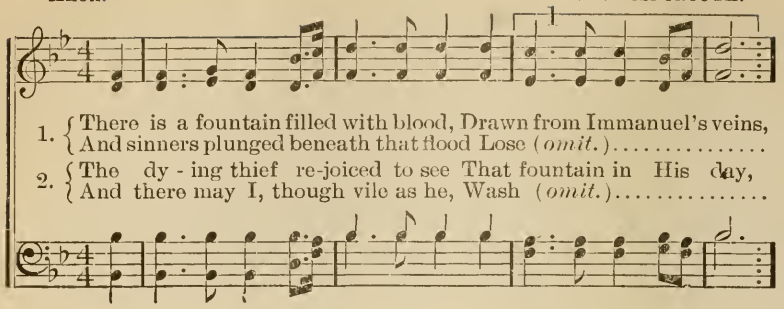
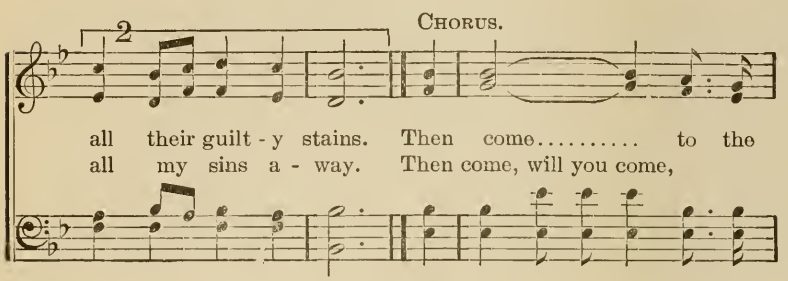
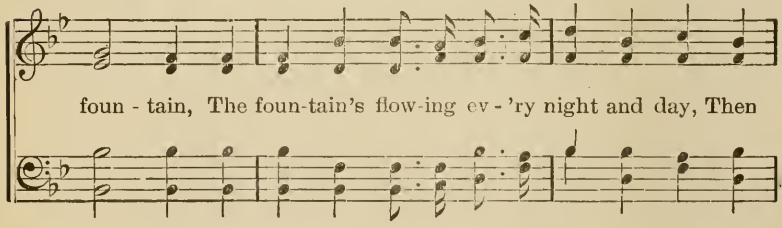
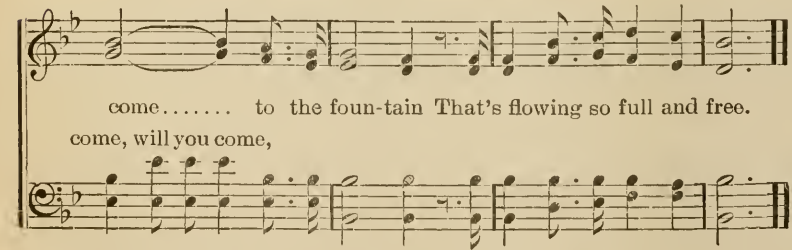
Anon. Wm. Rosborough.


1.
There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood Lose (omit.).....
2.
The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see That fountain in His day,
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash (omit.).....





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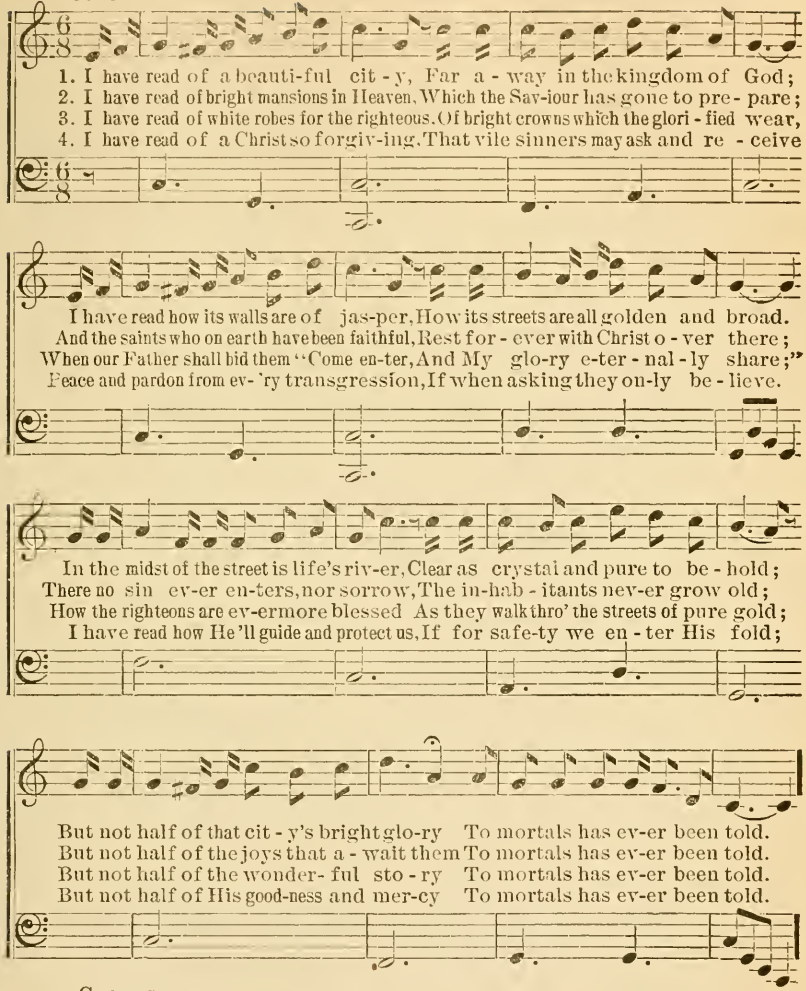
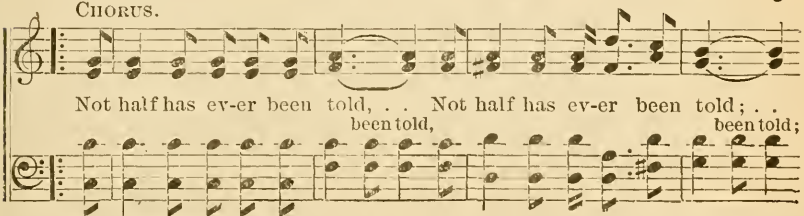
J. B. Atchinson. O. F. Prisbery, by per.

Solo.


1. I have read of a beauti-ful cit-y, Far a-way in the kingdom of God;
2. I have read of bright mansions in Heaven, Which the Sav-iour has gone to pre-pare;
3. I have read of white robes for the righteous. Of bright crowns which the glori-fied wear,
4. I have read of a Christ so forgiv-ing, That vile sinners may ask and re-ceive
I have read how its walls are of jas-per, How its streets are all golden and broad.
And the saints who on earth have been faithful, Rest for-ever with Christ o-ver there;
When our Father shall bid them "Come en-ter, And My glo-ry e-ter-nal-ly share;"
Peace and pardon from ev-'ry transgression, If when asking they on-ly be-lieve.
In the midst of the street is life's riv-er, Clear as crystal and pure to be-hold;
There no sin ev-er en-ters, nor sorrow, The in-hab-itants nev-er grow old;
How the righteous are ev-ermore blessed As they walk thro' the streets of pure gold;
I have read how He'll guide and protect us, If for safe-ty we en-ter His fold;
But not half of that cit-y's bright glo-ry To mortals has ev-er been told.
But not half of the joys that a-wait them To mortals has ev-er been told.
But not half of the wonder-ful sto-ry To mortals has ev-er been told.
But not half of His good-ness and mer-cy To mortals has ev-er been told.

Chorus.



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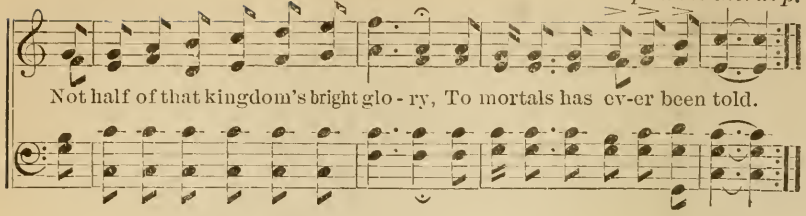
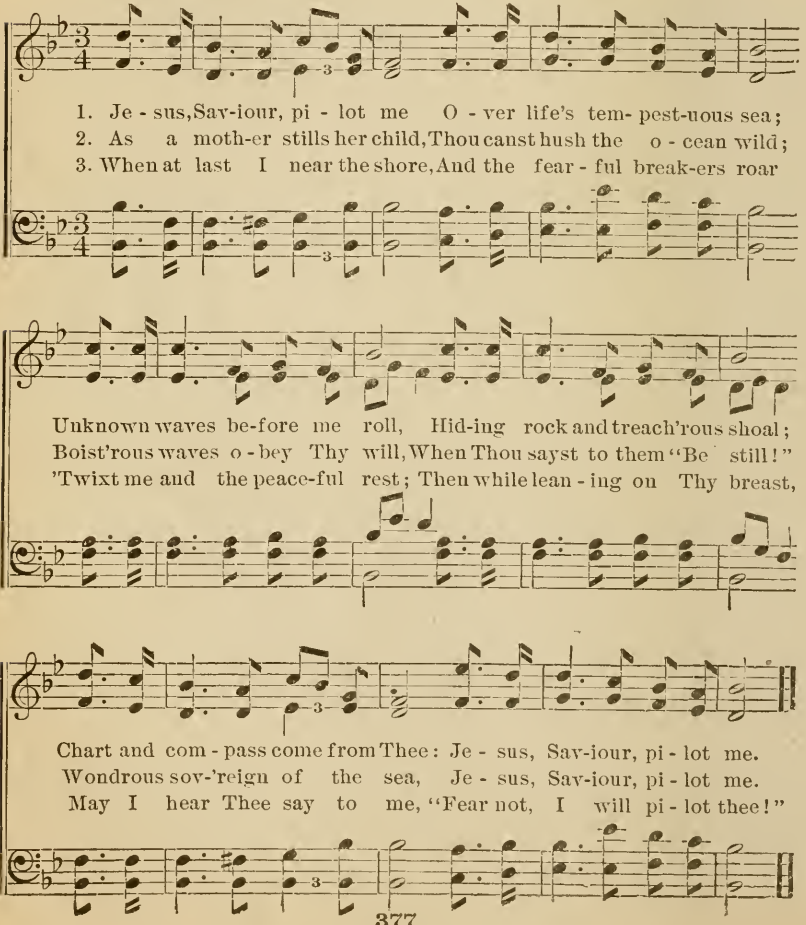
Repeat the chorus p.

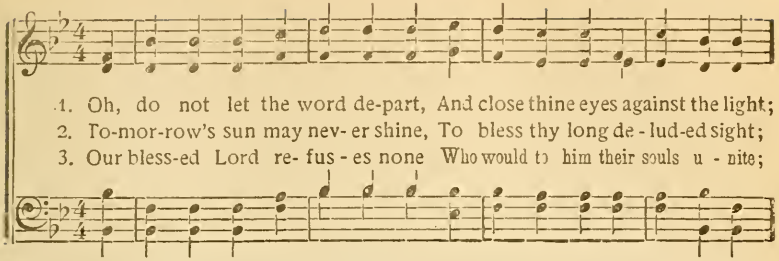


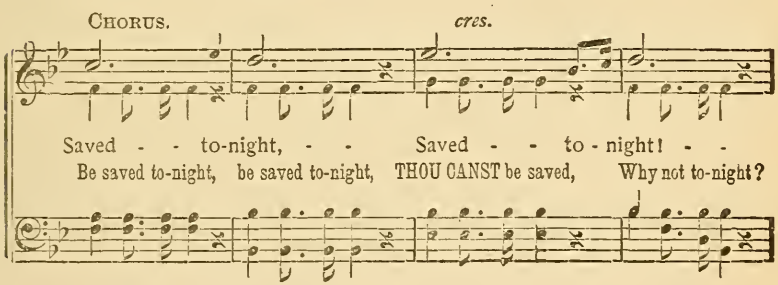
675

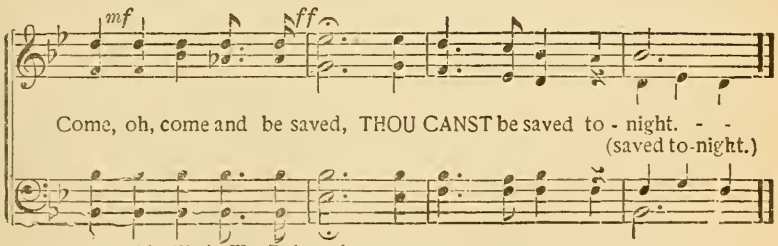
Rev. EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.


1. Je - sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem- pest-uous sea;
2. As a moth-er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar
Unknown waves be-fore me roll, Hid-ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will, When Thou sayst to them "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest; Then while lean - ing on Thy breast,
Chart and com - pass come from Thee: Je - sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me.
Wondrous sov-'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

Arr. by W. R. *Moderato.* WM. ROSBOROUGH.


1. Oh, do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes against the light;
2. To-mor-row's sun may nev- er shine, To bless thy long de - lud-ed sight;
3. Our bless-ed Lord re- fus - es none Who would to him their souls u - nite;
Poor sin-ner, hard-en not thy heart,
This is the time, oh, then, be wise, Thou canst be saved to-night.
Then be the work of grace be-gun,





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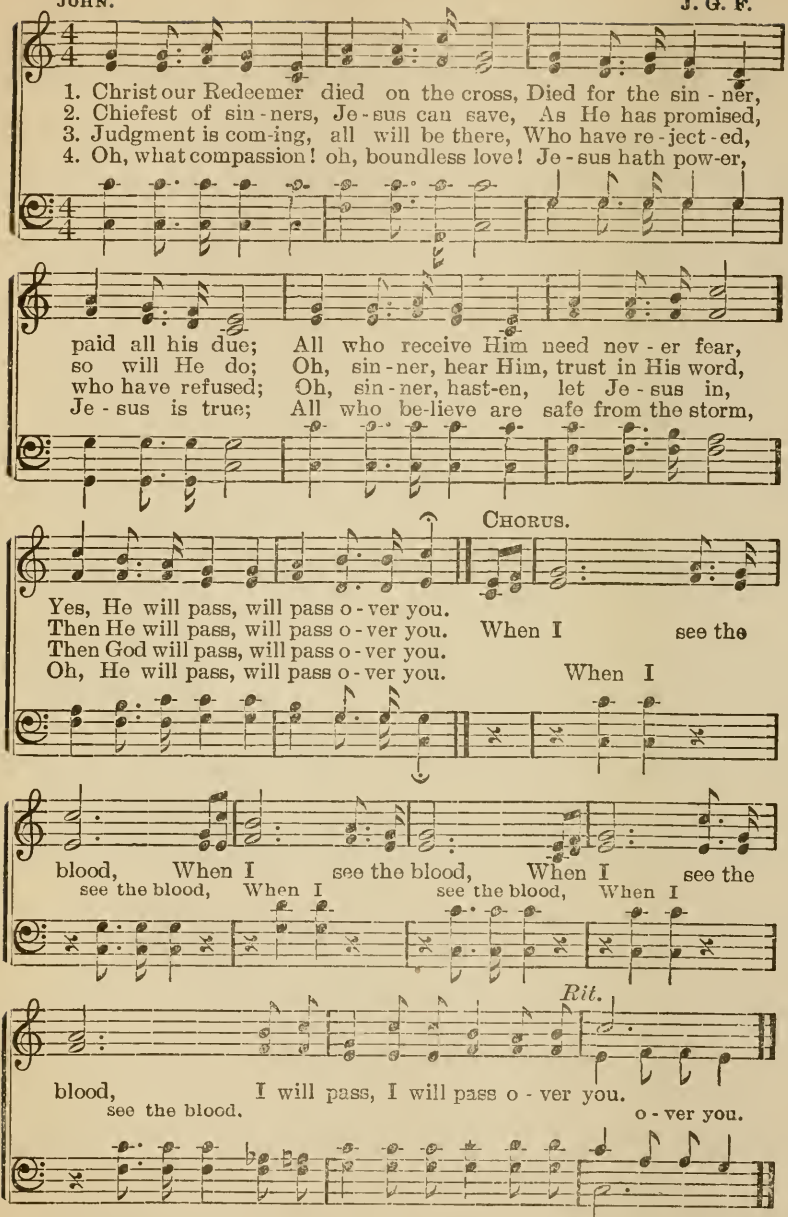
JOHN. J. G. F.

1. Christ our Redeemer died on the cross, Died for the sin - ner,
2. Chiefest of sin - ners, Je - sus can save, As He has promised,
3. Judgment is com-ing, all will be there, Who have re - ject - ed,
4. Oh, what compassion! oh, boundless love! Je - sus hath pow-er,
paid all his due; All who receive Him need nev - er fear,
so will He do; Oh, sin - ner, hear Him, trust in His word,
who have refused; Oh, sin - ner, hast-en, let Je - sus in,
Je - sus is true; All who be-lieve are safe from the storm,
CHORUS.
Yes, He will pass, will pass o - ver you.
Then He will pass, will pass o - ver you. When I see the
Then God will pass, will pass o - ver you.
Oh, He will pass, will pass o - ver you. When I
blood, When I see the blood, When I see the
see the blood, When I see the blood, When I
Rit.
blood, I will pass, I will pass o - ver you.
see the blood. o - ver you.

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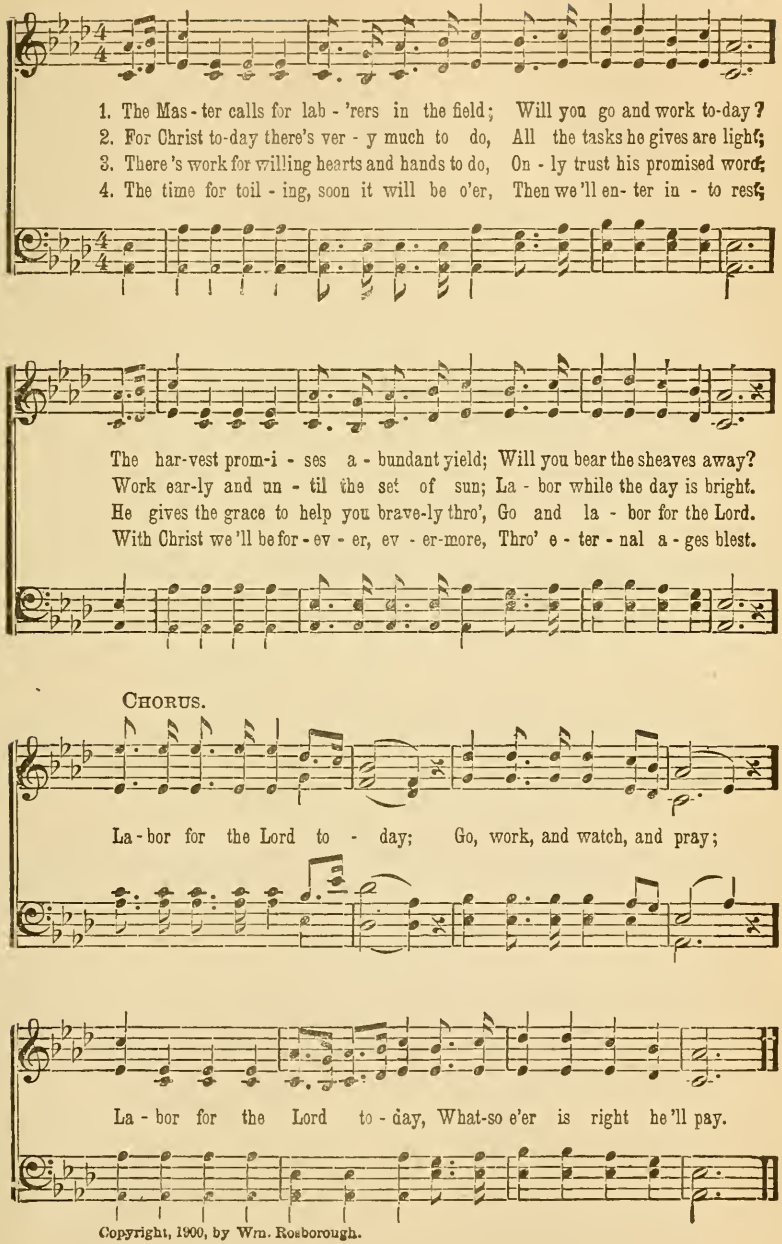
W. R. *Moderato.* WM. ROSBOROUGH.


1. The Mas - ter calls for lab - 'rers in the field; Will you go and work to-day?
2. For Christ to-day there's ver - y much to do, All the tasks he gives are light;
3. There's work for willing hearts and hands to do, On - ly trust his promised word;
4. The time for toil - ing, soon it will be o'er, Then we'll en- ter in - to rest;
The har-vest prom-i - ses a - bundant yield; Will you bear the sheaves away?
Work ear-ly and un - til the set of sun; La - bor while the day is bright.
He gives the grace to help you brave-ly thro', Go and la - bor for the Lord.
With Christ we'll be for - ev - er, ev - er-more, Thro' e - ter - nal a - ges blest.
CHORUS.
La - bor for the Lord to - day; Go, work, and watch, and pray;
La - bor for the Lord to - day, What-so e'er is right he'll pay.

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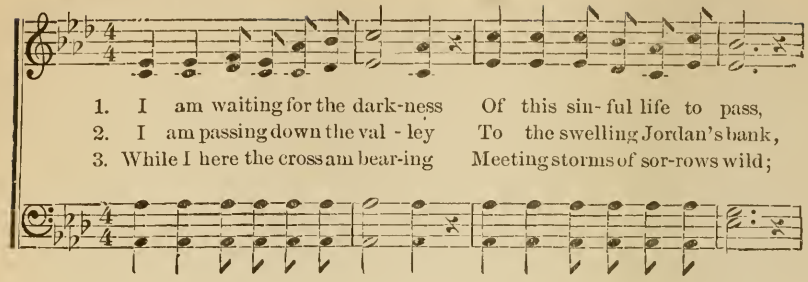
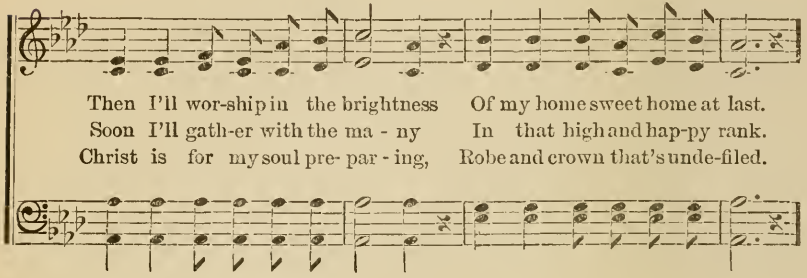
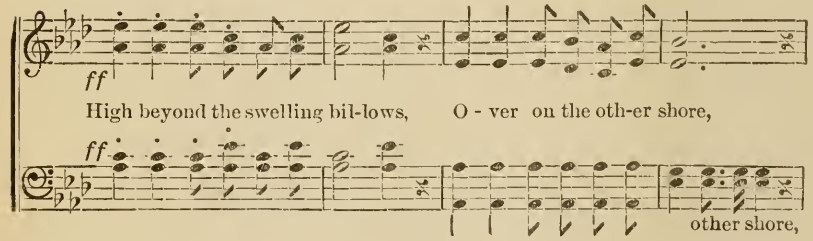
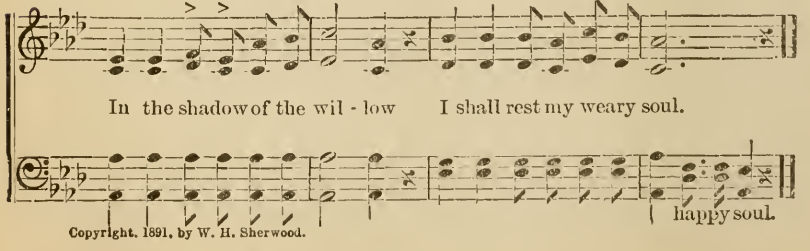
G. F. THOMPSON. W. H. SHERWOOD.


1. I am waiting for the dark-ness Of this sin-ful life to pass,
2. I am passing down the val-ley To the swelling Jordan's bank,
3. While I here the cross am bear-ing Meeting storms of sor-rows wild;


Then I'll wor-ship in the brightness Of my home sweet home at last.
Soon I'll gath-er with the ma-ny In that high and hap-py rank.
Christ is for my soul pre-par-ing, Robe and crown that's unde-filed.





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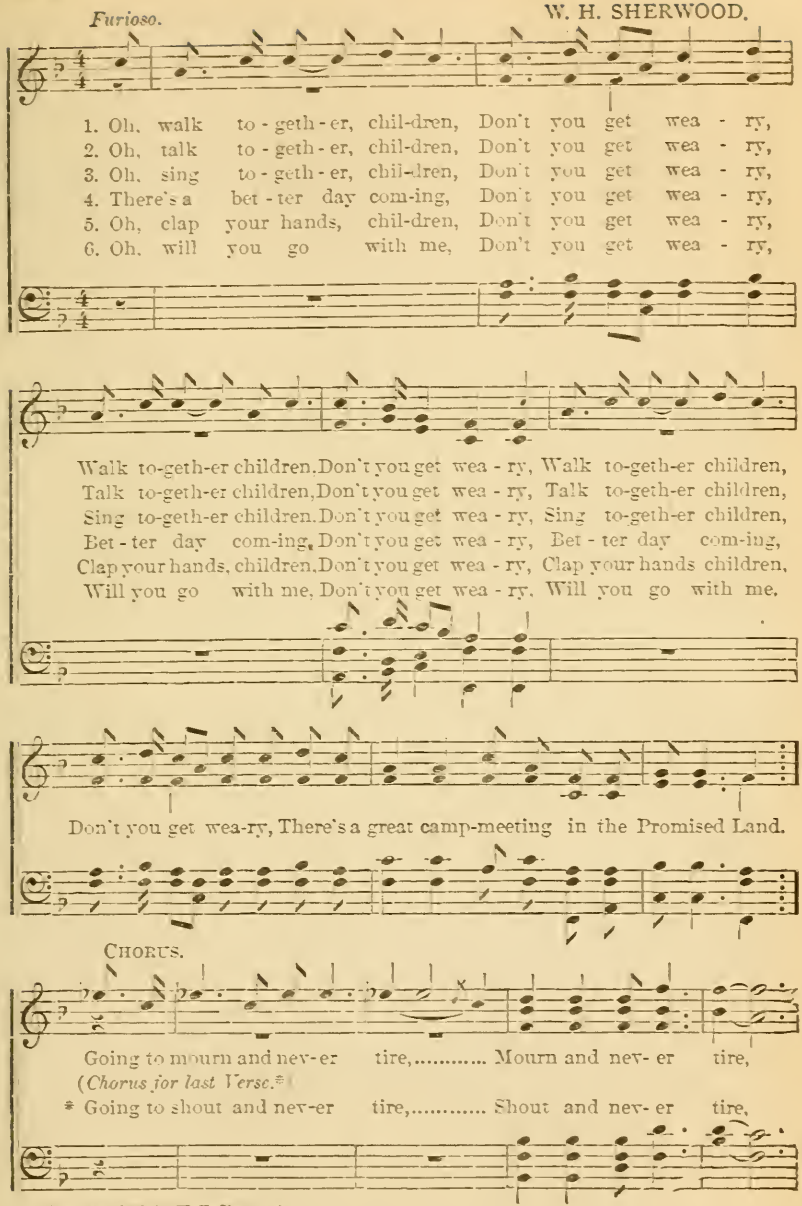
Furioso. W. H. SHERWOOD.


1. Oh, walk to-geth-er, chil-dren, Don't you get wea - ry,
2. Oh, talk to-geth-er, chil-dren, Don't you get wea - ry,
3. Oh, sing to-geth-er, chil-dren, Don't you get wea - ry,
4. There's a bet-ter day com-ing, Don't you get wea - ry,
5. Oh, clap your hands, chil-dren, Don't you get wea - ry,
6. Oh, will you go with me, Don't you get wea - ry,
Walk to-geth-er children. Don't you get wea - ry, Walk to-geth-er children,
Talk to-geth-er children, Don't you get wea - ry, Talk to-geth-er children,
Sing to-geth-er children. Don't you get wea - ry, Sing to-geth-er children,
Bet - ter day com-ing, Don't you get wea - ry, Bet - ter day com-ing,
Clap your hands, children. Don't you get wea - ry, Clap your hands children,
Will you go with me, Don't you get wea - ry, Will you go with me,
Don't you get wea-ry, There's a great camp-meeting in the Promised Land.
CHORUS.
Going to mourn and nev-er tire,..... Mourn and nev- er tire,
(*Chorus for last Verse.*)*
* Going to shout and nev-er tire,..... Shout and nev- er tire,

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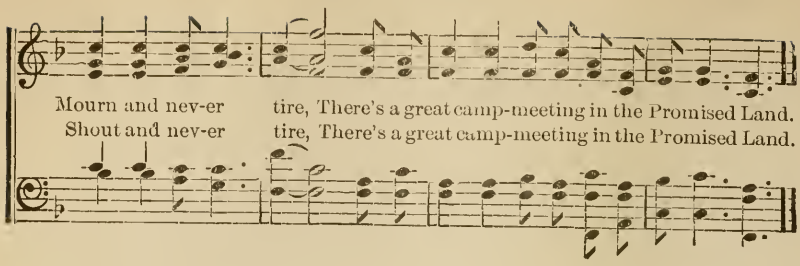
Mourn and nev-er tire, There's a great camp-meeting in the Promised Land.
Shout and nev-er tire, There's a great camp-meeting in the Promised Land.

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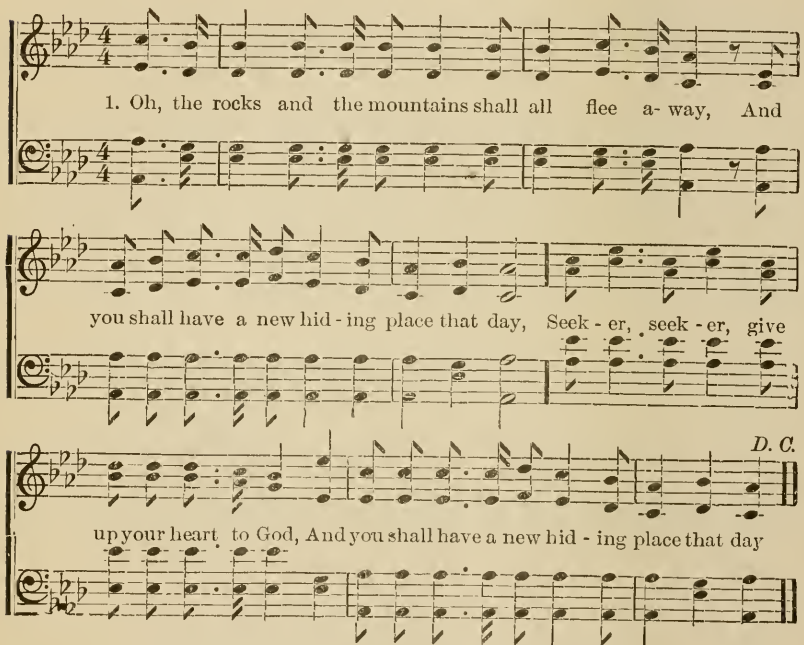
W. H. SHERWOOD.


1. Oh, the rocks and the mountains shall all flee a- way, And
you shall have a new hid - ing place that day, Seek - er, seek - er, give
D. C.
up your heart to God, And you shall have a new hid - ing place that day

2 Oh, the rocks and the mountains shall all flee away,
And you shall have a new hiding-place that day.
Doubter, doubter, give up your heart to God,
And you shall have a new hiding place that day.
Oh, the rocks, etc.

3 Mourner, mourner, give up your heart to God, etc.

4 Sinner, sinner, give up your heart to God, etc.

5 Sister, sister, give up your heart to God, etc.

6 Mother, mother, give up your heart to God, etc.

7 Children, children, give up your heart to God, etc.

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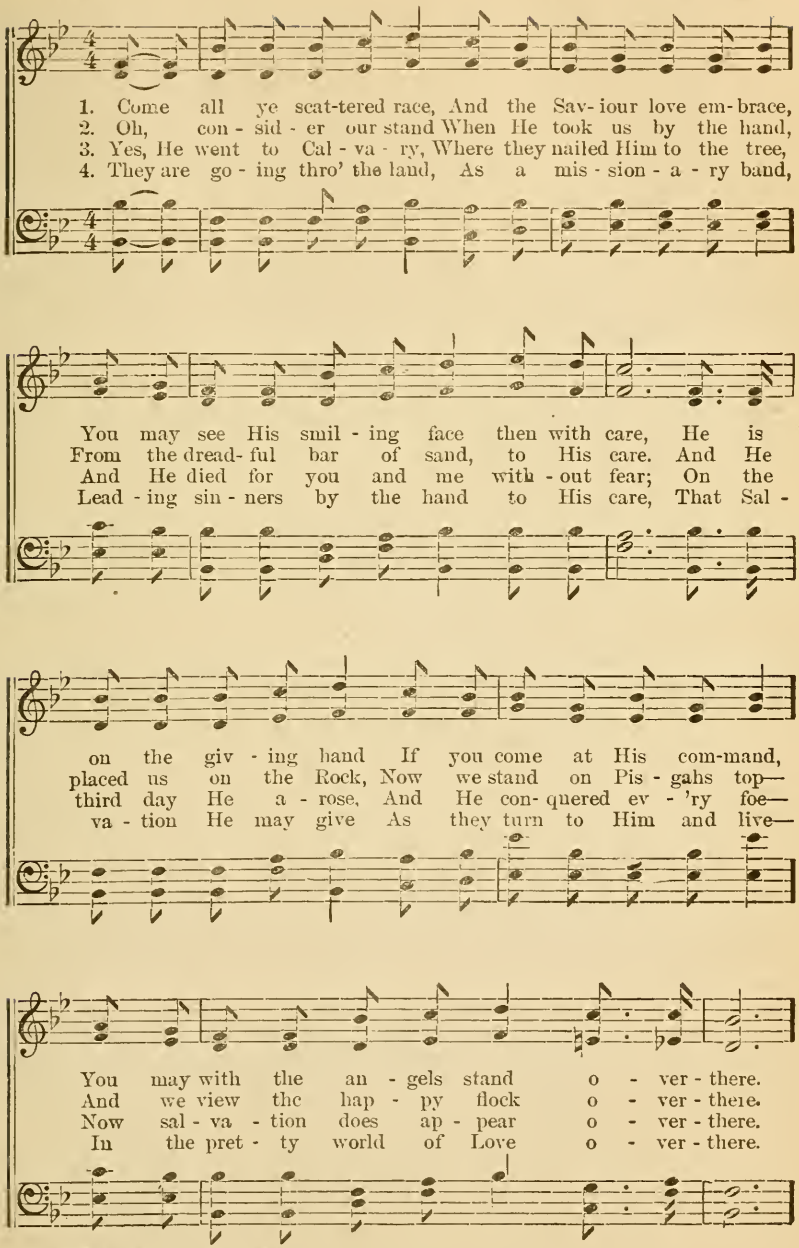
M. W. H. BRANCH. W. H. SHERWOOD.

1. Come all ye scat-tered race, And the Sav-iour love em-brace,
2. Oh, con - sid - er our stand When He took us by the hand,
3. Yes, He went to Cal - va - ry, Where they nailed Him to the tree,
4. They are go - ing thro' the land, As a mis - sion - a - ry band,
You may see His smil - ing face then with care, He is
From the dread- ful bar of sand, to His care. And He
And He died for you and me with - out fear; On the
Lead - ing sin - ners by the hand to His care, That Sal -
on the giv - ing hand If you come at His com-mand,
placed us on the Rock, Now we stand on Pis - gahs top—
third day He a - rose, And He con- quered ev - 'ry foe—
va - tion He may give As they turn to Him and live—
You may with the an - gels stand o - ver - there.
And we view the hap - py flock o - ver - there.
Now sal - va - tion does ap - pear o - ver - there.
In the pret - ty world of Love o - ver - there.

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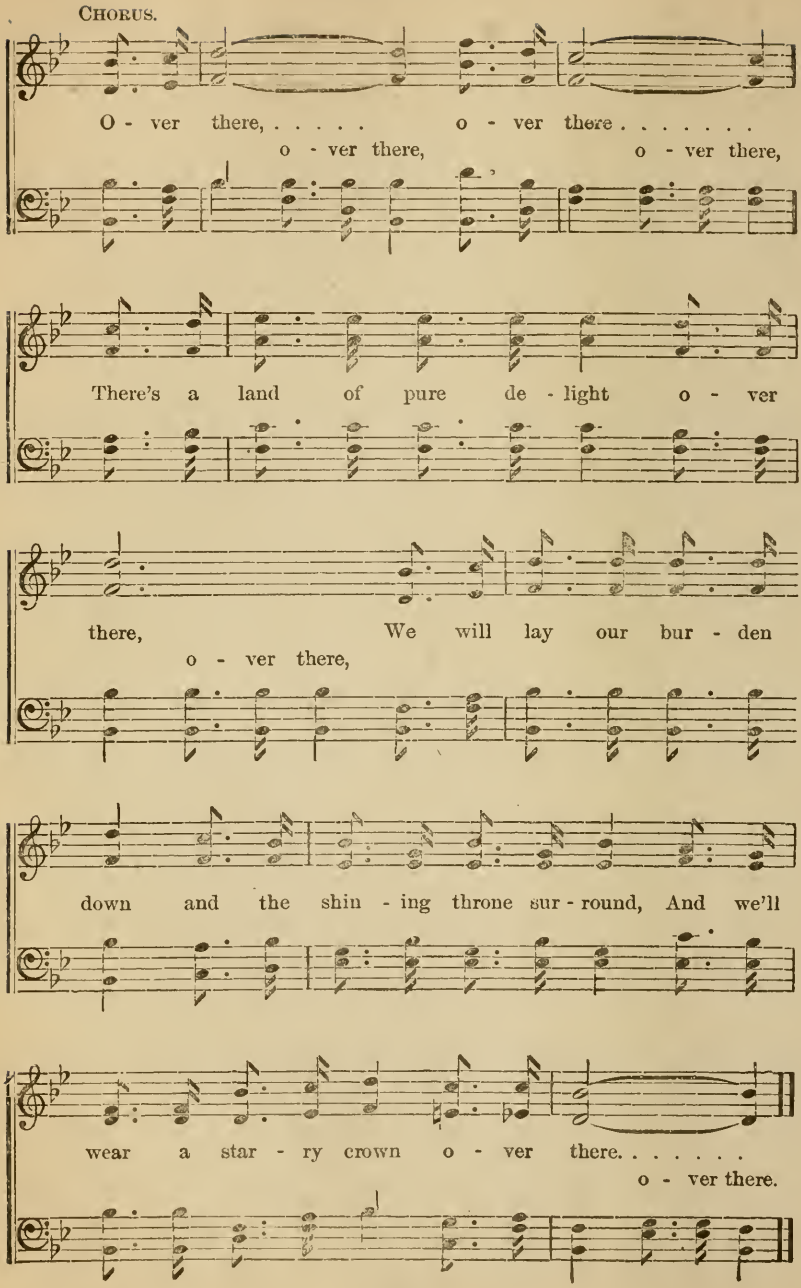
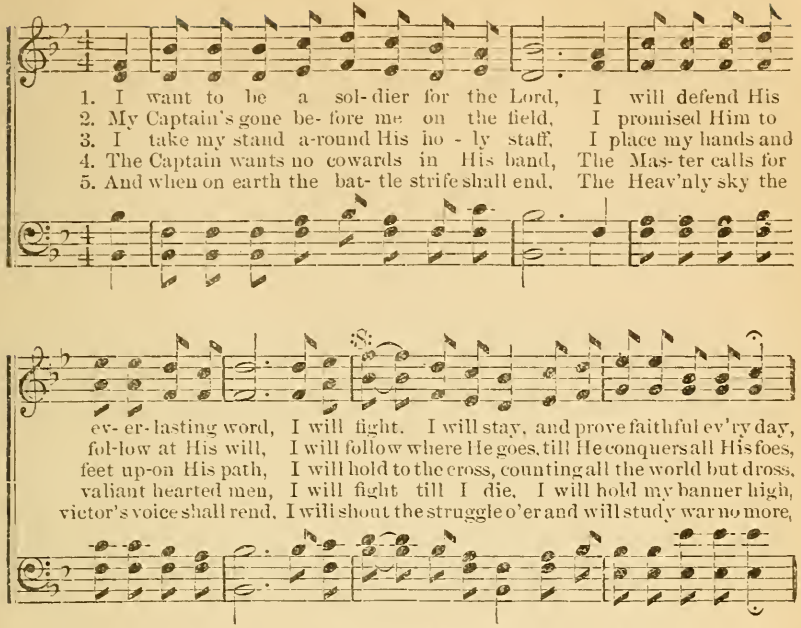

CHORUS.
O - ver there, ... o - ver there . . . . . .
o - ver there, o - ver there,
There's a land of pure de - light o - ver
there, We will lay our bur - den
o - ver there,
down and the shin - ing throne sur - round, And we'll
wear a star - ry crown o - ver there. . . . . .
o - ver there.

W. H. S. W. H. SHERWOOD, D. D.


1. I want to be a sol-dier for the Lord, I will defend His
2. My Captain's gone be-fore me on the field, I promised Him to
3. I take my stand a-round His ho-ly staff, I place my hands and
4. The Captain wants no cowards in His band, The Mas-ter calls for
5. And when on earth the bat-tle strife shall end, The Heav'nly sky the
ev-er-lasting word, I will fight. I will stay, and prove faithful ev'ry day,
fol-low at His will, I will follow where He goes, till He conquers all His foes,
feet up-on His path, I will hold to the cross, counting all the world but dross,
valiant hearted men, I will fight till I die. I will hold my banner high,
victor's voice shall rend. I will shout the struggle o'er and will study war no more,
D.S.—volunteered to stay, and be faithful ev'ry day,
FINE. CHORUS.
In the ar-my of the Lord. I will fight, I will always fight,
In the ar-my of the Lord.
D.S.
stay, In the ar-my, bless-ed ar-my of my Lord, I have always stay, of my Lord.

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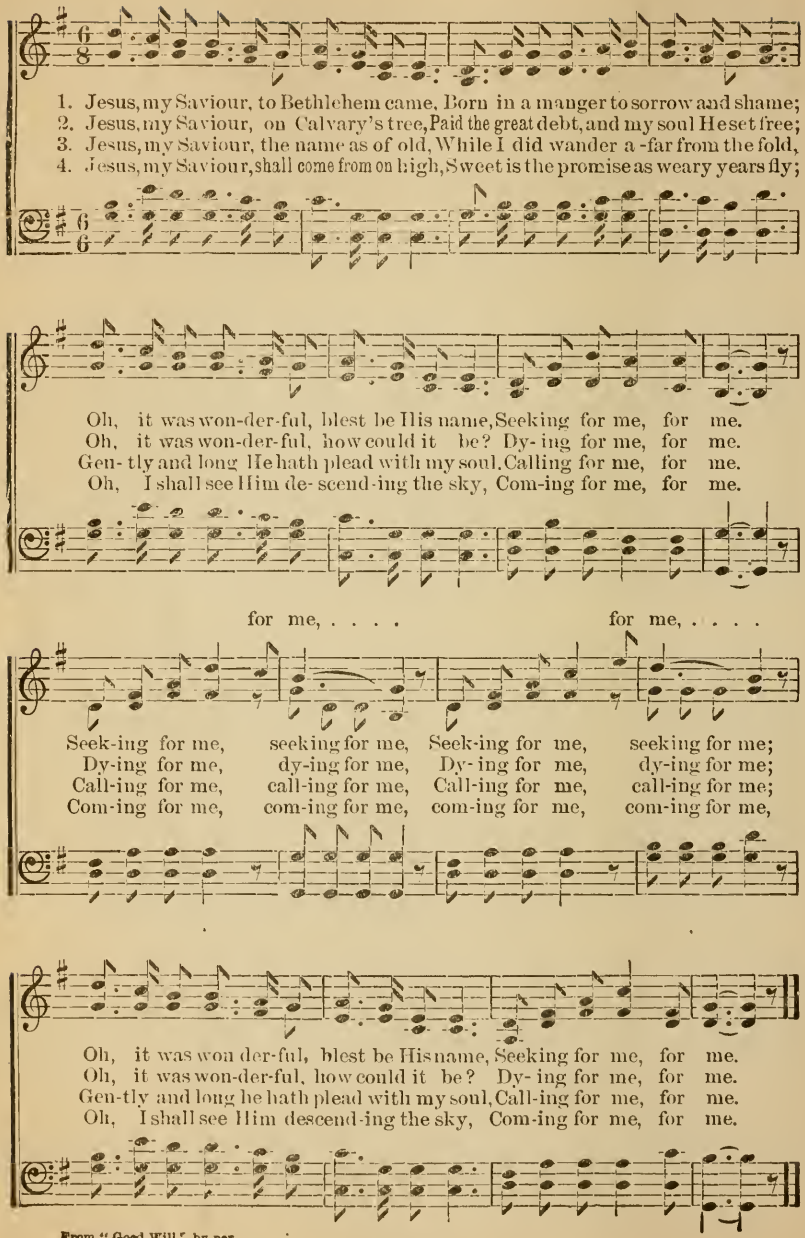
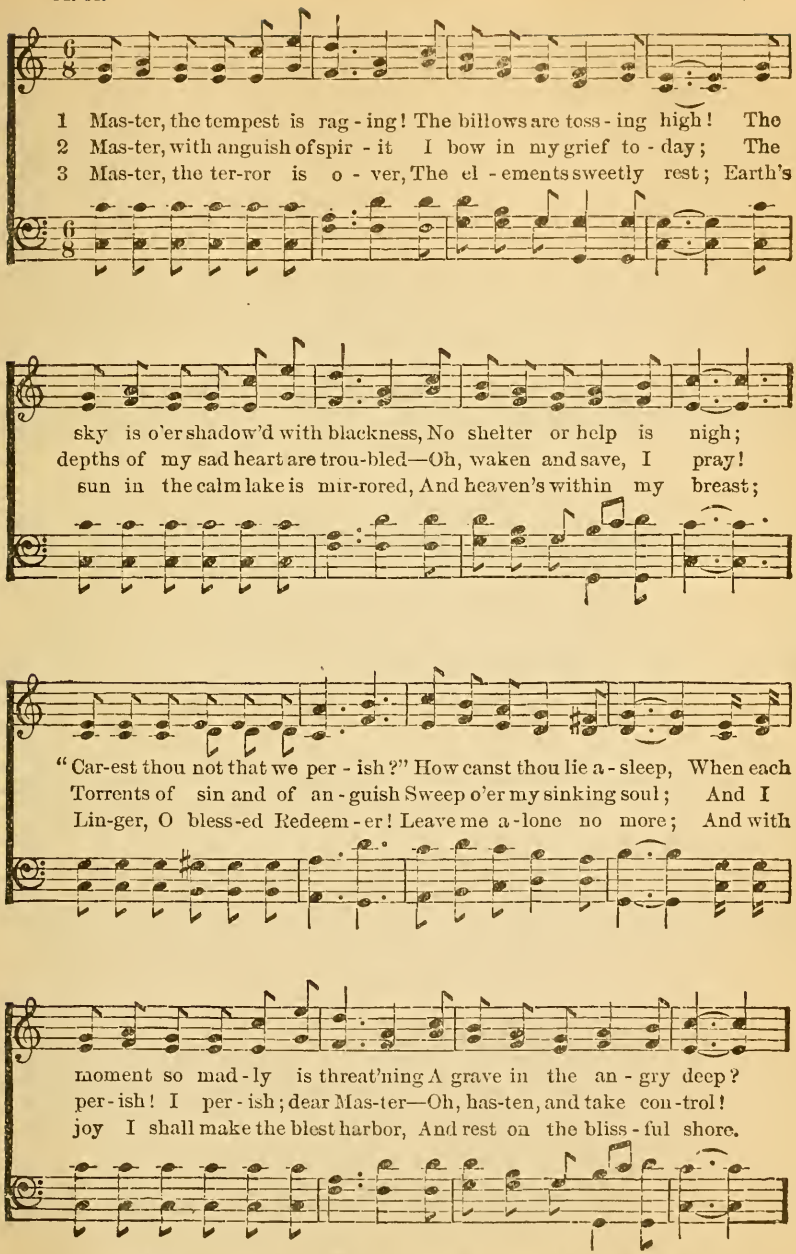
E. E. HASTY.


1. Jesus, my Saviour, to Bethlehem came, Born in a manger to sorrow and shame;
2. Jesus, my Saviour, on Calvary's tree, Paid the great debt, and my soul He set free;
3. Jesus, my Saviour, the name as of old, While I did wander a-far from the fold,
4. Jesus, my Saviour, shall come from on high, Sweet is the promise as weary years fly;
Oh, it was won-der-ful, blest be His name, Seeking for me, for me.
Oh, it was won-der-ful, how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for me.
Gen-tly and long He hath plead with my soul, Calling for me, for me.
Oh, I shall see Him de-scend-ing the sky, Com-ing for me, for me.
for me, ... for me, ...
Seek-ing for me, seeking for me, Seek-ing for me, seeking for me;
Dy-ing for me, dy-ing for me, Dy-ing for me, dy-ing for me;
Call-ing for me, call-ing for me, Call-ing for me, call-ing for me;
Com-ing for me, com-ing for me, com-ing for me, com-ing for me,
Oh, it was won-der-ful, blest be His name, Seeking for me, for me.
Oh, it was won-der-ful, how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for me.
Gen-tly and long he hath plead with my soul, Call-ing for me, for me.
Oh, I shall see Him descend-ing the sky, Com-ing for me, for me.

From "Good Will," by per.

M. A. BAKER. H. R. PALMER.


1 Mas-ter, the tempest is rag - ing! The billows are toss - ing high! The
2 Mas-ter, with anguish of spir - it I bow in my grief to - day; The
3 Mas-ter, the ter-ror is o - ver, The el - ements sweetly rest; Earth's
sky is o'er shadow'd with blackness, No shelter or help is nigh;
depths of my sad heart are trou-bled—Oh, waken and save, I pray!
sun in the calm lake is mir-rored, And heaven's within my breast;
"Car-est thou not that we per - ish?" How canst thou lie a - sleep, When each
Torrents of sin and of an - guish Sweep o'er my sinking soul; And I
Lin-ger, O bless-ed Redeem - er! Leave me a - lone no more; And with
moment so mad - ly is threat'ning A grave in the an - gry deep?
per-ish! I per - ish; dear Mas-ter—Oh, has-ten, and take con-trol!
joy I shall make the blest harbor, And rest on the bliss - ful shore.

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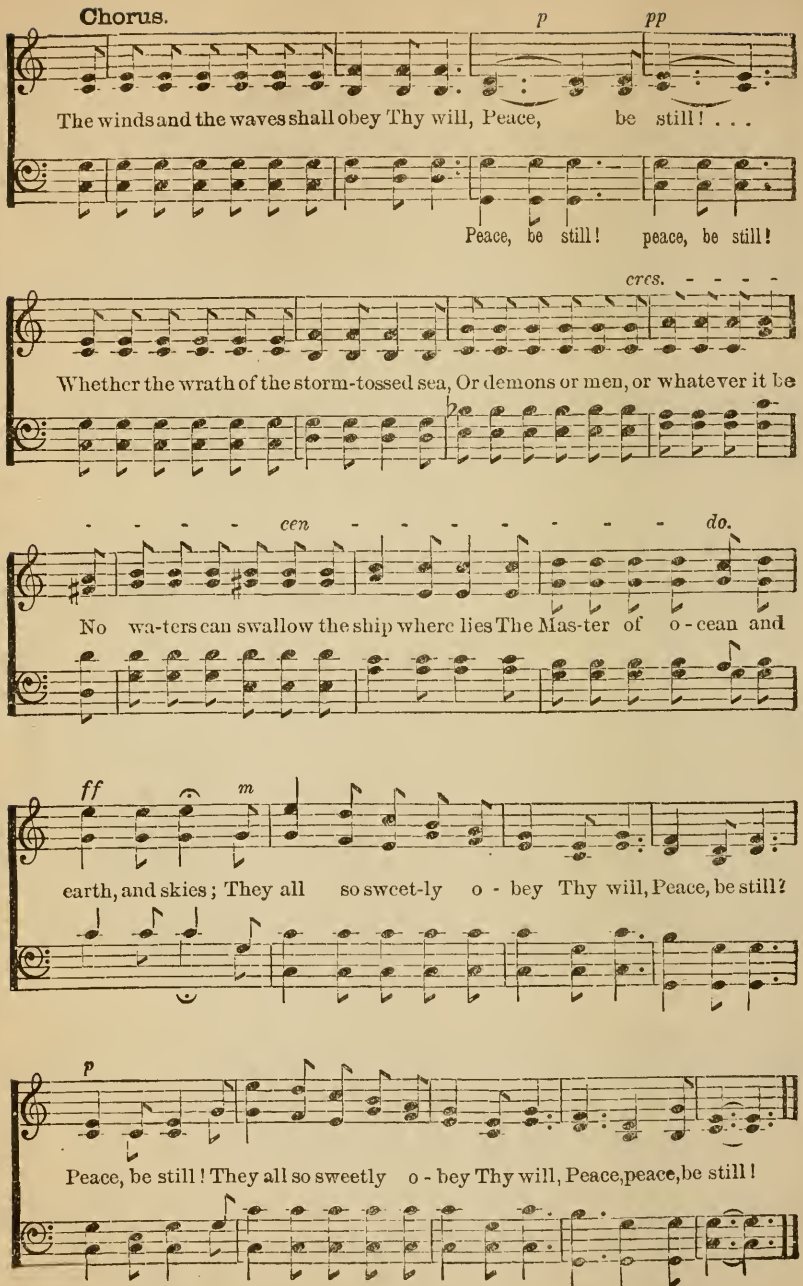
Chorus.
p
pp
The winds and the waves shall obey Thy will, Peace, be still! . . .
Peace, be still! peace, be still!
cres.
Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or demons or men, or whatever it be
cen
do.
No wa-ters can swallow the ship where lies The Mas-ter of o-cean and
ff
m
earth, and skies; They all so sweet-ly o-bey Thy will, Peace, be still?
p
Peace, be still! They all so sweetly o-bey Thy will, Peace, peace, be still!

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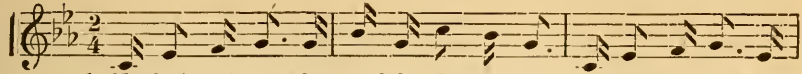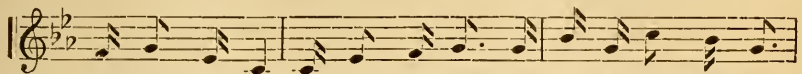

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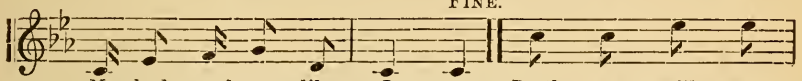
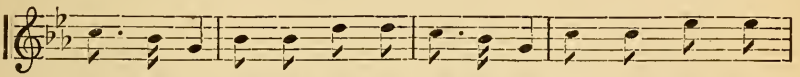
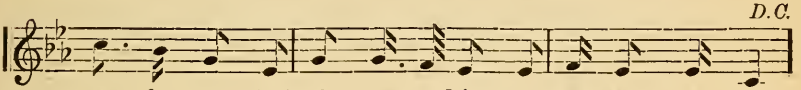



D.C.



2. Sisters, will you pray for me, &c.
3. Mothers, will you pray for me, &c.
4. Preachers, will you pray for me, &c.

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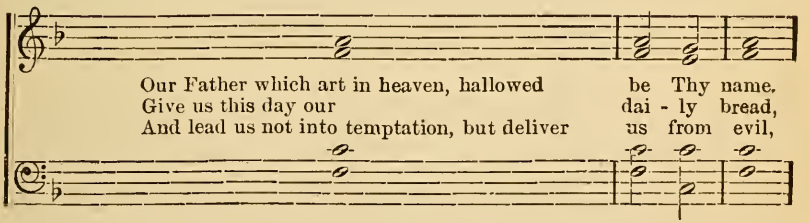
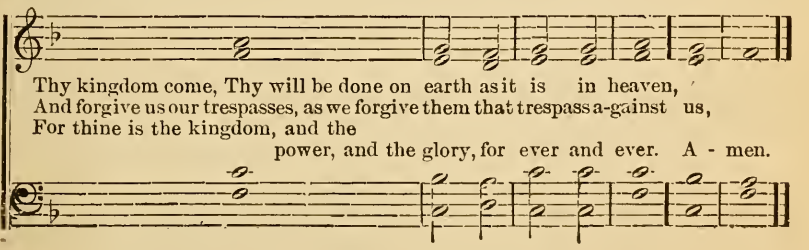
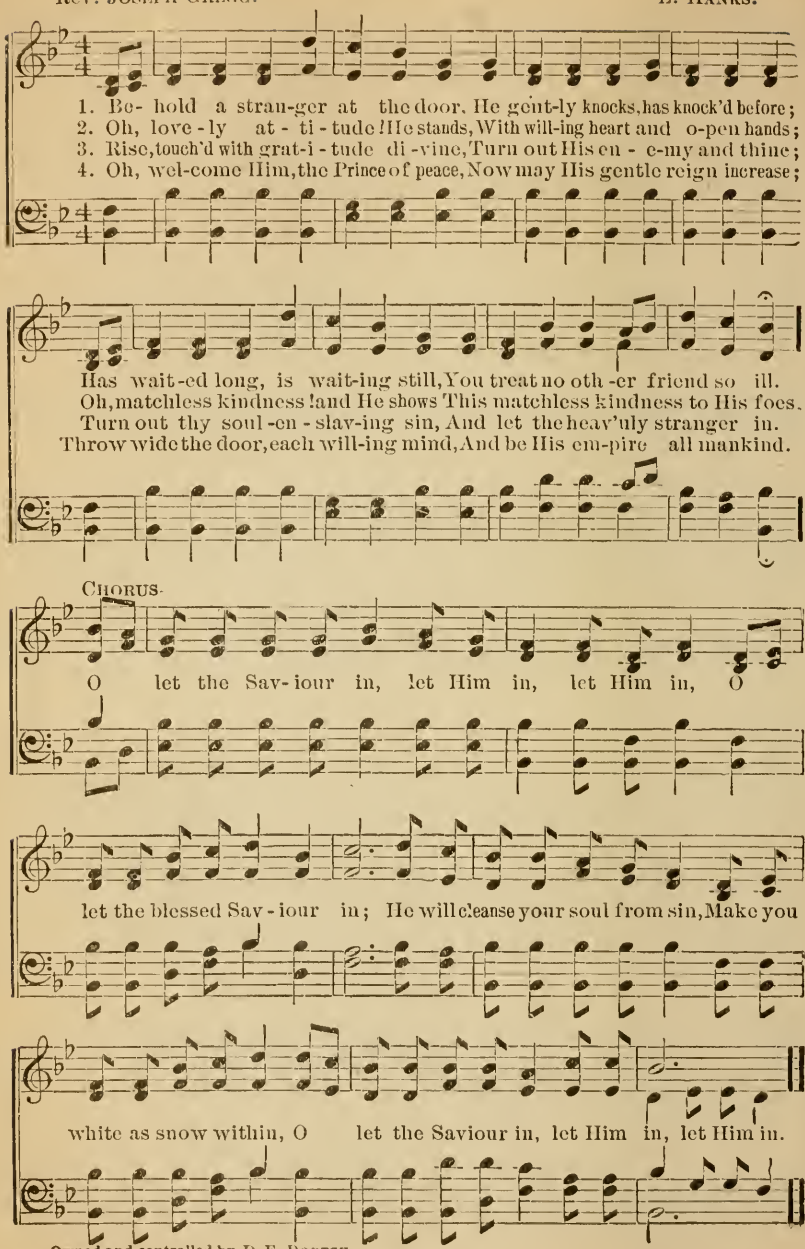
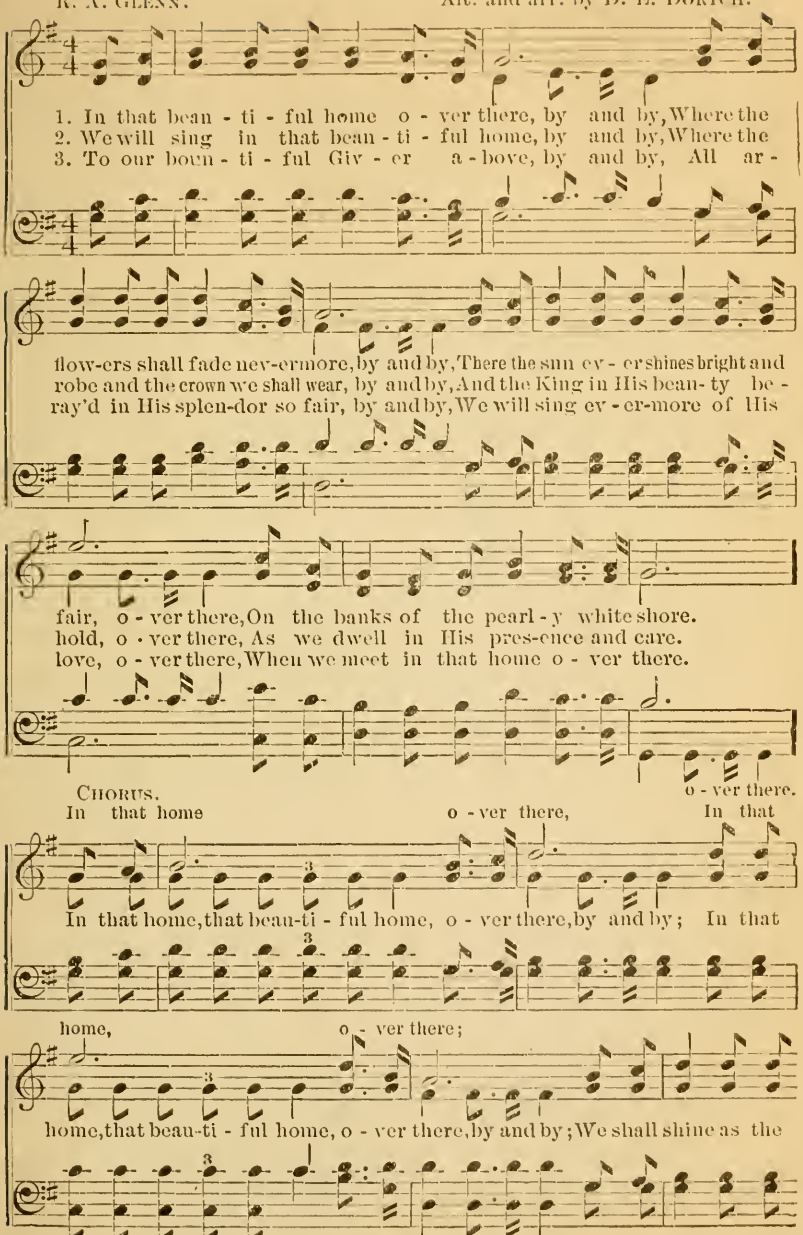

Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name.
Give us this day our dai - ly bread,
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil,


Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven,
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass a-gainst us,
For thine is the kingdom, and the
power, and the glory, for ever and ever. A - men.

Rev. Joseph Gregg. E. Hanks.

1. Be- hold a stran-ger at the door, He gent-ly knocks, has knock'd before;
2. Oh, love - ly at - ti - tude! He stands, With will-ing heart and o-pen hands;
3. Rise, touch'd with grat-i - tude di - vine, Turn out His en - e-my and thine;
4. Oh, wel-come Him, the Prince of peace, Now may His gentle reign increase;
Has wait-ed long, is wait-ing still, You treat no oth-er friend so ill.
Oh, matchless kindness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
Turn out thy soul-en - slav-ing sin, And let the heav'nly stranger in.
Throw wide the door, each will-ing mind, And be His em-pire all mankind.
Chorus.
O let the Sav-iour in, let Him in, let Him in, O
let the blessed Sav - iour in; He will cleanse your soul from sin, Make you
white as snow within, O let the Saviour in, let Him in, let Him in.

Owned and controlled by D. E. Dorton.

R. A. Glenn. C. E. Pollock.
Alt. and arr. by D. E. Dortch.


1. In that bean - ti - ful home o - ver there, by and by, Where the
2. We will sing in that bean - ti - ful home, by and by, Where the
3. To our boun - ti - ful Giv - er a - bove, by and by, All ar -
flow-ers shall fade nev-er-more, by and by, There the sun ev - er shines bright and
robe and the crown we shall wear, by and by, And the King in His beau- ty be -
ray'd in His splen-dor so fair, by and by, We will sing ev - er-more of His
fair, o - ver there, On the banks of the pearl - y white shore.
hold, o - ver there, As we dwell in His pres-ence and care.
love, o - ver there, When we meet in that home o - ver there.
Chorus.
In that home o - ver there, In that
o - ver there.
In that home, that beau-ti - ful home, o - ver there, by and by; In that
home, o - ver there;
home, that beau-ti - ful home, o - ver there, by and by; We shall shine as the

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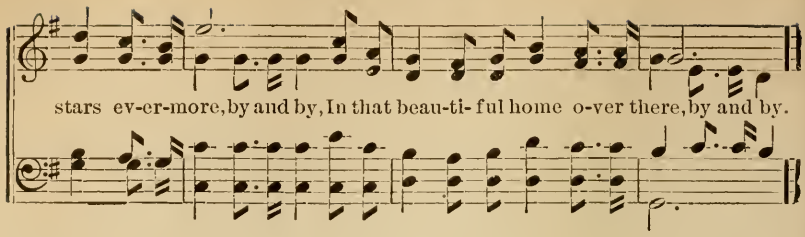
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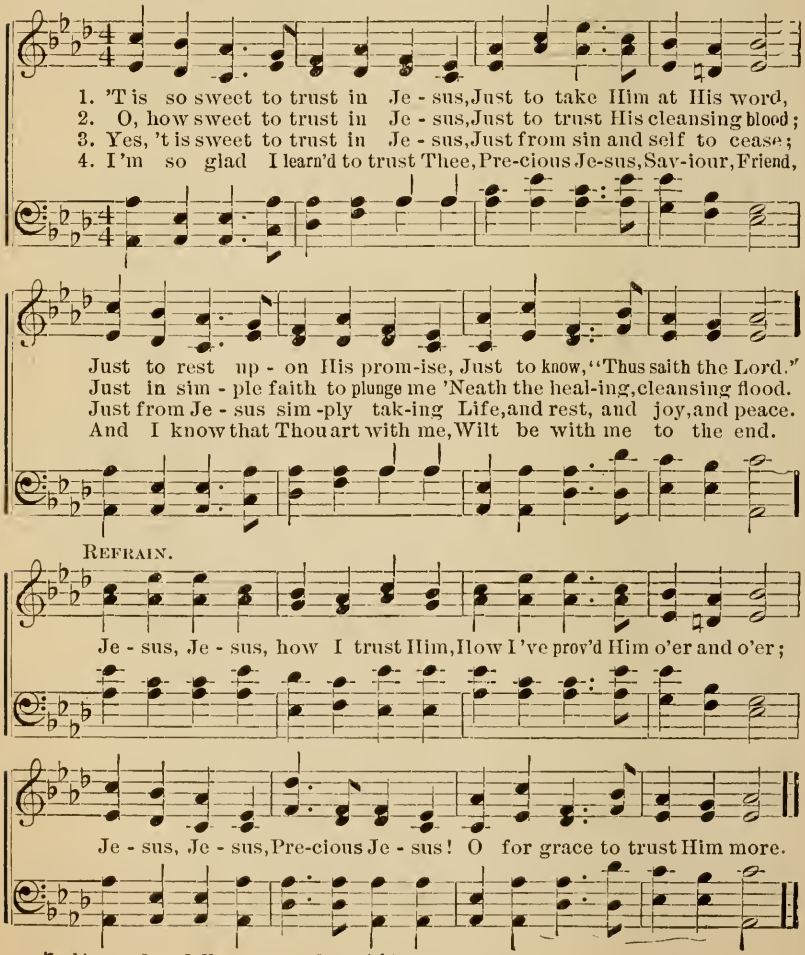
Mrs. Louisa M. R. Stead. W. J. Kirkpatrick, by per.


1. 'T is so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His word,
2. O, how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleansing blood;
3. Yes, 't is sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learn'd to trust Thee, Pre-cious Je-sus, Sav-iour, Friend,
Just to rest up - on His prom-ise, Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal-ing, cleansing flood.
Just from Je - sus sim -ply tak-ing Life, and rest, and joy, and peace.
And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.
Refrain.
Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust Him, How I've prov'd Him o'er and o'er;
Je - sus, Je - sus, Pre-cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him more.

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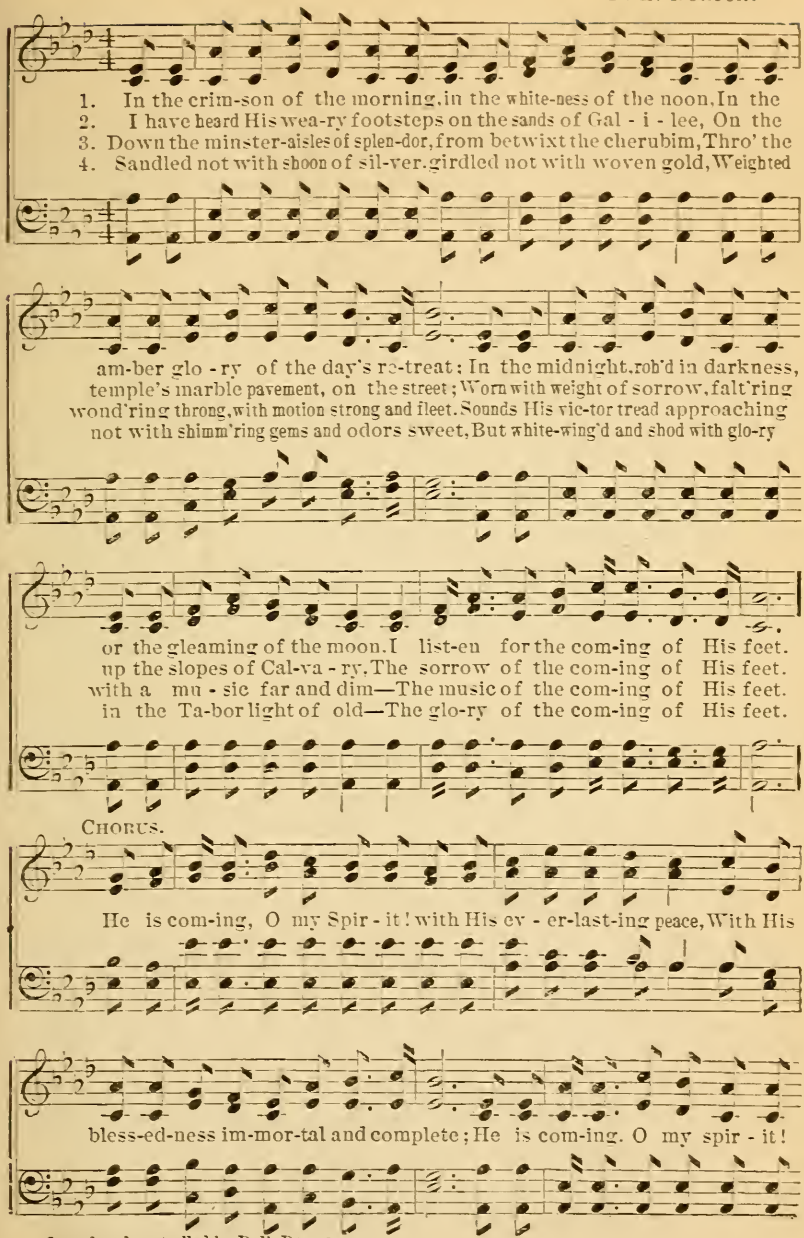
D. E. DORTCH.

1. In the crim-son of the morning, in the white-ness of the noon, In the
2. I have heard His wea-ry footsteps on the sands of Gal - i - lee, On the
3. Down the minster-aisles of splen-dor, from betwixt the cherubim, Thro' the
4. Sandled not with shoon of sil-ver, girdled not with woven gold, Weighted
am-ber glo - ry of the day's re-treat; In the midnight, rob'd in darkness,
temple's marble pavement, on the street; Worn with weight of sorrow, falt'ring
wond'ring throng, with motion strong and fleet. Sounds His vic-tor tread approaching
not with shimm'ring gems and odors sweet, But white-wing'd and shod with glo-ry
or the gleaming of the moon. I list-en for the com-ing of His feet.
up the slopes of Cal-va - ry. The sorrow of the com-ing of His feet.
with a mu - sic far and dim—The music of the com-ing of His feet.
in the Ta-bor light of old—The glo-ry of the com-ing of His feet.
CHORUS.
He is com-ing, O my Spir - it! with His ev - er-last-ing peace, With His
bless-ed-ness im-mor-tal and complete; He is com-ing, O my spir - it!

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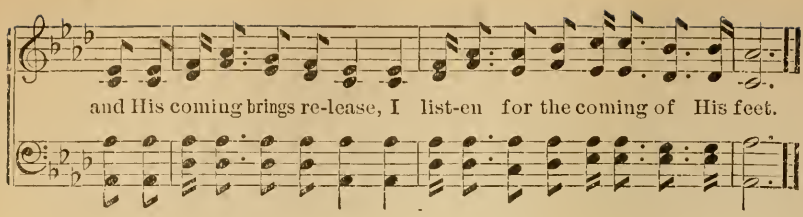
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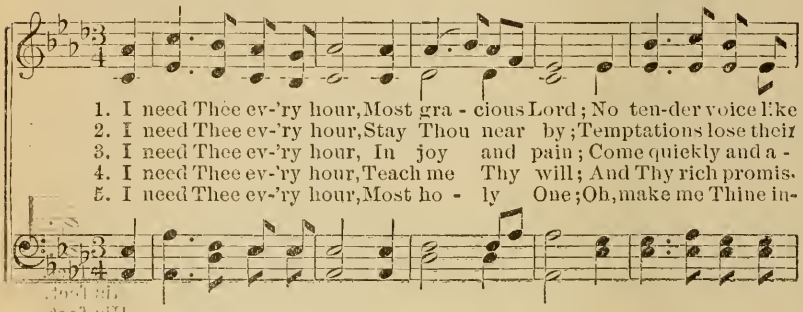
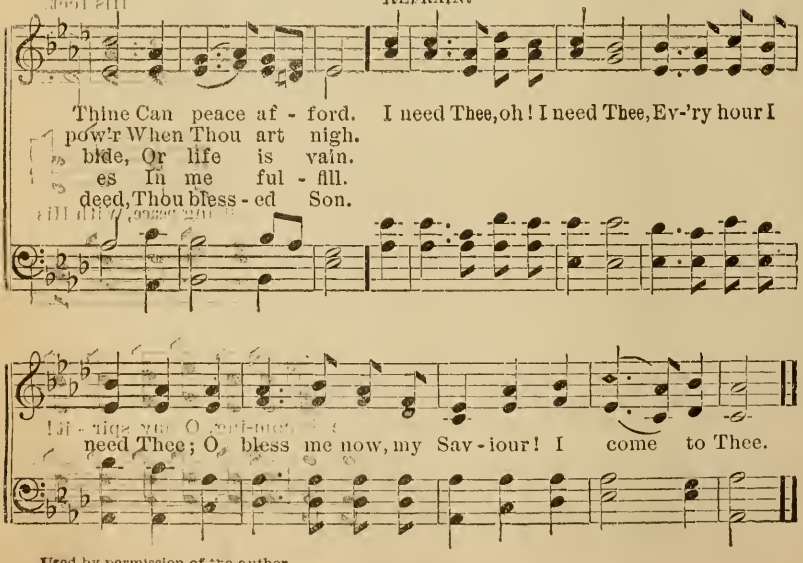

1. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten-der voice like
2. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temptations lose their
3. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, In joy and pain; Come quickly and a -
4. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich promis-
5. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most ho - ly One; Oh, make me Thine in-

Refrain.

Thine Can peace af - ford. I need Thee, oh! I need Thee, Ev-'ry hour I
pow'r When Thou art nigh.
bide, Or life is vain.
es In me ful - fill.
deed, Thou bless - ed Son.
need Thee; O, bless me now, my Sav - iour! I come to Thee.

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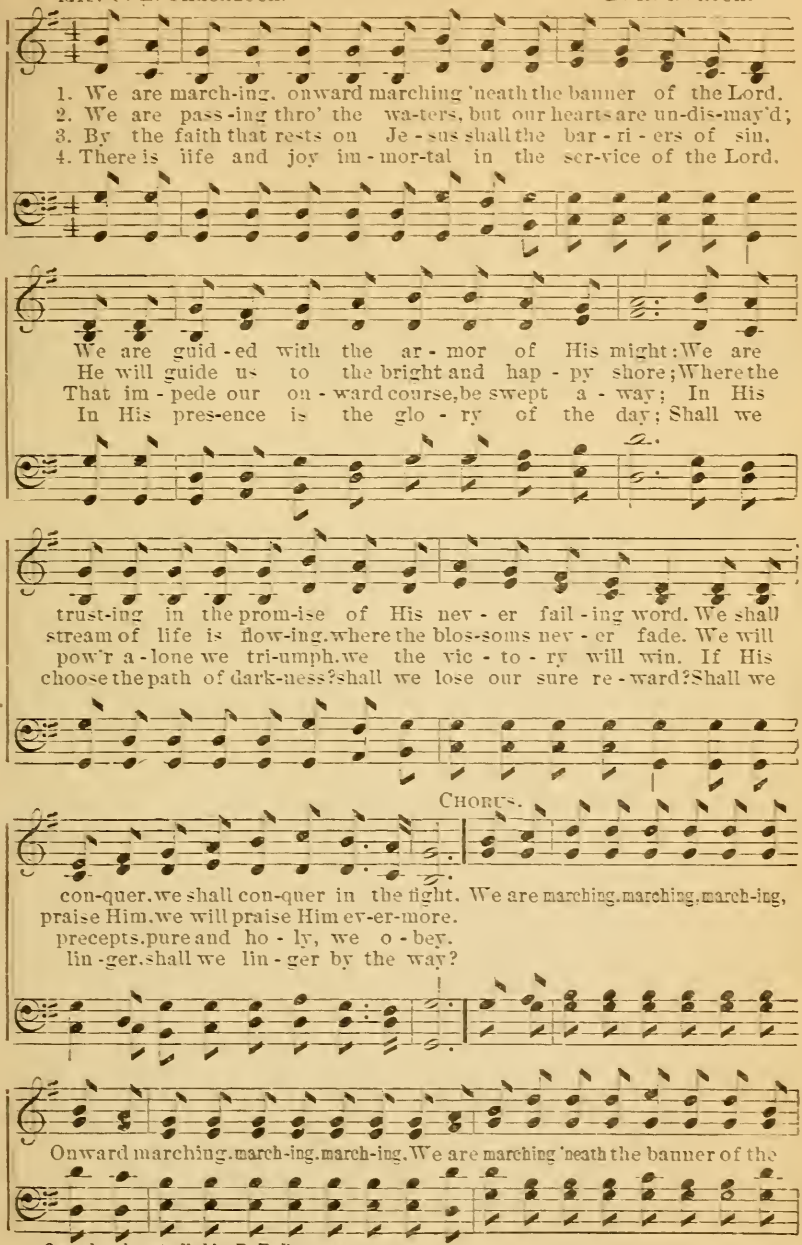
1. We are march-ing, onward marching 'neath the banner of the Lord.
2. We are pass-ing thro' the wa-ters, but our hearts are un-dis-may'd;
3. By the faith that rests on Je-sus shall the bar-ri-ers of sin.
4. There is life and joy im-mor-tal in the ser-vice of the Lord.
We are guid-ed with the ar-mor of His might: We are
He will guide us to the bright and hap-py shore; Where the
That im-pede our on-ward course, be swept a-way; In His
In His pres-ence is the glo-ry of the day; Shall we
trust-ing in the prom-ise of His nev-er fail-ing word. We shall
stream of life is flow-ing, where the blos-soms nev-er fade. We will
pow'r a-lone we tri-umph, we the vic-to-ry will win. If His
choose the path of dark-ness? shall we lose our sure re-ward? Shall we
Chorus.
con-quer, we shall con-quer in the fight. We are marching, marching, march-ing,
praise Him, we will praise Him ev-er-more.
precepts, pure and ho-ly, we o-bey.
lin-ger, shall we lin-ger by the way?
Onward marching, march-ing, march-ing, We are marching 'neath the banner of the

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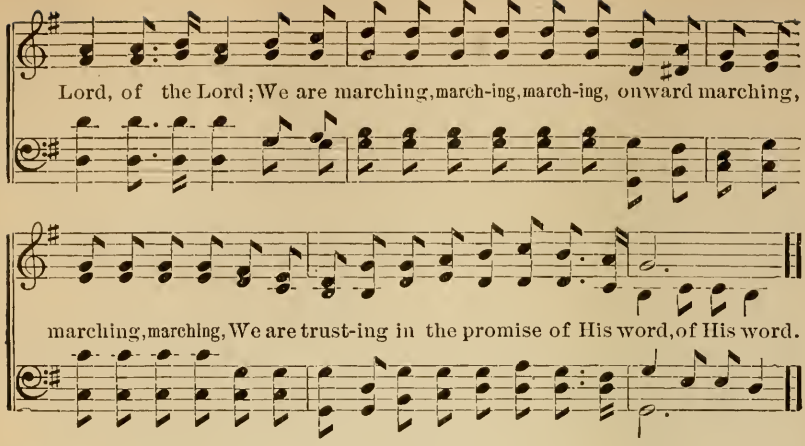
Lord, of the Lord; We are marching, march-ing, march-ing, onward marching,
marching, marching, We are trust-ing in the promise of His word, of His word.

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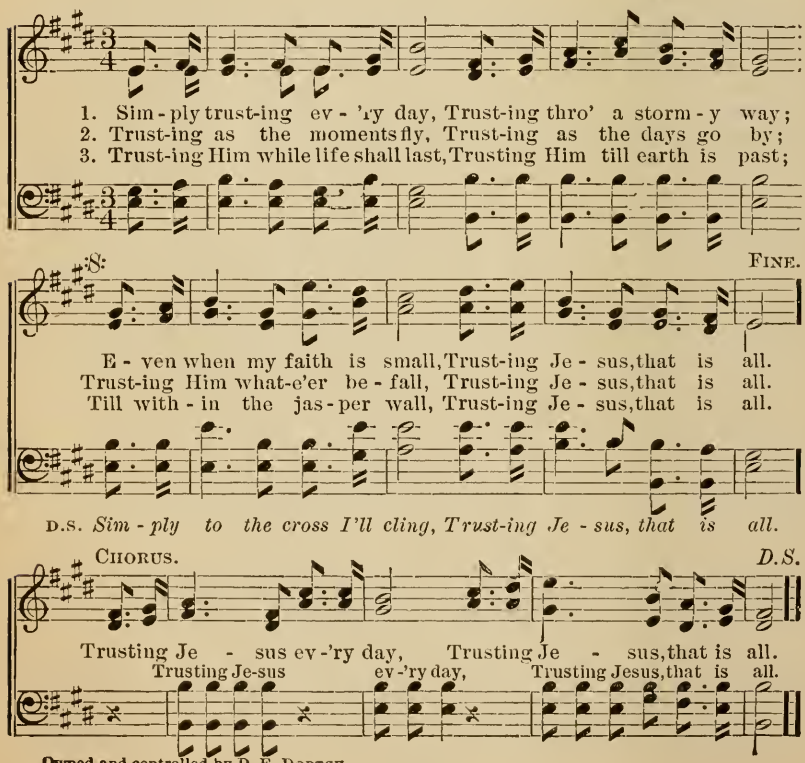
EDGAR PAGE. J. M. HAGAN.

1. Sim-ply trust-ing ev-'ry day, Trust-ing thro' a storm-y way;
2. Trust-ing as the moments fly, Trust-ing as the days go by;
3. Trust-ing Him while life shall last, Trusting Him till earth is past;
FINE.
E-ven when my faith is small, Trust-ing Je-sus, that is all.
Trust-ing Him what-e'er be-fall, Trust-ing Je-sus, that is all.
Till with-in the jas-per wall, Trust-ing Je-sus, that is all.
D.S. Sim-ply to the cross I'll cling, Trust-ing Je-sus, that is all.
CHORUS.
D.S.
Trusting Je-sus ev-'ry day, Trusting Je-sus, that is all.
Trusting Je-sus ev-'ry day, Trusting Jesus, that is all.

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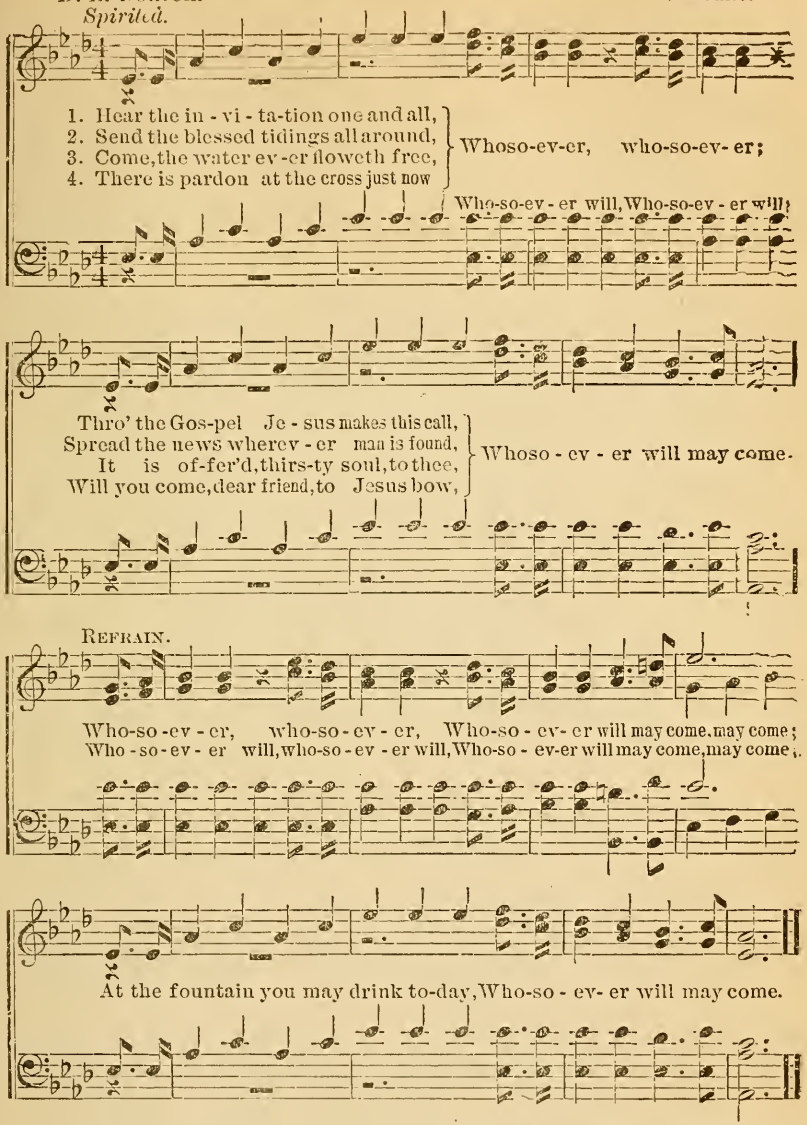
1. Hear the in - vi - ta-tion one and all,
2. Send the blessed tidings all around,
3. Come, the water ev - er floweth free,
4. There is pardon at the cross just now
Whoso-ev-er, who-so-ev- er;
Who-so-ev - er will, Who-so-ev - er will;
Thro' the Gos-pel Je - sus makes this call,
Spread the news wherev - er man is found,
It is of-fer'd, thirs-ty soul, to thee,
Will you come, dear friend, to Jesus bow,
Whoso - ev - er will may come.
REFRAIN.
Who-so -ev - er, who-so - ev - er, Who-so - ev- er will may come, may come;
Who - so-ev - er will, who-so - ev - er will, Who-so - ev-er will may come, may come.
At the fountain you may drink to-day, Who-so - ev- er will may come.

5 If you trust in Jesus He will save,
Whosoever (will), whosoever (will);
On the cross His life for you He [gave,
Whosoever will may come.

6 There's a mansion in that home above,
Whosoever (will), whosoever (will);
For the one who rests in Jesus' love,
Whosoever will may come.

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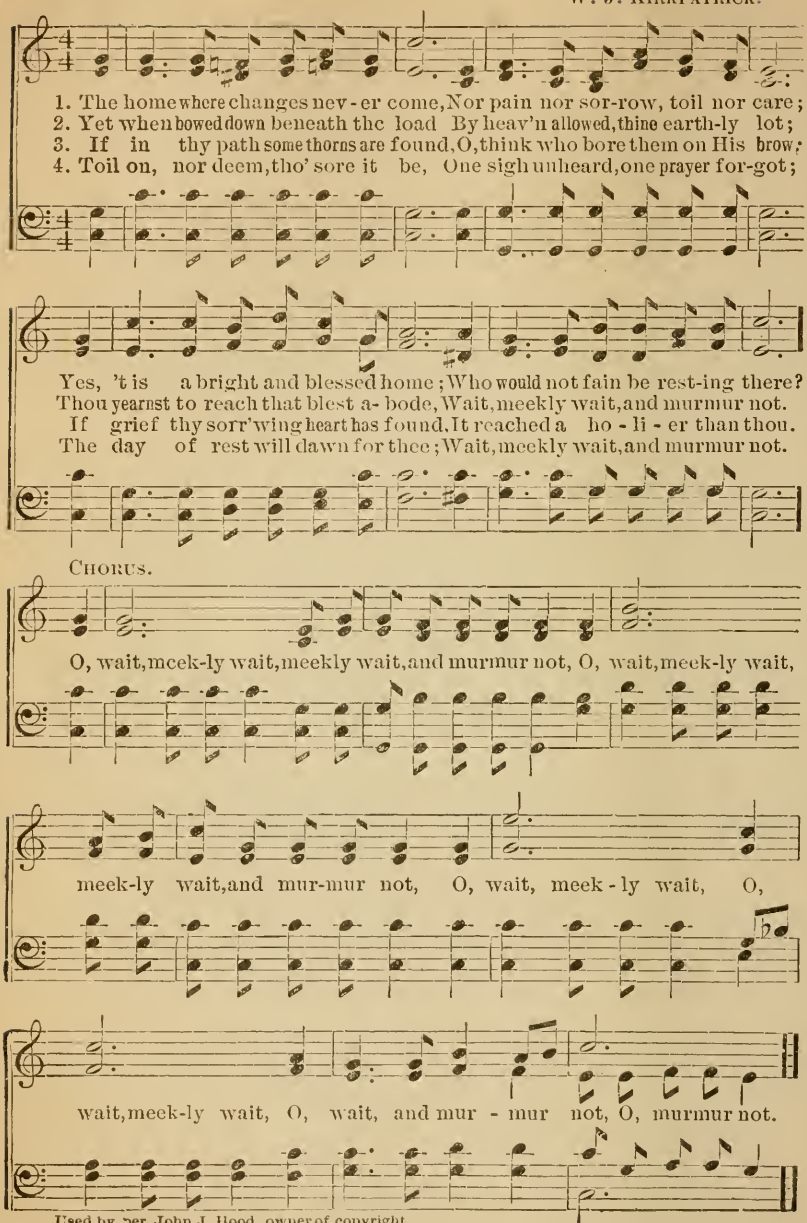
1. The home where changes nev - er come, Nor pain nor sor-row, toil nor care;
2. Yet when bowed down beneath the load By heav'n allowed, thine earth-ly lot;
3. If in thy path some thorns are found, O, think who bore them on His brow;
4. Toil on, nor deem, tho' sore it be, One sigh unheard, one prayer for-got;
Yes, 't is a bright and blessed home; Who would not fain be rest-ing there?
Thou yearnst to reach that blest a- bode, Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.
If grief thy sorr'wing heart has found, It reached a ho - li - er than thou.
The day of rest will dawn for thee; Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.
CHORUS.
O, wait, meek-ly wait, meekly wait, and murmur not, O, wait, meek-ly wait,
meek-ly wait, and mur-mur not, O, wait, meek - ly wait, O,
wait, meek-ly wait, O, wait, and mur - mur not, O, murmur not.

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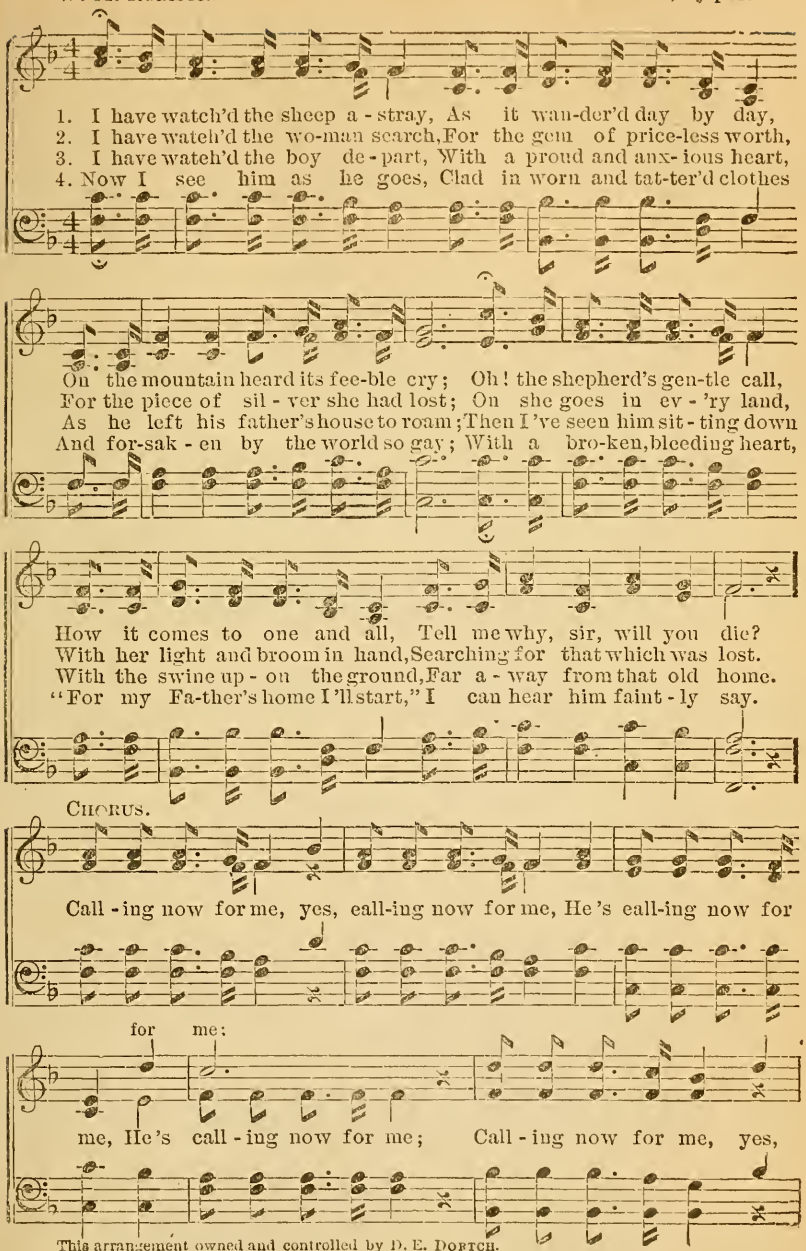
1. I have watch'd the sheep a - stray, As it wan-der'd day by day,
2. I have watch'd the wo-man search, For the gem of price-less worth,
3. I have watch'd the boy de - part, With a proud and anx-ious heart,
4. Now I see him as he goes, Clad in worn and tat-ter'd clothes
On the mountain heard its fee-ble cry; Oh! the shepherd's gen-tle call,
For the piece of sil - ver she had lost; On she goes in ev - 'ry land,
As he left his father's house to roam; Then I've seen him sit - ting down
And for-sak - en by the world so gay; With a bro-ken, bleeding heart,
How it comes to one and all, Tell me why, sir, will you die?
With her light and broom in hand, Searching for that which was lost.
With the swine up - on the ground, Far a - way from that old home.
"For my Fa-ther's home I'll start," I can hear him faint - ly say.
CHORUS.
Call - ing now for me, yes, call-ing now for me, He's call-ing now for
for me:
me, He's call - ing now for me; Call - ing now for me, yes,

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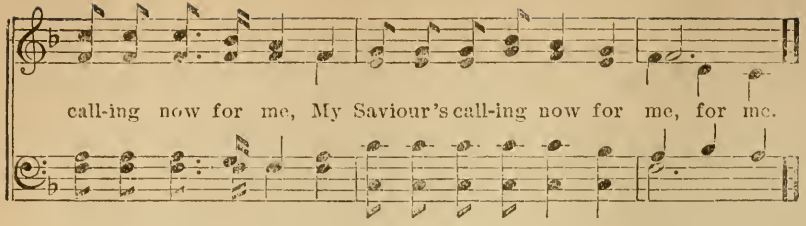

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F. A. B. F. A. BLACKMER.

Slow and soft.

1. A land by faith I see, Where saints shall ever be Free from mortal - i - ty,
2. There friends shall meet a-gain, In hap-pi-ness to reign, While thro' that blest domain,
3. There sorrow cannot stay; There tears are wiped away, One bright, e - ternal day,
4. O, land of beauty rare, Free from earth-blight and care, Thy bliss I long to share,

CHORUS.

No dy-ing there. No dy - ing there, No dy - ing there, No dy - ing there, No dy-ing there, In that fair, heav'nly land, No dying there, no dying there.

5 For such a priceless boon,
Who would not seek that home,
Safe from the dreaded tomb,
No dying there.

6 For thee, sweet home, I wait,
Come, and my soul clat-,
Welcome, O deathless state,
No dying there.

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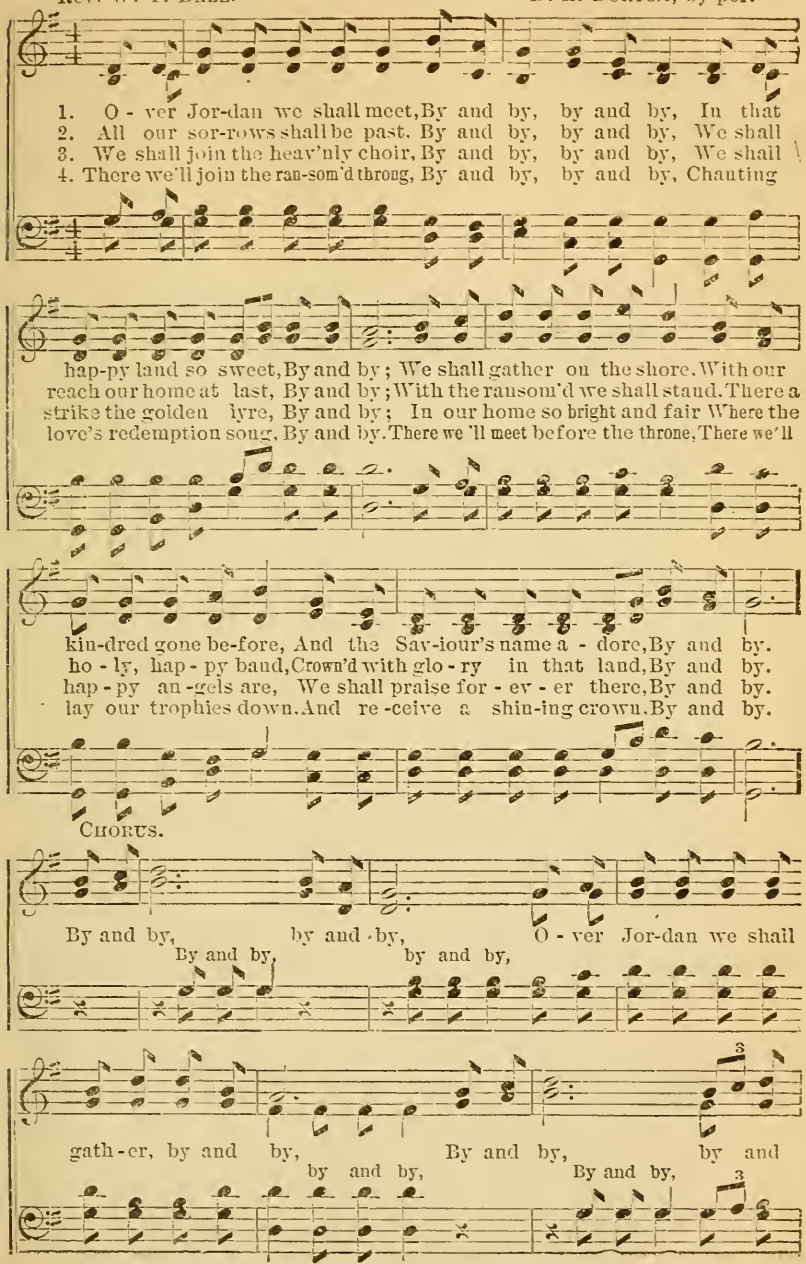
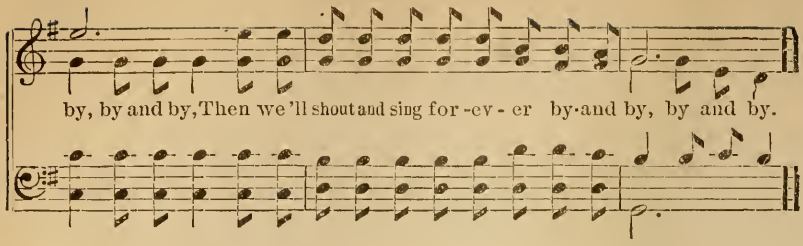

1. O - ver Jor-dan we shall meet, By and by, by and by, In that
2. All our sor-rows shall be past. By and by, by and by, We shall
3. We shall join the heav'nly choir, By and by, by and by, We shall
4. There we'll join the ran-som'd throng, By and by, by and by, Chanting
hap-py land so sweet, By and by; We shall gather on the shore. With our
reach our home at last, By and by; With the ransom'd we shall stand. There a
strike the golden lyre, By and by; In our home so bright and fair Where the
love's redemption song, By and by. There we 'll meet before the throne, There we'll
kin-dred gone be-fore, And the Sav-iour's name a - dore, By and by.
ho - ly, hap - py band, Crown'd with glo - ry in that land, By and by.
hap - py an - gels are, We shall praise for - ev - er there, By and by.
lay our trophies down. And re - ceive a shin-ing crown. By and by.
Chorus.
By and by, by and by, O - ver Jor-dan we shall
By and by, by and by,
gath - er, by and by, By and by, by and
by and by, By and by,



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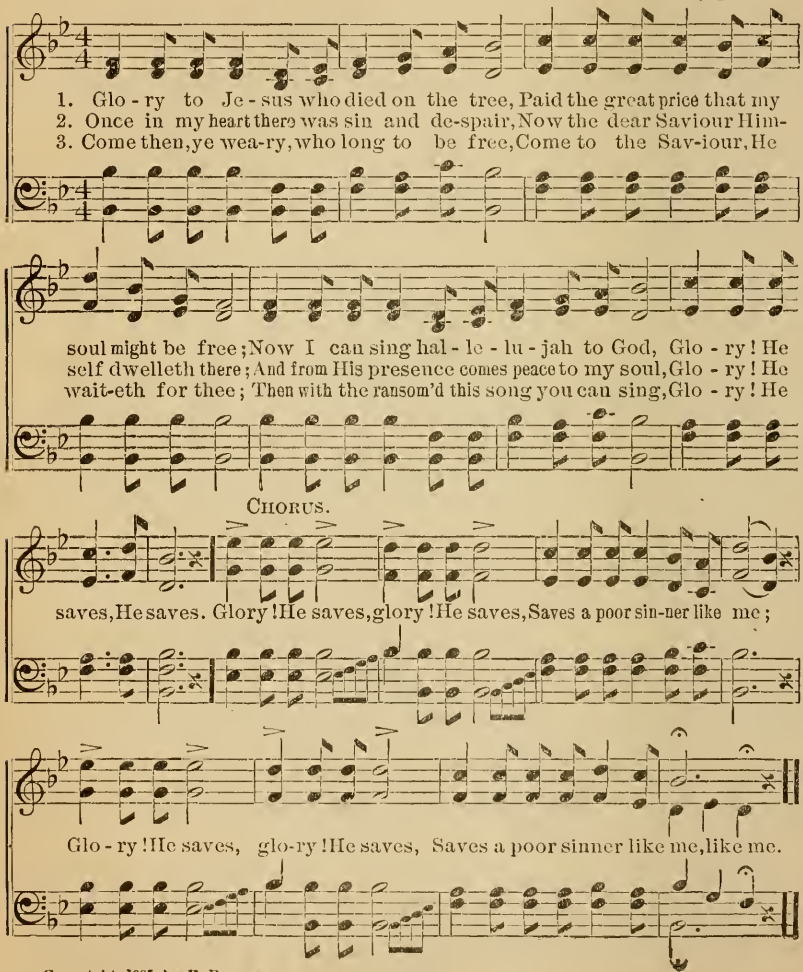
1. Glo-ry to Je-sus who died on the tree, Paid the great price that my
2. Once in my heart there was sin and de-spair, Now the dear Saviour Him-
3. Come then, ye wea-ry, who long to be free, Come to the Sav-iour, He
soul might be free; Now I can sing hal-le-lu-jah to God, Glo-ry! He
self dwelleth there; And from His presence comes peace to my soul, Glo-ry! He
wait-eth for thee; Then with the ransom'd this song you can sing, Glo-ry! He
CHORUS.
saves, He saves. Glory! He saves, glory! He saves, Saves a poor sin-ner like me;
Glo-ry! He saves, glo-ry! He saves, Saves a poor sinner like me, like me.

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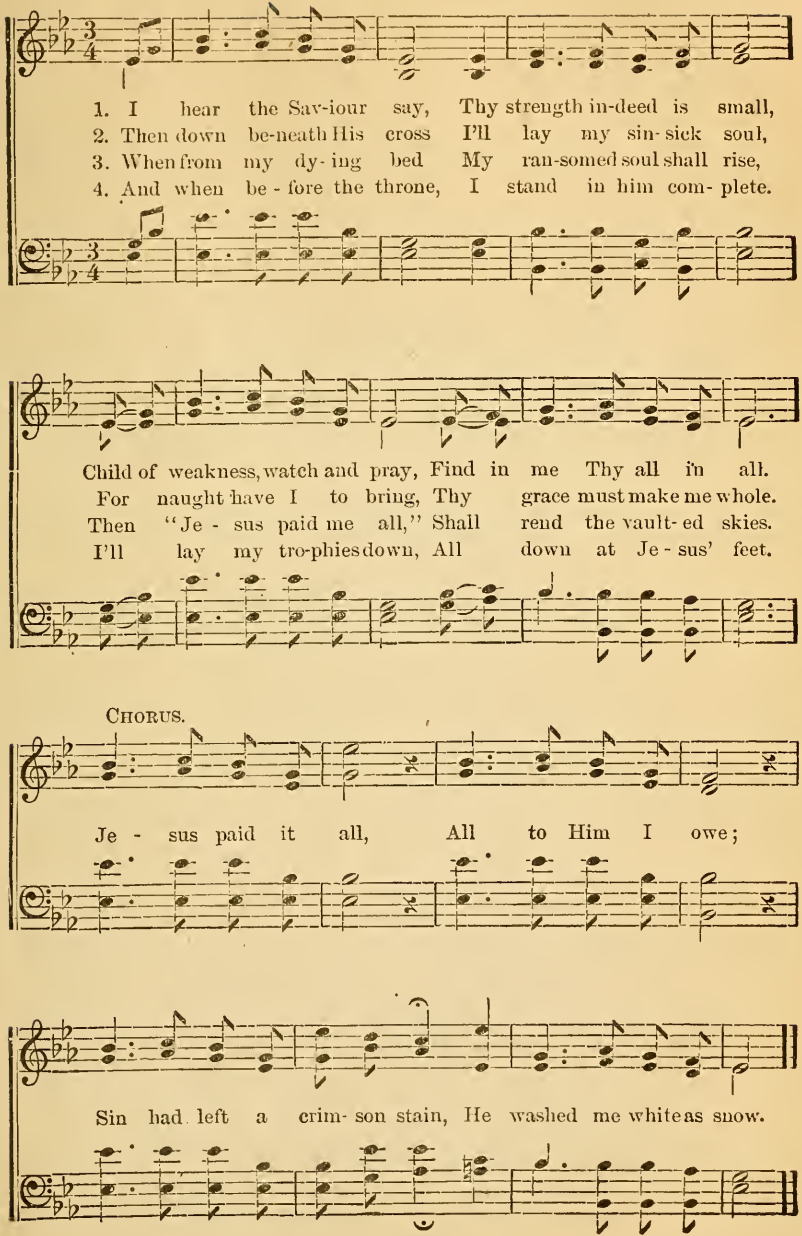
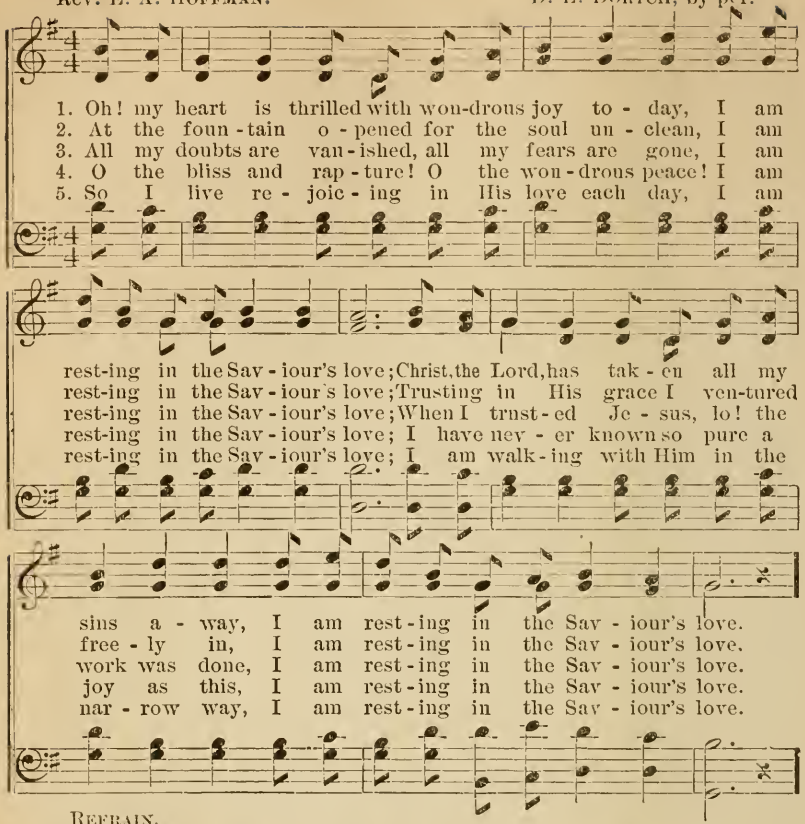
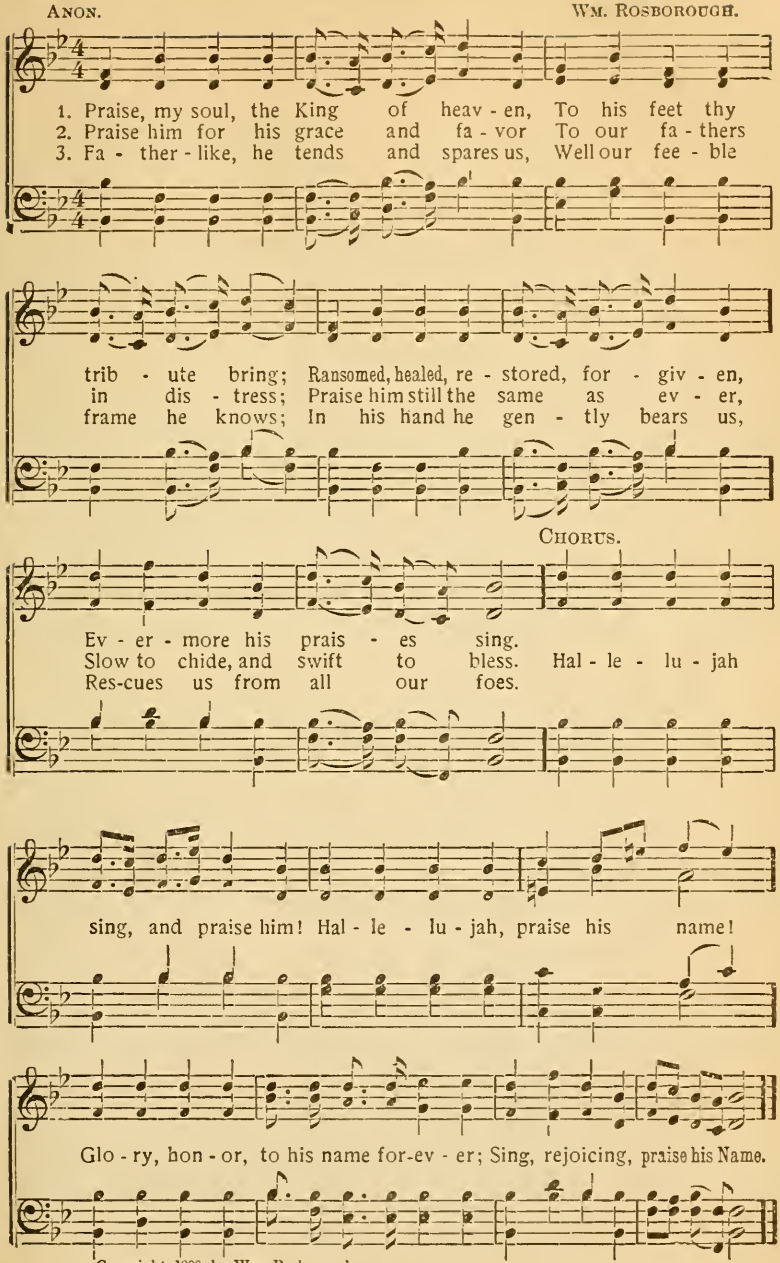

1. I hear the Sav-iour say, Thy strength in-deed is small,
2. Then down be-neath His cross I'll lay my sin-sick soul,
3. When from my dy-ing bed My ran-somed soul shall rise,
4. And when be-fore the throne, I stand in him com-plete.
Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in me Thy all in all.
For naught have I to bring, Thy grace must make me whole.
Then "Je-sus paid me all," Shall rend the vault-ed skies.
I'll lay my tro-phies down, All down at Je-sus' feet.
CHORUS.
Je-sus paid it all, All to Him I owe;
Sin had left a crim-son stain, He washed me white as snow.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. D. E. Dortch, by per.

1. Oh! my heart is thrilled with won-drous joy to - day, I am rest-ing in the Sav - iour's love; Christ, the Lord, has tak - en all my sins a - way, I am rest - ing in the Sav - iour's love.
2. At the foun - tain o - pened for the soul un - clean, I am rest-ing in the Sav - iour's love; Trusting in His grace I ven-tured free - ly in, I am rest - ing in the Sav - iour's love.
3. All my doubts are van - ished, all my fears are gone, I am rest-ing in the Sav - iour's love; When I trust - ed Je - sus, lo! the work was done, I am rest - ing in the Sav - iour's love.
4. O the bliss and rap - ture! O the won - drous peace! I am rest-ing in the Sav - iour's love; I have nev - er known so pure a joy as this, I am rest - ing in the Sav - iour's love.
5. So I live re - joic - ing in His love each day, I am walk - ing with Him in the nar - row way, I am rest - ing in the Sav - iour's love.
Refrain.
I am resting, sweet - ly resting, I am resting in the Saviour's love;
I am rest-ing, resting, sweetly rest-ing, I am rest-ing in the Saviour's love;
I am resting, sweet - ly resting, I am rest-ing in the Saviour's love.
I am rest-ing, resting, sweetly rest-ing, I am rest-ing in the Sav-iour's love.

ANON. WM. ROSBOROUGH.

1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en, To his feet thy
2. Praise him for his grace and fa - vor To our fa - thers
3. Fa - ther - like, he tends and spares us, Well our fee - ble
trib - ute bring; Ransomed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en,
in dis - tress; Praise him still the same as ev - er,
frame he knows; In his hand he gen - tly bears us,
CHORUS.
Ev - er - more his prais - es sing.
Slow to chide, and swift to bless. Hal - le - lu - jah
Res-cues us from all our foes.
sing, and praise him! Hal - le - lu - jah, praise his name!
Glo - ry, hon - or, to his name for-ev - er; Sing, rejoicing, praise his Name.

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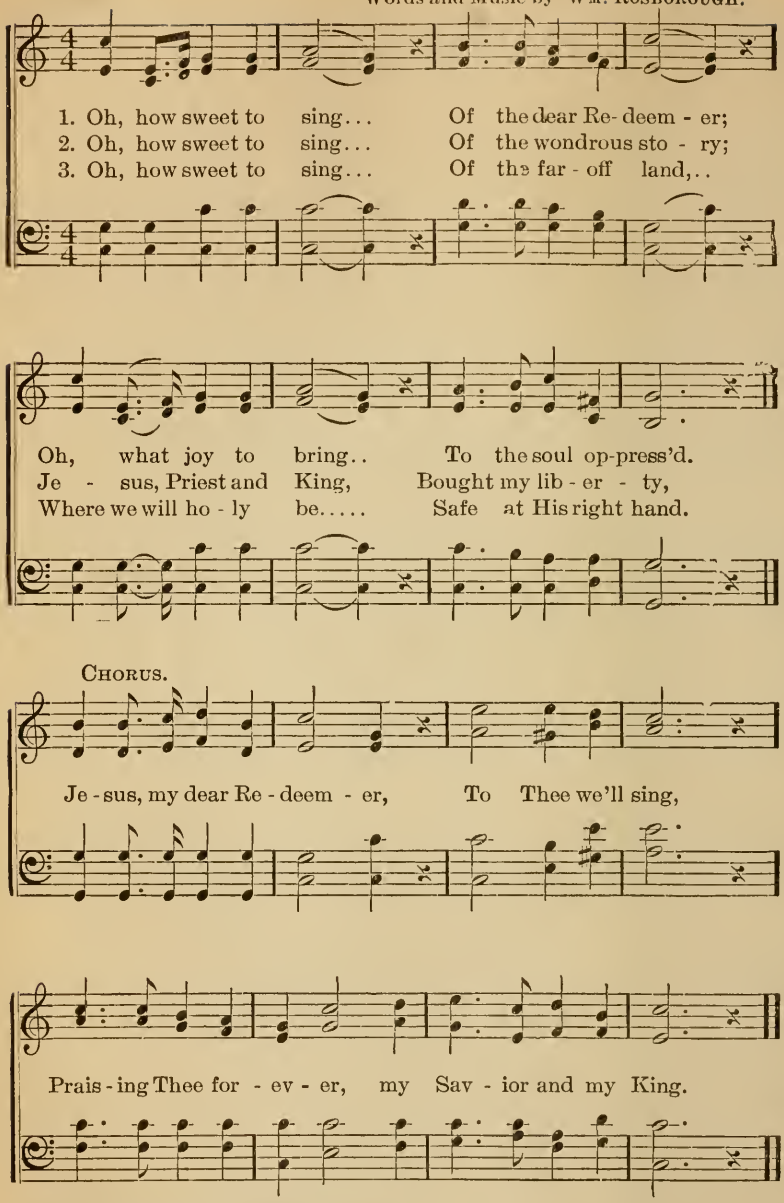
1. Oh, how sweet to sing... Of the dear Re- deem - er;
2. Oh, how sweet to sing... Of the wondrous sto - ry;
3. Oh, how sweet to sing... Of the far - off land,..
Oh, what joy to bring.. To the soul op-press'd.
Je - sus, Priest and King, Bought my lib - er - ty,
Where we will ho - ly be..... Safe at His right hand.
CHORUS.
Je - sus, my dear Re - deem - er, To Thee we'll sing,
Prais - ing Thee for - ev - er, my Sav - ior and my King.

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The Lord's Prayer.

Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever.

Amen.

...The Ten Commandments...

—1. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

—2. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

—3. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

—4. Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it.

—5. Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

—6. Thou shalt not kill.

—7. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

—8. Thou shalt not steal.

—9. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.

—10. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbour's.